

TO SAVE—THOSE WHO HAVE NOT FALLEN
March, 1911.

By OLIVE CHRISTIAN MALVERY

Price 6d.

THE QUIVER





*"To the perfectly healthy
Laughter comes often."*

TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS

AND EAT WELL. WORK WELL. SLEEP WELL.





By means of Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

FREE. We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Free sample on receipt of 2d. for postage. Apply, Sample Department, Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham.

Mellin's Food



"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth, will be sent free on receipt of 2d. for postage.

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets, will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants, on application to MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

THE LONDON

City Missionary is a Friend in the Homes of the People, where he daily expounds the Word of God to all and sundry who are outside the Churches of this great

CITY

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION of this kind is one of the very best and most fruitful means of reaching the hearts of the people, and for 75 years has been the distinctive feature of the

MISSION.

410 Missionaries now employed.

FUNDS MUCH NEEDED.

Treasurer—
F. A. BEVAN, Esq.
Secretaries—
Rev. T. S. HUTCHINSON,
M.A.
Rev. MARTIN ANSTLEY,
M.A., B.D.
Bankers—
BARCLAY & CO., LTD.



"THE BIBLE IN THE HOME."

Office: 3, BRIDWELL PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

S.Y.U.

If he "snaps you up" give him something "snappy"

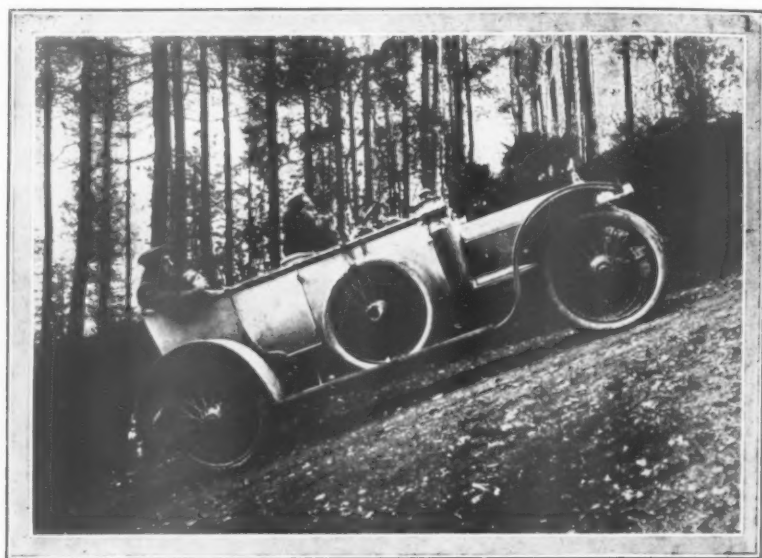
—a nice stew made with E.D.S., not that dusty cold joint—at least he won't *know* it's the cold joint because Edwards' Desiccated Soup makes even scraps taste flavoury and juicy like fresh-cooked meat.

Don't tell this to your husband.

E.D.S.

S.H.B.

THE QUIVER



An 18/24 h.p. Austin car climbing Beggar's Roost Hill at Lynton, Devonshire. The gradient at this point is shown on a section to be 1 in 3/64, and its steepness may be judged from the trees in the background.

THE AUSTIN AS A HILL CLIMBER.



Austin



"The Car that has set the fashion to the Motoring World."

Catalogues giving full details of our cars sent at request. Trial runs arranged. Visitors to the works are always welcome to see the cars in course of construction. Their visit would be made most interesting and instructive.

Models:—7 h.p., 10 h.p., 15 h.p., 18-24 h.p., 40 h.p., and 50 h.p.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.,

Longbridge Works, Northfield, near BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON: 134, Long Acre, W.C.

NORWICH: 18 & 22, Prince of Wales Road.

THE QUIVER

THE SCOTTISH

Funds
£20,000,000



ESTABLISHED
1815

WIDOWS' FUND

The Largest and Wealthiest Office for Mutual Life Assurance in the United Kingdom

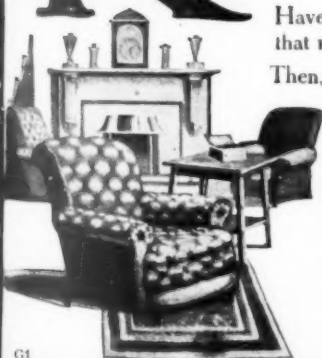
Policies for Children—Educational Purposes—Business Requirements—
Marriage Settlements—Dependants—Old Age—Death Duties, &c.

All classes of LIFE ASSURANCE and ANNUITY BUSINESS are transacted on the most favourable terms.

Copies of the Prospectus may be had on application.

HEAD OFFICE: EDINBURGH: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE
LONDON: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Rexine



Have you a suite of leather-upholstered furniture that requires recovering ?

Then, before giving the order, ask your upholsterer to shew you "Rexine" Leather Cloth.

It will cost you about one-fourth the price of leather.

But whilst it is cheaper than leather it is also better. It is more lasting in wear. If it is soiled you can wash it with soap and water and it is like new.

Any furnishing house &c., will supply you with patterns and estimates. In case of difficulty write to
The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co. Ltd.,
Rexine Works, Hyde, near Manchester.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

Great Coronation Offer.

A CROWN FOR EVERY BRITISH SUBJECT.

Mr. Edwards' first step in this great Coronation Offer is to send free Trial Outfit to every person who desires this crowning glory, a luxuriant, healthy head of hair, in addition to a £500 Prize Competition.

There is presented to every man and woman this great Coronation year the means of obtaining without cost a personal "crown" that will prove a lasting pride.

The "crown" offered is that of a luxuriant, free-growing head of hair, and that irrespective of its present condition.

Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" fame, has decided to mark this auspicious year by presenting to all a triple gift which will enable them to commence a pleasant, common-sense method of eradicating hair-troubles and of cultivating strong, healthy, fine-looking hair.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift is:-

1. A seven days' supply of the splendid hair specific and tonic "Harlene."
2. A special supply of "Cremex," which, by cleansing the hair of all dust and dirt, prepares the scalp for the use of "Harlene."
3. An extremely interesting book describing "Hair-Drill" method of growing hair.

This triple gift will be sent you free in order that you may at once commence without expense to yourself a seven days' free trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

To secure this "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift please send your name and address on the coupon below, together with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage. Should you need larger supplies of "Harlene" this may be obtained of all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

In addition to the triple gift for those who desire a crown of beautiful hair, the discoverer of "Harlene" has inaugurated



"Hair-Drill" should be commenced at the very earliest age. It strengthens the hair-roots and avoids such troubles as scurf, &c.



Hair in glorious abundant masses should be the possession of all. If you lack this gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" will enable you to secure it.



It is in the prime of life that the hair needs most attention, for it is then that it is most liable to fall out if the scalp is neglected.



Hair that looks well—and is well—gives added smartness to the appearance. "Harlene Hair-Drill" assures this to every man.



In the keen competition of today it is necessary for a man of business to keep his youthful, elegant appearance, and here the matter of hair is of great importance.



There is no reason why age should necessitate baldness. Men who adopt the "Harlene" Method in advanced years keep plentiful, healthy heads of hair.

A GREAT CORONATION COMPETITION WITH £500 CASH PRIZES.

Every user of "Harlene" is eligible. There is no entrance fee. The discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" has decided to award the £500 in the following manner:-

- 1st Grand Prize—£50 in Cash to the Lady with the finest head of hair.
- 1st Grand Prize—£50 in Cash to the Gentleman with the finest head of hair.
- 1st Grand Prize—£25 in Cash to the Little Girl with the best head of hair.
- 1st Grand Prize—£25 in Cash to the Boy with the best head of hair.

The remainder of the Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:-

- Ladies' Section—and Prize of £25, and 20 prizes of £1 each; also Consolation Prizes of 10s. each.
- Gentlemen's Section—and Prize of £25, and 20 prizes of £1 each.
- Children's Section—and Prize of £10 each to Boy and Girl, also 20 prizes of £1 each for Girls, and 20 prizes of £1 for Boys; also 20 Consolation Prizes of 10s. to Girls, and 20 of 10s. each to Boys.

The Conditions governing the Competition are extremely simple, and are as follows:-

1. If you are not a user of "Harlene" you should at once send for the triple gift, "Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit."
2. Each person entering must send Edwards' Harlene Co. a photograph in which a good view of the hair is clearly given. This photograph must be sent with the wrapper from a bottle of "Harlene" (not the sample), which may be purchased from any chemist, and in the photograph, an expert committee will judge. It is not of course necessary to enclose your photo when applying for the "Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit."
3. It is necessary that each competitor shall be a user of "Harlene," and therefore shall send a wrapper from any bottle of "Harlene" which has been used, whether it be a 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. bottle.
4. It is an absolute condition of entry that the judging committee's decision is taken as final, from which there is no appeal.
5. All photographs must reach Edwards' Harlene Co. not later than June 2nd, 1911, the day before the Coronation, and must bear the name and address of the sender, written distinctly on the back of the photograph. Photographs may be sent in time in any case not later than June 1st.

Full particulars of the Great Coronation Competition will be sent to every applicant for the free seven days' "Hair-Drill" Outfit.

The announcement of the result will be published in *The Daily Mail* on July 1st, and the distribution of prizes will take place on that day.

Whether you decide to enter for the Competition or not, you are asked to accept the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit. To secure the same it is sufficient to send your name and address, together with three penny stamps to cover actual cost of postage, to the Edwards' Harlene Company, 25 and 27, High Holborn, London, W.C.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its Holder to a Free Outfit for Increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 25 & 27, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Kindly send me one of the Trial Outfits at per your offer in these articles. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

Name

Address

QUIVER, March, 1911.

IT NEEDS NO "COAXING!"

Most Pens do, more or less, but with the "SWAN" it is simply a case of reversing the cap to write—that's all! It does not leak, splutter, or scratch, and the ink is supplied both above and below the pen point—the natural way—and so the flow is constant. There are no complicated "works" to understand, and no trouble in filling.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers. 10/6 upwards.

May we send our Complete Catalogue? It's Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & CO.,

79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BRANCHES—93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent St., W.;
3, Exchange St., Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels;
Brentano's, 37, Ave de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York,
Chicago, Toronto and Sydney.

**BE SURE
YOU GET**

**THE
SWAN**



USE

"SWAN" INK

for all fountain pens or
steel pens

6d. & 1/-, with filler.

Pure Milk for Babies

In the Feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance. A young infant is quickly upset by sour or infected milk. The 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are made from perfectly fresh full-cream milk, so modified as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk. The method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A thoroughly effective substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained, and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhoea or digestive troubles need be feared when the 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months upwards.

Pamphlet "INFANT FEEDING and MANAGEMENT," SENT FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London.

FREE

The King Edward Model 'Tatcho' Hair-Brush,
Best Quality—Pure Bristles—No Wires.

**"MY HEAD FEELS SO REFRESHED AND BRACED
AFTER A FRICTION WITH TATCHO AND THE
TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH—EXACTLY AS
I FEEL ON RETURNING FROM A MOTOR RUN."**

In October last the Tatcho Syndicate set aside a sum of £6,500, out of capital, to provide, free, to users of Tatcho—the true hair-grower—a King Edward Model Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

The demand was so great that the supply was practically exhausted within a few weeks.

In response to requests from all parts of the country, from all parts of the world, for this Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, the Tatcho Syndicate has set aside a further sum of £6,500, so that none shall suffer disappointment.

A duplicate of the model of the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, as supplied to His Majesty the late King Edward, waits to enter your service free of all cost.

It is the most valuable free gift offer ever made.

**Concerning the
Hair-Grower.**

Tatcho is a discovery which hundreds of thousands of people, in all walks of life, and in all parts of the world, and of all ages, have lived to bless and to thank. Because it has restored to them their hair—their youthful looks; because it has arrested its fall, saved its loss, promoted its growth in full, rich, glossy profusion.

It was of comparatively recent date that Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the famous author, playwright, and journalist, first astonished the world by his momentous discovery. Tatcho was his own invention, and he named it "Tatcho" himself. It has proved happily named.

The word "Tatcho" means in Romany (of which tongue Mr. Sims is a master) "good, true, genuine, trusty."

Every announcement of Tatcho is genuine, honest, trustworthy—in keeping with a genuine, honest, trustworthy article, supported by a select few of journalism's most respected heads.

An Honest and Unique Offer.

Tatcho is honest. This special gift offer in connection with Tatcho must necessarily be honest. The Tatcho gift is a handsome, expensive, and wonder-working hair-brush FREE to all who use Tatcho—as an ally of Tatcho, as a working partner in accelerating its results, leading the user over the royal road to perfect hair-health.

The King Edward Model Tatcho Hair-Health Brush lasts five years. Every day on your dressing-table—twice or thrice a day—for five long years, you avail yourself of its soothing, health-tingling action. During all this time it is a constant reminder of the

good of Tatcho—a silent rebuke if your hair needs Tatcho. And you can always tell when Tatcho is needed.

Together, Tatcho and the Hair-Health Brush constitute an irresistible force against which the germs and other devastating impurities, such as dandruff, scurf, dust, and destructive accumulations generally, cannot avail one iota.

The King Edward Model Tatcho Hair-Health Brush was designed to HELP Tatcho in its great work of saving and strengthening and growing the hair. It was destined to be a helpmeet to Tatcho. The brush is offered merely as a means of introducing you to the sterling advantages of Tatcho.

How to get this Beautiful Brush Free.

What you have to do to secure one is to become a user of the hair-grower. Post the coupon appearing below, together with 3s. 1d., with the least possible delay, as the present stock of brushes may soon be exhausted. The

3s. 1d. covers the cost of your Tatcho (which is 2s. 9d.) and 4d. for postage. The Brush is **Absolutely Free.**

Further supplies of Tatcho may be had from your own chemist, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d.

This is a genuine and honest offer. It could not be otherwise and be in consonance with the true, honest, genuine and trusty article of which it is an advertisement.

FREE

To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good,
True
Hair-Grower.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

You do not know what Tatcho is. There is no brush like Tatcho. It is the only brush that can be kept clean, and which restores the hair to its natural growth. It is the only brush that can be kept clean, and which restores the hair to its natural growth. It is the only brush that can be kept clean, and which restores the hair to its natural growth.

FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the March issue of THE QUIVER.

Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

THE QUIVER

**SMEDLEY'S
PASTE**

Smedley's Paste
gives instant relief in

**RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
CHILBLAINS,
BRONCHITIS,
SORE THROAT,
NEURALGIA,
SCIATICA, &c.**

If applied when the first symptoms appear, it will avert what might otherwise be a severe illness, producing a healthy and vigorous circulation of the blood. In such cases one application is usually sufficient.

As many worthless imitations are being substituted, ask for SMEDLEY'S PASTE, and have no other.

Sold by all Chemists in 1/1½,
1/6, and 2/9 bottles, or from

**Hirst, Brooke & Hirst, Ltd.,
Leeds.**

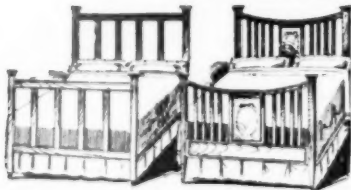
Reaches the Pain
and stops it at once

PAIN

ALEX. LEFEVER,

Cabinet Manufacturer & Complete House Furnisher,
226, OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.
Est. 70 Years.

BUY DIRECT FROM MAKERS.

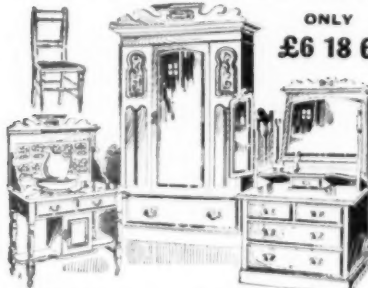


Solid Oak Bedstead, with wire spring mattress, 2ft. 6in. by 6ft. 3in. **12/9**
Handsome Inlaid Mahogany Bedstead, 4ft. by 6ft. 6in. **£3 15 0**

C
A
T
A
L
O
G
U
E



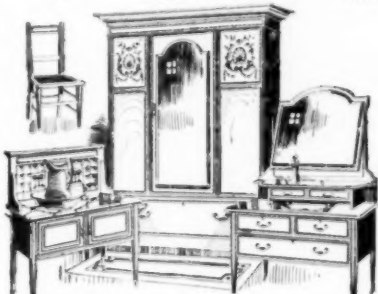
Solid Oak Bedstead, with wire spring mattress, 3ft. by 6ft. 6in. **25/6**
Solid Oak Bedstead, with wire spring mattress, 2ft. by 6ft. 6in. **27/6**



This handsomely carved Solid Satin Walnut Bedroom Suite (complete with large bevelled plate glass door wardrobe). **Only £6 18 6**

(No. 38)

P
O
S
T
F
R
E
E



This Solid Mahogany beautifully Inlaid Bedroom Suite (complete with 4ft. 3in. wardrobe, shaped bevelled plate glass door). **Only £11 15 0**

THE QUIVER



Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.
 "The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A.R. Walker, R.E.
 "He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper: send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a **FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE** from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.
 A Professional Man writes:—**YOU ASTONISH & HELP**

EUGEN SANDOW says:

"PLASMON"

is the essential food I have so long wished for, and I would never be without it."

Plasmon and Plasmon Cocoa, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.
Plasmon Oats, 6d. pkt.

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

"N" POLISH
 (BLACK OR BROWN)
For BOOTS & SHOES.
 Tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s.
 To be obtained at all Bootmakers, etc.
 Manufacturer, G. H. WELSON, Clarks Rd., Northampton

Delay is Dangerous

(See page xxxiii.)

DOOM of the PILL **Carna** SALTS TABLETS

If I were really very ill,
 And asked to take the nicest pill,
 I fear I'd have to really frown,
 And say "I could not get it down."

CARNA SALTS TABLETS have come to the relief of those who dislike taking Pills. They can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee, cocoa, or hot water, and being tasteless, they will not spoil the flavour.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are a purgative and a tonic, not a purgative. They purify the system but do not strain the organs.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are especially good in cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Giddiness and Nervousness. They are absolutely harmless.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are a Blood Purifier, and when it is remembered that the blood traverses every organ of the body, it will be seen that the benefits they confer must be priceless.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS give you a BRIGHT, BUOYANT FEELING.

IN BOXES, 1s.

Of all Chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., 110, Strand, London, W.C.

"R.O. ALLEN."



THE HAPPY CHILD

PLAYS WITH
HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

The Perfect Modelling Material
 in 5 Colours. Home Outfits
 Complete, Post Free. Child's
 Delight, 1/3. Complete Modeller,
 2/10. The Builder, 5/6.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., 27, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

Bird-mark Underwear

BEARS THE STAMP OF

DELICACY and REFINEMENT.

Of superb texture, and the mode of manufacture is such that it conforms to the figure without a crease; produces warmth without bulkiness.

UNSHRINKABLE, SEAMLESS.

If you would have the best, ask your draper or outfitter to-day for

BIRD-mark Underwear

and be sure you obtain it.



Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

It costs one halfpenny a week to keep the teeth polished and hygienically clean, and the mouth and breath fresh and sweet, with Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste.

And there is no better dentifrice made than this.

1/- Tubes. 1/6 & 2/6 Pots.

JEWSBURY & BROWN,
Ardwick Green, Manchester.

Fl



5/- Jewel Pen


THE 'JEWEL' PEN IS DIFFERENT

to other Fountain Pens in this respect, that whilst it will do the work that is claimed for high-priced pens, and do it well, it costs only 5/-

DON'T FORGET A 'JEWEL' FOR 5/-

Of all Stationers or post free from sole makers:

JEWEL PEN CO., (Dept 102),
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.



STAIN GREY HAIRS

The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows are simply and safely done with

"NECROCEINE."

Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots, it has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. Light Brown, Golden, Dark Brown, and Black. Secretly packed by Post for 1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-.

LEIGH & CRAWFORD (Desk 10), 32, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.



OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the actual manufacturers, Messrs. E. & A. Browning, instead of to provincial buyers. If forwarded by post, value per return, or offer made. Chief Offices: 63, Oxford Street, London. Est. 100 years.

The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.
The East of England's Hospital.

HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.

134 beds always full.
Economically Administered.
£12,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000.

33,000 Out-Patients annually.
£7,000 Attendances.
No funds in hand.

PLEASE HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

JUST TRY THEM

CARNA

DENTIFRICE SALTS

Yes. There are special merits in CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS that others do not possess.

They cleanse the mouth to a degree rarely equalled by any other means.

They harden the gums and give them a healthy feeling and appearance.

They preserve the teeth and arrest decay. Have you a decayed tooth? Use CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS and the decay will go no further.

They impart a pearly whiteness to the teeth which is much to be admired.

They give that cleanly and refreshing feeling to the mouth which is enjoyable.

After using them one gets the true flavour of the food one eats.

No waste in use. Just try them. SIXPENCE A BOX.

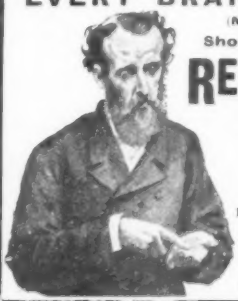
Of all Chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
110, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

EVERY BRAINWORKER
(MAN OR WOMAN)
Should Eat Freely of

REYNOLDS' WHEATMEAL BREAD.

Rich in Brain Food.
Palatable and Easily Digested.
75 GOLD MEDALS.
From Bakers and Grocers.

J. REYNOLDS & CO.,
53, Albert Mills, Gloucester.



LETTERS COPIED WHILE WRITING

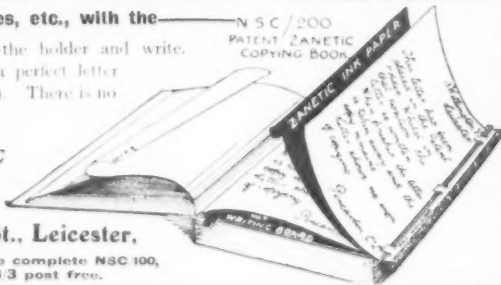
By using your own Letter Paper, invoices, etc., with the

You simply insert your writing paper in the holder and write. Whereupon you secure by the act of writing a perfect letter and a perfect copy (which remains in the book). There is no sign of copying, no perforated edge.

Sample of the CELEBRATED ZANETIC PAPER which produces this result, free from

Q. ZANETIC, 13, Wellington St., Leicester.

If stamped addressed envelope enclosed. One complete NSC 100, copying 200 full size 10 x 8 in. letter, for 3/3 post free.





DON'T DELAY

another day before taking Dr. Scott's Pills if you are feeling the effects of any form of liver derangement. They are the only infallible cure for anyone who feels weak, lacks energy, is bilious, deranged, suffers from pain and distention after eating, starts at sudden sounds, is irritable, has no patience, feels like saying, "What's the use of anything?" or has any of the hundred and one signs of liver rebellion and bile in the blood.

The very first dose you take will be enough to prove to you that this remedy is capable of curing you.

Of all Chemists and Stores (excepted in a square green package) 1/4 & 2/6 per box.

Dr. Scott's
Bilious & Liver Pills



The important feature of Benger's Food is that it can be prepared to suit any degree of digestive power. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles which become active during its preparation. As the weak stomach of babe or invalid begins to strengthen by the assimilation of the Food a gradual increase of digestive work can be left to it, thus giving the advantage of a regulated digestive exercise.

"Retained when all other foods are rejected."

LADIES WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth, and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

HELEN R. B. TEMPLE, 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS
JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"
WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER
KIND IS PREFERRED. **FREE** MARKING INK
AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO THEIR NAME OR MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 1s. SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER.
100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



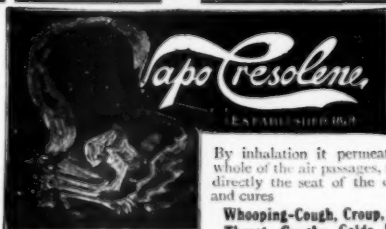
Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT**. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for Wounds and all skin diseases. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, FURUNCLES, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7/6, 1/1, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 20, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.



PEACH'S NEW CURTAINS

as shown, 31 yds., 61 ins. wide, 11/3 pair. **Jacquard Curtains, 61/2 pair, Swiss Appliqué Curtains, Hemstitch Muslin Curtains, 61/2 pair. PRICE LIST of LACE CURTAINS, MUSLINS, BLINDS, CANIMENT FABRICS, LINENS, LACES, &c., Post Free. S. PEACH & SONS, Dept. 10, The Lanes, Nottingham.**



"Cures while you sleep."

By inhalation it permeates the whole of the air passages, reaches directly the seat of the disease, and cures

Whooping-Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, and Catarrh.

Sufferers from Asthma will find immediate relief from Vapo-Cresolene.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Write for booklet on the treatment of these diseases to the selling Agents, **ALLEN & HAMBURYS, Ltd., Lombard Street, London.**

"Father
Brown"

A NEW
SERIES
OF
DETECTIVE
STORIES
BY

G.K.Chesterton



are now appearing in
CASSELL'S MAGAZINE
No. 2—"The Eye of Apollo." See March No., now on sale, 6d.

CASSELL'S POPULAR GARDENING

Edited by WALTER P. WRIGHT, F.R.H.S.

With 24 Coloured Plates and over 1,000 Illustrations.

To the amateur or professional who is anxious to gather together in handy form all the latest and most practical advice that will help him to make his garden the best of its kind, the reissue of "Popular Gardening" will be peculiarly welcome.


One of the disadvantages of the gardening weekly column is that editorial space is too scanty to permit of entering into those details which are so essential for the proper carrying out of thorough garden-culture. And the particular issue in which the information is contained is not always available. "Popular Gardening" does away with both these difficulties—each subject is exhaustively dealt with down to the most minute details, and the very complete index supplied renders reference quite an easy matter. As for illustrations, the *Daily Chronicle*, in a eulogistic notice, states it is "so loaded with illustrations as to be one of the most enjoyable books on the garden we have ever handled."

In 24 Fortnightly Parts, 7d. net each Part. Part 1 Now Ready.

PROSPECTUS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Specimen Part 9d., post free, from Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE QUIVER




The Imperial Typewriter

All-British-Made

You may pay a much higher price.
But you cannot get a more efficient writing machine than the Imperial all-British-made Typewriter. It has all the best features of the highest priced machines—rapid manipulation, light touch, visible writing, simple construction, strength and durability—yet costs only £10 and is supplied direct by the makers under their guarantee.

*Gold Medal awarded at Brussels Exhibition, 1910.
Write for illustrated price list.*

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester, England.



STRAIGHT FROM THE SEA TO YOUR TABLE.

Choicest Quality Fresh Fish.

6 lbs., 2/- 9 lbs., 2/6 11 lbs., 3/-
Carriage paid, and cleaned for cooking. Send at once for our Illustrated Booklet, free.

ELITE FISH CO., GRIMSBY DOCKS.
Purveyors to many of the Nobility.

Will not turn black or rub off. Has been sold for thirty years, and is STILL THE BEST.

ARDENBRITE

LIQUID GOLD.

for decorating **Chairs, Frames, Fenders, Gas Brackets, Hot Water Radiators, Figures, Cornices.**

Sample post free sixpence.

T. PAVITT & SONS, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

2/- INSURES YOUR COMPLEXION

DR. HARLAN'S BEAUTY-CUP For the Face, Neck, Arms, and Body.

"No one who owns this wonderful little Cup need fear wrinkles or blackheads."

The simplicity of this scientific system of self-applied massage, and the speed with which it clears the complexion, are almost beyond belief. A single soothing application produces remarkable results. Blackheads in many cases are banished in 10 seconds. It pumps impurities out of the blood by atmospheric pressure, rounds out the cheeks, arms, and neck, and pumps the waste poisons out of the body with wonderful rapidity. Acts directly on the circulation, and recirculates fresh pure blood to the tissues, making the flesh firm and taut, and the skin soft and satiny. Also an eye-liner, eye-lash making the eyes bright. Cup sent by mail in plain wrapper—with **FREE** Book, "Beauty and Health," or "Pleasures Valueless" any address for **21 P.O. (London) 26 M.O.** *Harlan's or Harlan's* testimonials. Order of your dealer, or write—**C. J. Harlan, Neu-Vita Inst., (Est. 1909) 85-117, Exchange Bldg., (Southwark) Southwark St., London.** (Admission 1000)



Trade-Mark: "NEU-VITA"

Grand New Competition

FIRST PRIZE: 125-GUINEA STERLING PLAYER-PIANO.

SECOND PRIZE, £15 cash. THIRD PRIZE, £10 cash.

FOURTH PRIZE, £5 cash.

10 Prizes of £1 each, and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes.

Our former competitions have been so popular that we have decided to offer another handsome First Prize, and have accordingly made arrangements to offer a magnificent **PLAYER PIANO**.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below we have reproduced eight picture puzzles, which represent either the name of some article advertised in our advertisement pages, the name or (in the case of a double name) part of the name of the firm advertising it, or a portion of their address, provided it is given in the advertisement.

This Competition is run in conjunction with CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, THE STORY-TELLER, THE QUIVER, THE NEW MAGAZINE, and LITTLE FOLKS, and the pictures represent advertisements or advertisers taken from any of these magazines during the six months the competition has been running.

THIS IS THE FINAL SET.

In the event of no reader giving all the correct solutions, the first prize will be awarded for the list containing the greatest number correct, while should we receive more than one list absolutely correct, a further competition or competitions of a nature which the adjudicator may deem the most advisable to determine the winner will be arranged. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit, or, in the event of a number of readers tying for second place, the second, third and fourth prizes will be pooled and divided in equal shares among them.

A competitor may send in only one list. The advertisements, names of advertisers, and their addresses are in all cases taken from the advertisement pages of "The Story-Teller," "The New Magazine," "Little Folks," "Cassell's Magazine," and "The Quiver," and not from inserted advertisements.

The complete sets should be sent in by March 25th, addressed "PLAYER-PIANO" COMPETITION, MESSRS. CASSELL & CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

The list of winners will be published in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, dated May 6th, 1911.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

THE PLAYER-PIANO

The Sterling Player-Piano, of which we give an illustration, is a magnificent instrument sold at 125 guineas. It is manufactured in the finest rosewood, and would be an acquisition to any home. It is of the best quality manufactured by this famous firm, whose reputation for instruments of this nature is unrivalled.



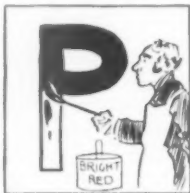
The Player-Piano

SIXTH AND FINAL SET OF PICTURES

IR



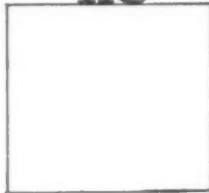
41



42



43



44



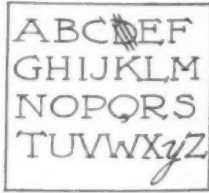
45



46



47



48

Name (write clearly in ink)

Address

HURRY UP!

We've

"Laitova" Lemon Cheese
for Breakfast this morning.

The children are always anxious to get "Laitova" Lemon Cheese—"the dainty food with the more-ish flavour." They know how tasty and enjoyable it is—they do *not* know (but this is the point that will appeal to you mothers and fathers) that it is highly nutritive, wholesome, and easy of digestion. The children are not anxious about these things: all they ask is for a food they can enjoy—give them Laitova, they can't help enjoying it, and it will do them more good than butter or preserves.



Try it yourself, too! Its dainty attractiveness will be a revelation. Your grocer and all other grocers sell it in large jars at 6d., and in smaller jars at 2d., 3d., &c.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

Should you have any difficulty in obtaining, send 1/- P.O. or stamps for two large jars and large packet of the delicious Kkovah Jelly. They will be sent carriage paid by
SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
Kkovah Works, MANCHESTER.



Which?

YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.

Will you have a
NASTY HEADACHE

or a

**Dr. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING
BOTTLE?**



Which cures **HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.**

OF ALL CHEMISTS, price ONE SHILLING, or direct, 14 stamps in the United Kingdom
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING



FITS
CURED

Over 1,000 unsolicited Testimonials in one year. Pamphlet containing proof and full particulars post free from

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,
303, South Frederick Street, Dublin,
201, 102, St. James' Chambers, TORONTO, CANADA.

**SIMPLE
HOME
TREATMENT**
Twenty
Years'
Success



FATE

4,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **TEST HOROSCOPE** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. **Simply give date, month, and year of birth-time if known.**—**Mr. Newton Verity (C.A.)**
4, Duke St., Adelphi, London, W.C.

**THE
STARS
TELL
YOU.**

THE QUIVER

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

NEW
DESIGNS

Repeat
Orders
received
from the
Royal
Palace,
Stockholm



Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of THE QUIVER.
12/1911. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR
LOOMS for your address one of 5/6 our Prudential Real Seamless Woven
Half-Guinea

(Regd.)



suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered,
in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue,
and All Colours, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER
ANY CRIPPERY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample
Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of
material equal to wool, and being a
peculiarity of our own, can only be ob-
tained direct from our Looms, thus
saving the Purchaser a Middle Profit,
which is always sold in DURING
THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS.
Money willingly returned if not ap-
proved. Thousands of Repeat Orders
and Unolicited Testimonials re-
ceived.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!
With every Carpet we shall ABSO-
LUTELY GIVE AWAY a very
handsome Rug to match, or we will
send two carpets and TWO RUGS
for 100s.

Galaxy Bargain Catalogues of
Carpets, Hearthrugs, Overmantels,
Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding,
Table Linens, Curtains &c., Post
Free, if mentioning THE QUIVER,
12/1911, when writing.

F. HODGSON & SONS
(Incl. Q.S.)
Manufacturers, Importers and
Wholesale Dealers
Woodsley Road, LEEDS.

Miles and Miles and Miles —and then Miles more!

The camel is no beauty walking, but it *can* walk—owing largely to
the natural 'Wood-Milnes' upon its feet. But it's a question how
far a camel could go if it had to walk in hard, unyielding boots!
You'll never realise how much the jar, jar, jar of your heels upon the
pavement has been taking out of you until you wear 'Wood-Milnes'.
Then you'll feel the difference. Better profit by the camel—and by



WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

'Wood-Milnes' are made in several shapes and sizes—all splendidly reliable in wear.

'Wood-Milnes,' being made from a superior quality of rubber, offer greater
resilience and longer wear; they are by far the most economical heels sold.

Best to let the Bootmaker fix them for you.

THE QUIVER



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The only sure and harmless treatment that entirely destroys hair growth permanently, inexpensively, and without pain.

Ladies whose beauty is marred by unsightly hair growths have long sought for an effective and permanent treatment that will entirely supersede Electrolysis, which causes so much pain and expense, besides the uncertainty of permanent cure. The CAPILLUS MFTG. CO. wish it known that they are in possession of a marvelous home treatment that quickly and permanently removes all superfluous hair: **it goes right to the root and destroys it for ever.** The treatment does not cause the slightest pain or injury to the most delicate skin. This new method being so simple and harmless, any lady can use it in her own home without entailing the slightest inconvenience and with perfect success.

We have received thousands of testimonials from ladies testifying to the remarkable success of CAPILLUS. Hundreds of these ladies state that they have tried electrolysis, powders, lotions, and cosmetics without permanent benefit, and wish they had known of our wonderful method before.

Send no money; we want to give you positive proof of what CAPILLUS will do for you before you spend a single penny. Send your name and address to-day, enclosing stamp to pay postage, and we will forward a full description of this inexpensive home treatment, that will fully convince you of its efficacy. Don't hesitate; it will cost you nothing. Write to-day; it will be to your advantage.

THE CAPILLUS MFTG. CO., 309, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

Cut this out. **FREE** Coupon for

PANSHINE KITCHEN MAGIC

PANSHINE is the ever-ready domestic help. From the time you get up until all the work is done PANSHINE is a willing and able worker. If you are cleaning

PANS, TABLES, LINOLEUMS,
DISHES, FLOORS, OILCLOTHS,
KNIVES, PAINT, BATHS,
ENAMEL WARE, WINDOWS, TILES,

anything except clothes and silver, PANSHINE will effectively and quickly do the work for you.



For Cleaning Floors, Tiles, &c.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH TO YOU

 **1½d.** 

and if presented duly filled in at foot, together with 1½d., enables you to obtain from your dealer a

3d. DECORATED TIN of PANSHINE
Or **THREE 1d. DREDGER PACKETS.**

NOTE TO TRADER

This Coupon will be redeemed at full face value if presented or forwarded within 30 days to—

H. D. POCHIN & CO.,
Limited,
MANCHESTER.

Your Name and Address

Trader's Name and Address

O. Dept. This Coupon available until March 31st, 1911.

— CASSELL'S — HOME HANDBOOKS

Paper Covers, 1/- net A series of useful Volumes for every Household, averaging from 200 to 300 pages, 1/6 Cloth net Covers

The Home Lawyer. By a BARRISTER-AT-LAW

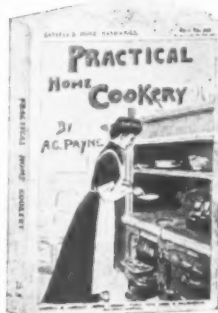
The Home Physician By "MEDICUS"

The Making of the Home. By Mrs. S. A. BARNETT.

Our Sick, and How to Take Care of Them. By FLORENCE STACPOOLE.

Vegetarian Cookery. By A. G. PAYNE.

Cookery for Common Ailments. By A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND PHYLLIS BROWNE



Advice to Women on the Care of their Health Before, During, and After Confinement. By FLORENCE STACPOOLE.

Practical Housekeeping. By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Practical Home Cookery. By A. G. PAYNE.

Elements of Modern Dress-making. By J. E. DAVIS.

Etiquette of Good Society. Edited and Revised by LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

Poultry and Profit. By WILLIAM W. BROOMHEAD.

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS or post free 1/3 from Publishers

CASSELL AND CO., LIMITED, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE FAMILY PRAYER BOOK

Or, Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the year, with prayers and thanksgiving for special occasions.

Edited by the Rev. Canon Garbett, M.A., and the Rev. Samuel Martin.

Original Edition, with 12 Full-page Illustrations. Leather, 18s.

New Edition. Cloth, 5s.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS'

Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

A BIBLE COMMENTARY FOR ENGLISH READERS

Edited by BISHOP ELLICOTT

In small, handy volumes, printed on thin paper, suitable for School and General Use. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. each; leather limp, 2s. 6d. net.

New Testament.—ST. MATTHEW, ST. MARK, ST. LUKE, ST. JOHN, THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, ROMANS, CORINTHIANS I. and II, GALATIANS, EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS, COLOSSIANS, THESSALONIANS, and TIMOTHY, TITUS, PHILEMON, HEBREWS, and JAMES, PETER, JUDE, and JOHN, THE REVELATION.

Old Testament. (On thicker paper.)—LEVITICUS. 3s. NUMBERS. 2s. 6d. DEUTERONOMY. 2s. 6d.

CASSELL AND CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

THE QUIVER

24TH ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE.

GOOD SOUND MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED
at 15 to 50 per cent. below usual Prices.
A FEW BARGAINS WE OFFER.



Greenhouses, from 45/-



Portable Huts, 32/6



Iron Buildings, £5



Rustic Houses,
from 27/6



Stable and Coach
House, £8 5s.



Conservatories, from
£3 7s. 6d.



Card Light, 1/8



Cucumber Frames, from 13/6



Lawn Mowers, 12/6



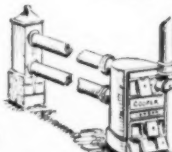
Dog Kennels,
from 7/6



Poultry Houses,
from 10/-



Food
Chopper,
4/3



Complete Heating
Apparatus, 55/-



Complete Incuba-
tors, 22/6



Pigeon Looses, 30/-



Plant Propagator,
15/-

AND NUMEROUS OTHER GOODS.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

W. COOPER, 761, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

**Time will make your writing
blacker if you use Onoto Ink.**

Unlike ordinary ink, it cannot fade, but gets blacker the older the writing is.

Onoto Ink is so good because of the way it is made. Here is the science story.

The actual ink is colourless, until the colouring matter is added. But this added colouring matter is only needed to let you see what you write. The permanent and rich black colour is due to a change brought about by the air in the colourless ink, which age keeps turning blacker.

It is the clearest, cleanest ink to use—and will not corrode or spoil your pen. Ask your stationer or store for

Onoto Writing Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Red).
Onoto Copying Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Copying Ink (Black).

In bottles, 6d., 1/-,
1/6 and 2/- each.

Onoto Ink



DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draw the broken parts together, and bind them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, send it back to me, and I will refund your money. That is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square—and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no ties, no tapes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for my illustrated booklet.

C. E. BROOKS, 80, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.

KITCHEN PESTS.

Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the UNION COCKROACH PASTE. Guaranteed by E. Howarth, Esq., F.Z.S.

Cleared the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. These insects had invaded the bed-rooms, mingled with the food, and the Government Inspector suggested the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surprised at marvellous result. 13, 23, 46, Post Free, with interesting particulars.



J. P. HEWITT, 68, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

PLASMON COCOA

"A Delicious Beverage of much greater nutritive value than ordinary Cocoa."

—British Medical Journal.

Tins, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

PLASMON is used by the Royal Family.

HOROSCOPE

By ye methods of ye Ancient Egyptians and Wise Men of the East.



Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Numbers, Colours, etc. Business Guidance, Planetary Influence on friendship, marriage, and important epochs. **Two years' GUIDE added FREE** if you mention this Magazine.

Send birth date and 1/- P.O.

THOS. GOULD, Astrologer, Clare House, Whitechurch Road, CARDIFF.

Delivered
for
2/6
with
order



This Magnificent Complete Sheffield Cutlery Service

is delivered to all approved orders for 2/6 with order, and nine monthly payments of 2/6 if you are entirely delighted and satisfied with the goods after full examination.

The Knives are of Genuine Sheffield Steel of warranted temper and splendid finish, with Ivorette Handles carefully matched in faithful reproduction of choicest African Ivory. The Spoons and Forks are manufactured from Columbian Silver, which is a hard white metal bearing a superlative polish indistinguishable from Sterling Silver—retains its lovely virgin white appearance under all conditions of wear, and is an ornament to any table in the land. When unpacked and examined, if you are not completely satisfied and delighted, you are to return the parcel, leaving us to pay carriage, and we will immediately refund every penny you have paid without discussion.

CATALOGUE
FREE.

We send our Handsome Illustrated Manufacturers' Catalogue of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Electro-plate Post Free to your address. It shows a splendid variety of handsome designs in Cruets, Jam Dishes, Butter Coolers, Tea Services, Biscuit Jars, Flower Stands, and a multitude of elegant Specialties for presents at economical prices. Easy Terms. Ask for Catalogue M

A Sample Desert Knife and Fork is sent post free for 1/3

J.G. **GRAVES** Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.

51 PIECES FOR 25/-

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| 6 Table Knives | 6 Tea Spoons | 1 Mt. Sugar Spn |
| 6 Table Forks | 6 Egg Spoons | 1 pr Sugar Tongs |
| 6 Dessert Knives | 2 Table Spoons | 1 Butter Knife |
| 6 Dessert Forks | 2 Salt Spoons | 1 Pickle Fork |
| 6 Dessert Spoons | 1 Mustard Spoon | 7 Days' Approval. |

For Cash with Order we allow a Discount of 2/- in the £

Telegram: "ILEKLEAN, BIRMINGHAM."

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER

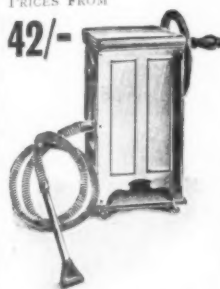
reduces hours of domestic drudgery to minutes—and congenial work at that—which is not possible in the old domestic way.

THE DAISY WAY

—By means of powerful suction the DAISY VACUUM CLEANER completely removes all traces of dust and dirt from CARPETS, RUGS, CHAIRS, UP-HOLSTERY, etc., and with less wear and tear than by the use of duster, brush, or beater.

PRICES FROM

42/-



MODEL B. £7 7 0

Write to-day for Booklet to

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,
Gravelly Hill,
Birmingham.

Telephone 568 East.

REDIO

METAL-CLEANING and POLISHING CLOTHS



WILL CLEAN ALL YOUR METAL WITHOUT PASTE OR LIQUID POLISH AND AT HALF THE COST.

GREEN (Strong) for Brass ... 6d.
YELLOW for Silver ... 3d.

Send postcard and name of grocer for FREE SAMPLES to

The REDIO CO., Ltd.,
67B, Fore Street, London, E.C.

Sozodont

Has it ever occurred to you how unhygienic the ordinary tin of tooth powder is?

Usually it is left open, allowing contamination.

And dipping the wet brush in the powder makes the contents wet and nasty.

Sozodont is in hygienic tins. Simply sprinkle on the brush the powder you require. Give the top a half turn and the tin is closed. No contamination—no nastiness—no waste.

Sozodont Tooth Powder, in 6d. and 1/- hygienic tins. Also in Liquid and Paste. Chemists and Stores everywhere.



JALL & RUCKEL,
London and Manchester.

G2

THE QUIVER

"Cocoa for Madame."



The Beverage of Vigour and Enjoyment.

Fry's **PURE**
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

300 Grands Prix,
Gold Medals, &c.

MAKERS TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS and to other Royal Courts of Europe.

In the Shop Window

Don't get mixed when you go to buy an "every-day" watch. There's but one with a reputation for *quality*—the

INGERSOLL

CROWN 5/- New Eclipse 6/6
Junior - 8/6
Midget - 8/6



There are many cheaper, but none offer more than a chance of satisfaction, even at the outset.

Some dealers think more of the few pence extra profit they make on inferior Continental goods than of satisfying their customers by selling only *dependable* watches—like the Ingersoll.

So when you are ready for a cheap watch, go straight to the shop with an Ingersoll sign in the window, and so ensure satisfaction.

The name is on dial of every genuine Ingersoll. It is there for *your* protection.

Sold by 12,000 British Dealers.

Write us if you have any trouble in finding an Ingersoll dealer.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 410, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

The jewelled INGERSOLL-TRENTON

watch offers the same security and saving to the buyer in high-grade watches that the Ingersoll does in the low-priced class. They are sold *only* by Jewellers. Prices from 21/- upwards. Send for our Booklet "How to Choose a Watch." It is FREE.

Fully Guaranteed
Ingersoll
ACCURATE
RELIABLE
Watches

SOLID VALUE

Water is cheap. That is why you get so much of it in common toilet soaps. PEARS, however, is all pure soap in every particle, so that although its first cost may be a trifle more than that of the ordinary kinds, it lasts so long that its ultimate cost is very much less. Thus as a matter of economy alone, it possesses undoubted advantages over the low-priced soaps, composed of water and low-grade materials which injure the skin

Pears

is both
MONEY VALUE
and
HEALTH VALUE

THE QUIVER

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1911

Frontispiece: "The Lifeboat." <i>Drawn by G. Walden.</i>		
To Save—Those who have Not Fallen. By MRS. ARCHIBALD MACKIRDY.		PAGE
<i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>		423
A Schoolmaster's Romance. Complete Story. By HAROLD HARFORD. <i>Illustrated by Steven Spurrier</i>		428
Light. Poem. By LESLIE MARY OYLER		434
Beside the Still Waters		435
My Childhood's Heroes. By the REV. CHARLES BROWN		437
Half a Chance. Complete Story. By MARY BRADFORD WHITING. <i>Illustrated by H. Brock</i>		441
Nature's Cleverness. By FRANK BONNETT. <i>Illustrated</i>		448
CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON. Serial Story. By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY. Chaps. X.—XI. <i>Illustrated by John E. Sutcliffe</i>		454
Before and After Marriage. By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married"		465
The Privy Slanderer. An Unusual Story—with an Unusual Moral. By ADA CAMBRIDGE		468
The Passing of Slumdom. The Story of an English Eden. By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>		474
Vesper. By ALFRED W. TOMLYN, MUS.BAC.		481
Round a Sundial. By AMY LE FEUVRE. No. 4.—From One Home to Another. <i>Illustrated by P. B. Hickling</i>		482
God's Good Women. By the REV. CANON VAUGHAN, M.A.		486
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—		
Lenten Dishes. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR		489
The Brutal Brother a Blessing in Disguise. By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER		491
Growing Old Gracefully. By DAISY F. McL. SLOAN		492
Donald, the Herd-Boy. A Story for Children. By A. FRASER ROBERTSON		494
As Others See Us. No. 3.—Swelled Heads. By EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER		497
More about Our Competition. By THE EDITOR		499
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR		502
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES:—		
How, When and Where Corner. Conducted by "ALISON"		504
Leader and King. By the REV. J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D.		508
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT		509
Sunday School Pages		511

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Tuile Sauvage, London, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 9s. per annum, or 4s. 6d. for six months.



RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

Roberts and Gray both made their record breaks on Riley's standard tables.

The Riley's Miniature Table is built in exact proportion to the standard one played on by Gray. Get one.

Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables to fit on your own dining table from £37 6.

The 6ft. 4in. size, £114 6s., is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S combined Billiard and Dining Tables from £114 6s. to £241 6s. Prices include all accessories, carriage paid, to nearest railway station.

Cash or easy payments. FREE on receipt of post card, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard & Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Birch Works, Accrington.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.

The most ——— Perfect Preservative for the **SKIN** and **COMPLEXION.**

Lait-Larola

Keeps the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH and WHITE.

Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, Etc.

It is delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after Golf, Motoring, Cycling, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

Bottles 1/4, of all Chemists and Stores.

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

THE following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including Jan. 31st, 1911:—

21s. from Adelaide Matheson.
10s. each from Annie E. Nicholas, E. M. B., M. L. P.
5s. each from Annie Dickens, Harold M. Flower, Miss Ellen Pegg.
4s. each from Miss Brown, Miss L. E. Wheeler.
3s. from Miss M. Cruickshank.
2s. 6d. each from Miss Carrington, M. Rowe, M. A. J., Dorothy White, J. P., Miss E. M. Lane-Browne.
2s. each from Miss M. T. Lambert, Mrs. E. D. Field, M. M. Brown, Miss Howes, Harriet J. Clist, Mrs. Ross.
1s. 6d. each from Mrs. G. S. Buckley-Williams, Margaret Nollitt.
1s. each from Mrs. M. A. Grundy, Margaret S. Williams, Jennie A. Smith, Lydia Fountaine, Amy M. Kelly, Miss Pearson, Miss Grounsell, Sidney Streeter, Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. T. Norris, Mrs. L. C. Little, Mrs. W. B. Pratt, Miss G. S. Milne Home, Mrs. Amelia A. Foster, Miss Anne Self, Mr. Wm. D. Douglas, Gertrude G. Bergemann, Mrs. A. Urquhart, Rev. Harold E. Reed, Miss M. Hay, Mrs. J. Myhill, E. Porter, Miss Minnie Denne, Miles H. Hember, Miss Hazard, Catherine A. Howell, Helen E. Pearson, James Keedy, Katharine J. Edmonds, A. Barnes, M. Cookson, Rosetta Godfrey, Vivien I. Ellis, Miss S. Thompson, Mabel C. Coggin, D. C., S. Hawkins, Jennie Chappell, E. A. Roberts, Grace Hull, "One of the League," Douglas B. Carter, Miss Ethel Crook, J. M. G. Pepper, Mrs. M. Dives, Alfred St. Clair Buxton, Rose Finch, M. Bennett, Mrs. Ida Gordon Field, Miss Popham, E. Matson, Miss A. M. Hutchinson, Kitty Comely, Mrs. Grant, Miss M. James, Miss Thompson, Margaret Purfield, Dorothy May Ingram, Miss R. Armstrong.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "Love" 10s., "An Old Reader" 5s., Chatsworth 5s., E. M. Newnham 7s. 6d. Total, £1 7s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Emigration Fund*: E. M. Newnham 7s. 6d.

For *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: Annie Nicholas and Friends £2, A. B. (Ipswich) 3s. Total, £2 3s.

For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: A. B. (Ipswich) 5s.

For *The Invalid Children's Aid Association*: "Love" 10s.

For *The East London Hospital for Children*: "Love" 10s.

For *The Salvation Army Social Work*: "Love" 10s.

For *The Ragged School Union*: Mrs. M. A. Grundy 1s.

For *The Disabled Fund of London City Mission*: "A Sympathiser" 1s. 6d.

For *The Lepers' Mission Fund*: H. B. (Jersey) 2s. 6d.

Sent direct to *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: £5 bank note No. 33845, £5 bank note No. 19726, Miss Simpsons £5, E. W. D. £1, Miss Wainright 2s. 6d., Mrs. Connolly £1 1s., "Reader of THE QUIVER" (Bristol) 5s., D. A. Z. 5s.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "Falkirk" £20, A. B. (Ipswich) 5s., G. M. B. six pairs of socks, E. A. D. parcel of books, etc.

Sent direct to *The Ragged School Union*: "A Widow's Mite" 2s. 6d., Y. E. S. 3s.

Sent direct to *St. Giles' Mission*: A. E. 2s. 6d.

Sent direct to *The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society*: "A Widow Reader of THE QUIVER" (Jersey) £5, "Martha" (Berkeley) 5s.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union

AND

Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director,

32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,

LONDON, W.C.



Mother and Nurse find their task both lovable and light when Master Baby is thriving visibly and always ready with a smile. Baby, Nurse and Mother alike owe this happy state of things to

Neave's Food

USED IN THE
RUSSIAN
IMPERIAL
NURSERY.

Baby likes it, of course, but the great argument for Neave's is that experience has proved its value for the youngest and most delicate infant.

Sold in tins and 4d. packets.

SAMPLE TIN sent Free on receipt of two penny STAMPS for postage.—Useful Booklet "FIRST ABOUT BABY" post free. Mention this publication. Josiah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge.

Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

THE QUIVER

THE ONLY CURE FOR CORPULENCY RECOGNISED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

An abnormal growth of fat in young and old must be looked upon as a DISEASE, and causes difficulty in breathing, palpitation of the heart, kidney and liver derangement—in fact, all organs become more or less affected by being surrounded by adipose fatty tissue.

BEFORE
USE.



Corpulency not only causes an ungainly figure, but makes ladies appear much older than they really are.
A POSITIVE, SIMPLE AND HARMLESS REMEDY
for this troublesome condition has been found.

Pleasant to Take—No Special Diet required—Causing no Inconvenience whatever.

DALLOFF TEA

Recommended and Prescribed by thousands of Physicians all over Europe.

AFTER
USE.



Dr. N., Kent, says:—"Having already recommended Dalloff Tea and seen good results, I will continue to recommend it. Yours faithfully, DR. N. KENT."

Mrs. C., of Clifton, Bristol, writes:—"Kindly send by return post another box of Dalloff Tea; its effect is wonderful!"

Mrs. S. Eigin writes:—"Please send me another box of Dalloff Tea. I am pleased to say the first month's treatment has done me a great deal of good. I enclose P.O. for 4/6."

Nurse Stephens, 18, High Road, Chiswick, writes:—"Gentlemen—Please send me another packet of your Dalloff Tea. Enclosed P.O. 4/6. I am pleased to tell you that since taking your Tea (1 month) I have lost exactly 16 lbs., and feel considerably better. The effect on the kidneys has been most beneficial. I shall take great pleasure in recommending your Tea. Yours truly, NURSE STEPHENS."

Price 4/6 and 8/6 per packet, a 4/6 packet being sufficient for one month's treatment.

Send for Instructive Booklet with Doctors' Opinions.

Obtainable of first-class Chemists and Stores, or direct from the Sole Agents:—

DALLOFF TEA acts at the same time as a Tonic to the System, by acting upon the secretory organs, such as Kidneys and Liver, eliminating Uric Acid from the Blood, and acting as a general Health-giver.

A. S. WEHNER & CO., 28, Bath House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver."

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

**Household
Linens
of
Durability**

EXAMPLES OF BARGAIN VALUES.

HEAVY DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

(Design No. P.340, Wild Rose and Ivy.)

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
2 x 2 yds.	Each 11/-	3 x 2 yds.	Each 16/6	3 x 2 1/2 yds.	Each 22/-
2 1/2 x 2 "	" 13/9	2 1/2 x 2 1/2 "	" 18/4	3 1/2 x 2 1/2 "	" 25/8

DINNER NAPKINS to match, 27 inches square, per dozen ... 18/9

SHEETS M 52. Pure Linen Sheets, heavy make, 2 x 3 yards, 26/10; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 31/6 per pair.

G 411. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 38/6; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 49/6 per pair.

TOWELS H 51. Hemstitched Linen Towels, Damask border, 25 x 43 inches, 24/6 per dozen.

H 105. Grass bleached Linen Diaper Towels, 27 x 43 inches, 29/6 per dozen.

SAMPLES and ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd. 36, C. Donegall Place, **BELFAST.**

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including Jan. 31st, 1911:—

21s. from Adelaide Matheson.
10s. each from Annie E. Nicholas, E. M. B., M. L. P.
5s. each from Annie Dickins, Harold M. Flower, Miss Ellen Pegg.
4s. each from Miss Brown, Miss L. E. Wheeler.
3s. from Miss M. Cruickshank.
2s. 6d. each from Miss Carrington, M. Rowe, M. A. J., Dorothy White, J. P., Miss E. M. Lane-Browne.
2s. each from Miss M. T. Lambert, Mrs. E. D. Field, M. M. Brown, Miss Howes, Harriet J. Clist, Mrs. Ross.
1s. 6d. each from Mrs. G. S. Buckley-Williams, Margaret Nollitt.
1s. each from Mrs. M. A. Grundy, Margaret S. Williams, Jennie A. Smith, Lydia Fountaine, Amy M. Kelly, Miss Pearson, Miss Grounsell, Sidney Streeter, Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. T. Norris, Mrs. L. C. Little, Mrs. W. B. Pratt, Miss G. S. Milne Home, Mrs. Amelia A. Foster, Miss Anne Sell, Mr. Wm. D. Douglas, Gertrude G. Bergemann, Mrs. A. Urquhart, Rev. Harold E. Reed, Miss M. Hay, Mrs. J. Myhill, E. Porter, Miss Minnie Denne, Miles H. Hember, Miss Hazard, Catherine A. Howell, Helen E. Pearson, James Keedy, Katharine J. Edmonds, A. Barnes, M. Cookson, Rosetta Godfrey, Vivien I. Ellis, Miss S. Thompson, Mabel C. Coggin, D. C. S. Hawkins, Jennie Chappell, E. A. Roberts, Grace Hull, "One of the League," Douglas B. Carter, Miss Ethel Crook, J. M. G. Pepper, Mrs. M. Dives, Alfred St. Clair Buxton, Rose Finch, M. Bennett, Mrs. Ida Gordon Field, Miss Popham, E. Matson, Miss A. M. Hutchinson, Kitty Comely, Mrs. Grant, Miss M. James, Miss Thompson, Margaret Purfield, Dorothy May Ingram, Miss R. Armstrong.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "Love" 10s., "An Old Reader" 5s., Chatsworth 5s., E. M. Newnham 7s. 6d. Total, £1 7s. 6d.
For *Dr. Barnardo's Emigration Fund*: E. M. Newnham 7s. 6d.
For *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: Annie Nicholas and Friends £2, A. B. (Ipswich) 3s. Total, £2 3s.
For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: A. B. (Ipswich) 5s.
For *The Invalid Children's Aid Association*: "Love" 10s.
For *The East London Hospital for Children*: "Love" 10s.
For *The Salvation Army Social Work*: "Love" 10s.
For *The Ragged School Union*: Mrs. M. A. Grundy 1s.
For *The Disabled Fund of London City Mission*: "A Sympathiser" 1s. 6d.
For *The Lepers' Mission Fund*: H. B. (Jersey) 2s. 6d.
Sent direct to *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: £5 bank note No. 33846, £5 bank note No. 19726, Miss Simpsons £5, E. W. D. £1, Miss Wainright 2s. 6d., Mrs. Connolly £1 1s., "Reader of THE QUIVER" (Bristol) 5s., D. A. Z. 5s.
Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "Falkirk" £20, A. B. (Ipswich) 5s., G. M. B. six pairs of socks, E. A. D. parcel of books, etc.
Sent direct to *The Ragged School Union*: "A Widow's Mite" 2s. 6d., Y. E. S. 3s.
Sent direct to *St. Giles' Mission*: A. E. 2s. 6d.
Sent direct to *The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society*: "A Widow Reader of THE QUIVER" (Jersey) £5, "Martha" (Berkeley) 5s.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union

AND

Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director,

32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,

LONDON, W.C.



Mother and Nurse find their task both lovable and light when Master Baby is thriving visibly and always ready with a smile. Baby, Nurse and Mother alike owe this happy state of things to

Neave's Food

USED IN THE
RUSSIAN
IMPERIAL
NURSERY.

Baby likes it, of course, but the great argument for Neave's is that experience has proved its value for the youngest and most delicate infant.

Sold in tins and 4d. packets.

SAMPLE TIN sent Free on receipt of two penny STAMPS for postage.—Useful Booklet "HINTS ABOUT BABY" post free. Mention this publication. Josiah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge.

Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

THE QUIVER

THE ONLY CURE FOR **CORPULENCY** RECOGNISED BY THE **MEDICAL PROFESSION.**

An abnormal growth of fat in young and old must be looked upon as a DISEASE, and causes difficulty in breathing, palpitation of the heart, kidney and liver derangement—in fact, all organs become more or less affected by being surrounded by adipose fatty tissue.

BEFORE
USE.



Corpulency not only causes an ungainly figure, but makes ladies appear much older than they really are.

A POSITIVE, SIMPLE AND HARMLESS REMEDY
for this troublesome condition has been found.

Pleasant to Take—No Special Diet required—Causing no inconvenience whatever.

DALLOFF TEA

Recommended and Prescribed by thousands of Physicians
all over Europe.

Dr. N. Kent, says:—"Having already recommended Dalloff Tea and seen good results, I will continue to recommend it. Yours faithfully, DR. N. KENT."

Mrs. C., of Clifton, Bristol, writes:—"Kindly send by return post another box of Dalloff Tea; its effect is wonderful." **Mrs. S. Elgin** writes:—"Please send me another box of Dalloff Tea. I am pleased to say the first month's treatment has done me a great deal of good. I enclose P.O. for 4s."

Nurse Stephens, 18, High Road, Chiswick, writes:—"Gentlemen.—Please send me another packet of your Dalloff Tea. Enclosed P.O. 4s. I am pleased to tell you that since taking your Tea (3 months) I have lost exactly 16 lbs., and feel considerably better. The effect on the kidneys has been most beneficial. I shall take great pleasure in recommending your Tea. Yours truly, NURSE STEPHENS."

AFTER
USE.



DALLOFF TEA acts at the same time as a Tonic to the System, by acting upon the secretory organs, such as Kidneys and Liver, eliminating Uric Acid from the Blood, and acting as a general Health-giver.

Price 4s and 8s per packet, a 4s packet being sufficient for one month's treatment.

Send for Instructive Booklet with
Doctors' Opinions.

Obtainable of first-class Chemists and Stores, or direct from the
Sole Agents:—

A. S. WEHNER & CO., 28, Bath House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

**Household
Linens
of
Durability**

EXAMPLES OF BARGAIN VALUES.

HEAVY DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

(Design No. P.340, Wild Rose and Ivy.)

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
2 x 2 yds.	Each 11/-	3 x 2 yds.	Each 16/6	3 x 2 1/2 yds.	Each 22/-
2 1/2 x 2 "	" 13/6	2 1/2 x 2 1/2 "	" 18/4	3 1/2 x 2 1/2 "	" 25/8

DINNER NAPKINS to match, 27 inches square, per dozen ... 18/9

SHEETS M 52. Pure Linen Sheets, heavy make, 2 x 3 yards, 26/10; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 34/4 per pair.

G 431. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 38/6; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 49/6 per pair.

TOWELS H 51. Hemstitched Linen Towels, Damask border, 25 x 43 inches, 24/6 per dozen.

H 105. Grass bleached Linen Diaper Towels, 27 x 43 inches, 29/6 per dozen.

SAMPLES and ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd. 36, C. Donegall Place, **BELFAST.**

Plantol

*A
Toilet Soap
made from
Fruit & Flowers*

PLANTOL!
The name of this
beautiful toilet soap tells
the story of its composition
— **PLANT OILS** —
The oils extracted from fruit
and flowers, gathered fresh and
fragrant from Nature's gardens
and forests. No soap is more
beautifully made—no soap
is more fitted to serve
the beautiful.
PLANTOL
always
pleases

4d. & 6d.
per tablet



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT



(Photo: F. de Minkens and Son.)

"IT IS THE FIRST MILD DAY OF MARCH"

Worcester.



THE LIFEBOAT.

(Drawn by G. Warren.)



VOL. XLVI, No. 5
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

MARCH, 1911

To Save—Those who have Not Fallen

An Appeal for Prevention

By Mrs. ARCHIBALD MACKIRDY

(OLIVE CHRISTIAN MALVERY)

Author of "The Soul Market," "Thirteen Nights," etc.

THE greatest wonder to most people whose work lies in the field of Social Service, is the passion the world has for beginning things at the wrong end.

The straight and narrow way that leads out at length into the fields of golden Liberty and Life has always been unfashionable, while the wide road leading to confusion is thronged with feverish travellers. Those who get out of the rush, and wait apart awhile watching the crowds, judge by what they see of the effects of this haphazard journey. Who can expect to reach the palace when the face is set straight for the slum? And this is what we are in a great measure doing when we attack national evils and woes from the wrong end. We are told that in no country of the world is so much "charity" bestowed, in no country is so much social service given by all classes; yet if we are at all truthful we must surely acknowledge that we are not on the high road to Utopia. No—not even on the road to prosperity or happiness. Think for a moment how the world wags. Every year we are asked for larger and

larger sums of money for hospitals. Has anyone ever known of a hospital raising the standard of public health? Year after year we are asked to give larger doles to prison missions, unemployed funds, and so forth, but does any continuous good result? Year after year, too, we are asked to support increased numbers of "Rescue" homes and maternity charities; but instead of opening these portals to long lines of broken creatures, how would it do to go to the end of the line and find out what it is that makes all these sad charities necessary and *wipe out the cause*? Why waste money on so many hospitals? Why not eliminate by degrees the slums where are bred the diseases that these places deal with? Why prefer founding "Rescue" homes to stepping briskly to the source of the sin that calls for them, and stop the plague at its fount?

Through the years of intimate social service I have seen, I have with all the power I possess pleaded for measures that will *prevent* evil rather than those which deal with its results. This attitude, thank God, is the attitude of all those who

THE QUIVER

can work independently and with no personal advantage in view.

In the matter of social reform we need those measures that tend to prevent social evils rather than those which palliate.

Not long ago I was asked to speak on behalf of the Ragged School Union in a northern town. This work appeals to me, as does all work for the young, because if we save the youth, manhood and womanhood can take care of themselves. Well, at this conference, when much had been said of what had been done, we were told of great charities which in that city existed for the poor. Thousands of pounds each year were spent on them, and a new sanatorium for consumptives had just been built at enormous cost; yet the streets were full of little boys selling newspapers and other things, and tiny girl-children, scantily clothed, dragged about ill-fed babies. So we said: "Look after your children, knock out your slums, and disease will vanish of itself." So with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the clubs at Hoxton for the factory and coster lads and girls, their work is so fine because it is *preventive*, and prevention work is more effective and cheaper than any other work. Now as to "Rescue" work, I speak in the accepted sense of the word, which means caring for girls who have made the great social slip. When girls are rescued after their fall, they face life again crippled and wronged. How sad the spectacle is only those know who have seen much of such poor creatures. Those



(Photo: A. Scott)

MRS. MACKIROV AND HER CHILDREN.

of us who do know are preaching the gospel *Prevention* everywhere we go. Naturally, we also say, "Seek the lost, save the fallen." And here great things may be done. In one case I know, the Salvation Army workers had a terrible human problem put into their hands to solve and, by the grace of God, the problem is "Grace made manifest to-day." It was this way. A lady came upon what she took to be a heap of old rags thrown against a mud bank. She saw the rags move, however,

and discovered what seemed to be a child of twelve or fourteen years of age. The lady called a cab, and took this dreadful bundle to one of the Salvation Army refuges. For a long while the poor human animal seemed dazed and utterly unable to give any account of herself. At night when the Salvation sisters tried to get her to bed she did not know how to get in. She had never had a bed! She could not dress herself in proper garments—she had never had much except odd rags to wear. She was found putting her chemise on over her dress! The lady who brought this girl to the Salvation Army home came to visit her, and among other things brought her a tooth-brush. Amy had never seen such a thing, and immediately began brushing her hair with it. It turned out that the girl was nineteen years of age. Her father was a tramp, and left Amy to her fate. She was a product of that liberty which allows a man to beget children how and when he

TO SAVE—THOSE WHO HAVE NOT FALLEN

pleases, and then leave the helpless creatures to whatever Fate may bestow upon them. The mother had sold flowers and bootlaces and such things as they tramped, and then she died.

Amy was rescued, much toil and patient love were bestowed on her, and she gradually improved and became more normal. She is now in a laundry earning her own living, and she contributes often towards the fund for helping girls through the home where she herself had been so lovingly saved from destruction.

There are many cases I could tell you of where timely help has saved a girl from ruin. Mrs. Rae, the President of our Girls' Guild of Good Life, at Hoxton, was telling me of a girl who had to fly from a drunken mother; the neighbours being very poor and overcrowded could not take her in, so she went to the only friend who could help her, and Mrs. Rae tramped with the girl many hours before she could find a shelter where she could be taken in at once. Another case she told me of was that of a girl turned out of home where her drunken parents ill-

treated their children, and all the winter afternoon and evening the girl wandered about till a man—the poor child, seeing the fellow well dressed, called him a gentleman—met her crying, and hearing her story, promised her a comfortable home with his sister that night. He took her to a house of ill-repute, and with difficulty the girl escaped; then her parents would not receive her, so a home had to be found for her. She, too, turned out wonderfully well, and is in a place now where she is greatly trusted and liked. Such is our work, sheltering and saving those who have no other friends.

Wanted : A Night Shelter for Good Women

There is a great need of a good and cheap night shelter for women and girls in some easily get-at-able locality, where a girl may find refuge and friends without having to wait to give a reference. Then, again, for the girls and women who earn a narrow living by casual work, we want a shelter where they may find a home and friends in their bitter need.

There are many shelters for men besides



(Photo: For London Press.)

"I WAS AN HUNGRED, AND YE GAVE ME MEAT. INASMUCH AS YE DID IT UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE, YE DID IT UNTO ME."

THE QUIVER

the Men's Rowton Homes, and the common lodging-houses where men fare better than women; but for women and girls there are but few and distant scattered shelters. The need of a central shelter is one that I have had only too sadly demonstrated to me during nights of wandering in the streets. This year I hope the shelter for which I have worked several years will be opened. I have already £7,000 of the £10,000 required, and we will begin the work trusting to God to give us the small sum needed to finish the work. It does not bear thinking of, the women and



(Photo: The Record Press)

ONE OF THE FRIENDLESS WOMEN TO WHOM A CHEAP AND CLEAN NIGHT SHELTER WOULD BE A TASTE OF HEAVEN.

girls who, when money is short, tramp the streets. Our shelter will be cheap, yet it will be clean and homely.

The Trustees of the Lewis Hill Fund for building a Rowton House for women have asked me to become a trustee and help them with the work. A site has been bought, and in a year's time the fine building, London's first Rowton House for women, will be opened; but this building will not be in a central position, and we need just one shelter more conveniently placed, where poor women and girls can

come and find refuge and friends. We may thus be able to hold out a helping hand to



(Photo: The Record Press)

THEY NEED LOVE AND CARE AND A HAND TO HELP THEM OVER THE BAD PLACES.

TO SAVE—THOSE WHO HAVE NOT FALLEN

many a poor young creature *before* she has bought a little relief at the price of her happiness and her virtue. Mrs. Booth will manage the shelter, and from what I know of her work I am sure the girls and women will find true friends and helpers in the Salvation Army sisters. There is hardly a newspaper or magazine that has not advocated this shelter for good women. Clergymen of *all* denominations urge its establishment. *Truth* and the *Lancet* both recommend the establishment, and the Rev. Thomas Phillips, of Bloomsbury Central Church, writes in the *Daily Chronicle* regarding this shelter scheme:

from the country as servants, and in a few days find themselves in service in questionable flats. When they make this ghastly discovery, they run away, and are thrown on the streets homeless and unprotected."

Since so much has been done now that the story of great need of the forlorn and suffering women is put before the public, I feel the money to finish the work will not be lacking.

We have just built a New Institute at Hoxton, and I erected one of the rooms in memory of my husband. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany came to set the memorial stone of the "Mackirdy



A CORNER OF THE MACKIRDY ROOM, AT HOXTON NEW INSTITUTE, ERECTED BY MRS. MACKIRDY IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND.

"A considerable number of virtuous women find it most difficult to discover a pure, cheap lodging for a night. Sister Maggie, the lady superintendent of our Bloomsbury work, dressed herself up one night as a servant girl fresh from the country out of employment. She was refused in religious homes because she had no reference, but she was welcomed most cordially in a certain house of ill-repute. Now we know for a fact that often there are a number of girls who find themselves in a similar position. They come up

Room," and it was a lovely function. Now Her Royal Highness has graciously promised to become Patroness of the Shelter for Women and Girls as soon as it is ready.

I would also like a few annual subscriptions to enable us to give a start in life to girls who show themselves worthy of help but who are destitute.

I shall always be glad to hear from any sympathisers who can help some of our sad and lonely sisters to a brighter and better life.

A Schoolmaster's Romance

Complete Story

By HAROLD HARFORD

ONLY one boy remained in the school. He sat, head erect, shoulders squared, arms folded, the very picture of propriety, at one of the back desks. John Turner, the schoolmaster, sat at his own desk and contemplated by turns the solitary youngster, and a letter which lay before him.

"It seems to me," he reflected, "that I'm going to have trouble with Miss Mabel Armstrong. She hasn't got red hair for nothing—such hair too! I wish she didn't take that young scoundrel quite so seriously."

The young scoundrel in question was obviously striving, like any other practised criminal, to earn a remission of his punishment by model conduct. In an ordinary way Bobbie Armstrong's cheerful, freckled face was never still, and his mouth was never shut, but now the face was as inexpressive as a mask.

"Come here, Bobbie," said the master.

The boy sprang to his feet, marched smartly to the open space in front of John Turner's desk, and stood rigidly at attention. There was still nearly a half of his half-hour's detention to run, and he felt that a lecture was coming. If it was only a short one, he would get off ten minutes earlier anyhow.

The man looked at him for a moment, and a smile dawned somewhere at the back of his eyes, but not so far back that the boy did not see and note it.

"You are an elaborate sinner, Robert," he said. "If you were half as smart at doing your work as you are at dodging it, you would be a bright and shining light in the school. Do you realise that?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy promptly. There was a fight waiting for him at the end of the lane, a quarter of a mile away, and he was anxious to be going.

"I have had a letter from your sister," the schoolmaster continued. "She can't understand how you manage to get kept in so often and so long. She seems to consider that you are a regular little saint, and she wants to know how you manage to get into

so much trouble. What fairy tales have you been telling her?"

"Don't know any fairy tales, sir," the boy replied, and John Turner's smile reached his lips.

"That's as it may be," he said, "but you know what I mean. Well, I want you to take a message to your sister. Tell her with my compliments that as long as you continue to earn punishments I shall continue to give them to you, and not one day longer. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right you are, then. Clear out, and settle your mortal quarrel with Tommy Rogers, but don't get too badly damaged over it."

The boy brought up his hand to the salute, made a right turn which any man in the Guards might have admired, and marched to the door. Two seconds later the air was split by his yell of defiance as he raced down the lane, and hearing it, John Turner smiled yet more broadly as he put away his books and locked the desk. The fact that he had been a considerable pickle in the days of his own youth, gave him an advantage which many schoolmasters seem to have missed.

But just as he was ready to leave the building, another step sounded in the porch, and a girl entered the open door, a tall slender girl, with defiant blue eyes, a firm little mouth, and a rebellious mass of shining auburn hair.

"Good afternoon, Miss Armstrong," he said. "If you want Bobbie, he's just gone. You should have met him in the lane."

"I came over the fields," she replied. "Did you keep him in again this afternoon?"

"I received your note," he replied calmly, "and I gave Bobbie an answer to tell you. I kept him in this afternoon, and I shall keep him in every afternoon if he deserves it. The matter is in his hands—not mine."

He spoke quietly enough, but it was not easy. It was a hard thing to have to speak in this fashion to a motherless girl of twenty, on whom the cares of a family had suddenly



" 'Come here, Bobbie,' said the master."

descended—and especially hard when that girl was Mabel Armstrong, and he was John Turner. But there was no other way.

"If he is naughty, that must be your fault," she declared. She was thoroughly angry, and as he had reminded himself earlier, she had a temper to match her hair. "He is always perfectly good at home."

"Then I'm afraid he stores up all his wickedness for my benefit. Would you like a list of his performances this afternoon?"

"I don't want to hear anything about him. He's a perfectly good boy, and you don't understand him."

That remark cut John rather deeply, for he prided himself on understanding the children in his charge very thoroughly. But he understood the girl too, and the knowledge kept him patient, and kept the smile on his face.

"I am glad he is good at home," he said gently. "At heart he is one of the best boys in the school, but he is simply bursting

THE QUIVER

with high spirits, and he cannot behave himself. If I did not punish him, the place would be a bear-garden before the week was out."

"He would be quite good if you managed him the right way," she retorted, for the kindness of his tone only made her the more angry. "If you can't stop keeping him in, I shall complain to the rector."

"I wouldn't do that. The rector knows something about him, and his opinions are rather like my own. Why not try to persuade him to behave himself? He would do it for you."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she replied. "It is your business, and you ought to do it. I shall go to the rector, and if he will not do anything, I shall take Bobbie away from the school, and teach him myself. I won't have him bullied by people who don't understand him."

Having delivered that ultimatum, she turned before he could utter another word, and slipped out of the door. He stood staring after her, his heart filled with keen distress.

He knew enough of the story to understand her anger. The boy had been the favourite of the dead mother, and the girl had made up her mind to take, so far as she could, the mother's place. It was loyalty to the dead that made her so fierce in her defence of the young scamp, and John Turner could appreciate that. But it did not make his position any easier. She had stood there before him; her eyes had flamed with anger, and she had spoken bitter words to the man who would have given all he possessed for the right to put his arms around her and share her burdens.

He was pondering over the matter for so long that before he left the building yet another step sounded outside, and the door was darkened by the considerable shadow of the rector.

"Hullo, Turner," said that gentleman. "I'm glad to find you here. I've just been listening to an account of your unparalleled brutality."

"You met Miss Armstrong, then?" asked John with a smile.

"I did, to my sorrow. I reminded her that her virtuous brother had been invited to resign from the choir for various reasons connected with an ink-bottle and another boy's surplice, but she still considers him

a saint. She is talking about taking him away from the school."

"She said something of the sort to me."

"Well, I hope she won't. We shall have to put the attendance officer on her track, and that would be a pity."

"I don't think we need do that," said the schoolmaster earnestly. "She says she will teach the lad herself, and she's perfectly capable of doing it. It would be possible to wink at it for once, wouldn't it?"

"It might," the rector replied dubiously. "But one doesn't like doing that sort of thing. It makes bad feeling in the village. Well, well, we shall see. I'm sorry for the girl, but I can't swallow her opinion of Bobbie."

Mabel carried out her threats to the letter, and at the end of the week Bobbie announced with friendly impudence that he was not coming to school again. John Turner said nothing, but he prepared to stand for as long as he could between the girl and the rector's desire to put in motion that part of the law which fines people who refuse to send children to school. It was not an easy matter, for the parson had his own ideas on the way things should be done in the village, but three months passed in peace, and then came early November, with its cold mists and bitter rain.

In all that time he had seen little of her. Once or twice they had passed each other in the village; once or twice he had wandered round past the cottage where she lived—but that was all. When they met she refused to see him, and his heart was heavy through all those golden months of autumn. At all times and places the vision of those blue eyes, of that mass of gleaming hair would rise before him, and he could not rest for the thought of her. And then in November he heard of her trouble.

He heard, that is, that the epidemic of influenza which was sweeping through the village had gripped Bobbie. It was not a great thing, but he was troubled. The children who brought the news to the school assured him cheerfully that the boy was very ill, and he took to haunting the road outside the Armstrongs' cottage after dark, watching the lights in the windows, wondering what was happening within. And so it happened that at long last his patience met with its reward.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S ROMANCE

For there came a bitter night when the door suddenly opened, and the girl's figure stood there outlined against the light within. From the road, hidden among the shadows, he watched with hungry eyes, and then she came down the path to the gate, peering through the darkness on either hand. It was plain that she was looking for someone, and the thought that it might be on account of the boy led him to move forward into the little patch of light before the gate.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked. "Can I do anything?"

"Oh, is it you?" she exclaimed. "I want someone to fetch the doctor. Bobbie is so ill. I don't know what is the matter with him, and I am so frightened."

"It's five miles to the doctor," he said. "What is it? Can I do anything?"

"Oh, can't you get him? I don't know what it is, but just now I thought he was going to die. His heart seemed to stop beating. I must have the doctor!"

"Let me see him," the man replied. "I know a little about these things, and maybe there is work to be done before the doctor can get here. We can send someone else if it is necessary."

The girl was distracted, worn out with fear and work. His words, coming so quietly and calmly through that wild night, comforted her.

"Come in," she said simply. "If I can't get someone to help me, I shall go mad."

Without another word she turned, and led the way up the narrow path to the open door. In another minute John Turner was standing beside the little bed where the boy lay, very pale and still. One glance told him all there was to tell.

"I know," he said. "I have seen this before. The doctor must be sent for, but there is work to be done before he comes. Have you any sal volatile in the house?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "Must we have it? What is the matter? Is he going to die?"

"Not if I know it," said the schoolmaster abruptly. "Tommy Rogers lives next door. Go and get him or his brother, and say I want someone to go up to my house and to the rectory. He will be all right for a little while. Be quick!"

The sharpness of his orders was the thing the girl needed. It made her feel that the responsibility was out of her hands, that

someone who knew what to do had taken her place. Without a word she slipped down the stairs, while he tore a couple of sheets of paper out of his pocket-book and wrote a couple of notes, with one eye on the boy as he lay there, so still and lifeless, the merry little face so drawn and pale.

He had hardly finished when Mabel returned.

"Tommy's brother is downstairs," she whispered. "He will do anything you want him to."

Quickly he folded up the slips of paper.

"Give him these," he said. "This one is for my landlady, and he is to wait for some things which she will give him. The other is to go to the rectory, and he must wait for an answer."

Without a word the girl took the notes and disappeared down the stairs, and then he set to work, moving articles of furniture, so that it was easy to get to the bed. When she returned he noted, even in the anxiety of the moment, that something of the terror had gone from her face.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Tell me. I must know. What has happened to him?" For a moment he looked at her, doubtfully.

"It is his heart," he said at last. "It happens sometimes, after influenza. I think we can save him, but it will be a hard night's work. Can you stand it?"

"Of course I can."

"Ah, but consider. There are all these hours, and you are very tired as it is. I must have someone here I can rely on. Are you sure you will be able to do anything that may be wanted? If not, you had better get someone to come in and help. Whether he is alive or dead at the end of the night may depend on that."

She lifted her eyes then and looked at him calmly, quietly.

"I shall not fail," she said. "I know I am tired, but I can stand one night more. I will do whatever you tell me."

"You are sure?" he insisted.

"Yes. I would not risk it if I were not."

"That's right then. Will you go and get some water boiling? We shall want some cloths that can be wrung out of hot water, and a few towels and things like that, and a teaspoon or two. Do you know what time the attack came that frightened you so much?"

THE QUIVER

"It was about nine o'clock."

"Then we should be safe for an hour or two. Your father is not at home?"

"No, he has been away for a fortnight, and the other children are all in bed and asleep."

"That's right. We shall not want any more here. As soon as young Rogers comes back, let me know."

She went then to do his bidding, and he continued his rearranging of the room. Then he sat by the side of the bed and gently felt the pulse of the boy. It made him look very grave, but he sat there and waited till she came back and told him that the water was boiling. Then he directed her to place the things which he needed in readiness, and a few minutes later she came up again, with the news that the boy had returned from his errands.

And here came a new fear, for the rector was out, and not expected home till midnight. John had been relying upon him to go for the doctor. Now there was nothing to be done, but he gave the girl no sign of his anxiety.

"That's all right," he said cheerfully. "He will get my note when he returns, and he will know what to do. And meanwhile, here are some things we shall need."

The things in question were one or two little bottles, and a clinical thermometer. They were a part of the store with which he had furnished himself when he first came to the village and found that the nearest doctor was five miles away. John Turner was a man who by nature and habit looked a long way ahead.

And then the vigil began. The easy chair in the boy's room, and in this he placed Mabel.

"There is nothing to do just now," he assured her. "I will tell you directly I want you, and in the meantime you had better try to go to sleep. I will watch."

For a moment the big blue eyes were raised to his, and for that moment the sleeping boy was forgotten.

"You are very good to me," she said simply. "I don't deserve this."

He put out a hand and patted her gently on the shoulder, because he must do something and he could not trust himself very far.

"That's all right," he said. "We can talk about that to-morrow. You don't

know what I would do for you if I got the chance." And then he settled himself at the bedside to watch and to wait.

Only those who have themselves watched and waited in circumstances similar to his own will know how long the time was. Every little while the girl would rouse, steal a glance at him, and slip down to look to the fire and the kettle, but it happened that when the moment came she slept. She was roused by a hand on her shoulder and a quick whisper in her ear.

"Get the water, quickly," he said, and she flew down. When she returned, he was leaning across the bed, holding the boy up with one arm, forcing a spoon between his teeth with the free hand.

"Get a towel," he said sharply. "Wring it out in the water, as hot and dry as you can, and give it to me. Quick!"

She obeyed. The hot water scalded her hands, but she did not feel the pain. A few seconds only elapsed before she stood beside him with the steaming towel ready. He unbuttoned the boy's shirt, and placed it over his heart, and waited, while she leaned forward with straining, anxious eyes.

And then at last some little colour returned to the cheeks and the lips lost their ghastly blue tint, and the man laid him gently back on the pillows and turned to her with a smile.

"That's all right," he whispered. "He's safe for a little while now. We will pull him through all right. Go back to the chair and rest. There's nothing more to be done at present."

She went on the word, but not to rest. All through the hours that followed she sat and watched him as he sat there beside the bed. What thoughts that sight brought to her no one has ever known, but perhaps they were made plain in what came at the end.

Twice more in the course of the night there came those moments of breathless terror, when the little heart stopped beating, and the teeth clenched, while the sweat of death stood out on the cold forehead. But twice more his smile came at the end to assure her that all was well. And after the last time he spoke with a note of triumph in his voice.

"The worst is over now," he said. "We have got him through the biggest danger, and we can be easy. What's the time, six?"



"He unbuttoned the boy's shirt, and placed it over his heart."

Those attacks usually come at intervals of three hours, and the one at midnight was the worst. He will not have any more bad ones now."

As he finished speaking there came a gentle tapping at the door below, and the girl vanished down the stairs. A minute later she returned, and the doctor was at her heels.

"What's this?" he said. "Have you pulled him through? Oh, good, good!"

A minute or two he spent in examination

of the child, and then he turned to them as they stood, side by side.

"This has been a good night's work," he said. "You saved his life between you. When Maxwell turned me out of bed and told me what it was, I never thought I should find him alive. The nurse is coming to look after him now, and you two can go to bed. You have earned all the rest you are likely to get, and a good deal more. My car's outside, and there's nothing for me to stop for. Good morning."

THE QUIVER

He vanished through the door and down the stairs, and for a moment the man and the girl stood, looking at one another. And then he put out his hands and took possession of both of hers.

"It's all right, dear," he said, huskily. "There's nothing more to fear."

She was near to breaking down, but for this last minute she kept the control of herself. She glanced at the sleeping boy and then at the door.

"Come outside," she said. "There is something I must say to you."

She led the way, and there was nothing for him to do but to follow her out of the room. And there on the narrow landing she turned and faced him and spoke of the thing that was troubling her honest heart.

"It was soon after he got ill," she said. "He was delirious, and one night he sat up in bed and spoke to me as if he thought I was mother." She stopped then, and the man made a little motion of protest, but she lifted a hand, and went on with her story.

"He said, and these were his very words: 'Yes, mother, I will be good with Mabel, but I can't be good all the time. You won't mind so long as I don't worry her, will you?' Do you understand? He said that."

"But why"—there was infinite distress in his voice—"why tell me this? Why should you? What is troubling you?"

"Don't you know? You know how I

insulted you, and how I took him away from the school, and now you have saved his life, and I——" She broke off then, and hid her face in her hands. The strain of the night and of all those past days had worn her out, and she swayed where she stood. John Turner was honestly under the impression that his arms went round her to save her from falling.

"Don't talk like that," he said. "I understood all the time. I knew why you did it. Don't take it to heart like that." For she was sobbing as though her heart would break.

For a moment he waited, and then with one hand he gently raised her face, compelling her to look at him, and the power that controls these things gave him good words to speak to her in that hour.

"Dear heart," he said, "there's nothing to be sorry about. It's all over now, and you are not going to be troubled any more. We have fought with death this night, and we have won. After this we will fight all the other fights—together."

For a moment she lay there, still in his arms, looking up at him with great wondering eyes. And then there dawned in them a new, strange light, and her arms came stealing up so that presently her hands slipped round his neck.

He bent his head and kissed her on the lips, while the first faint light of dawn came stealing in to show them the way to a new and better day.



LIGHT

TIS sweet to see the pearly light of dawn
Half veiled by mist, yet bursting through at last
In all the splendour of the golden morn;
And, later, when the noonday heat is past,
To watch the sunbeams fade in evening's calm,
The shadows fall at the approach of night,
And feel that daily we are kept from harm
And guided to our labours by the light;
A lightless world! A dreary, black abyss!
Ah, we can picture what that world would be—
So let us rather glory in our bliss
And work while light is given us to see,
And ever pray that in our hearts may shine
That precious Light—the heavenly Light divine!

LESLIE MARY OYLER,



If You Had Known

*If you had known how my heart ached
to-day,
I think you would have stepped a little way
Out of your path, to smile and take my hand;
You did not understand.*

*Your heart was full to do some wondrous deed,
Something to bless the great world in its need—
Mine was too small; yet, by one word or touch,
You might have helped so much.*

*Yet, while I speak, the swift thought runs me
through
That I, who blame, may be blameworthy too:
That others round me needed help—and I,
Absorbed in self, passed by.*

KATHARINE ALISON BROCK.



The Three Cords of Love

THERE are three kinds of love—perhaps rather, I should say, three instruments on which love plays. It may manifest itself through the heart, through the soul, or through the mind. My love for you may be either practical, admiring, or communing. The love of the heart is practical; it ministers in common things. The love of the soul is admiration; it looks upon a far-off glory and longs to be near it. The love of the mind is communion; it has touched a point of equality with its object: it can listen and respond. A mother's love for her child is that of the heart; it is helpful. A poet's love for Nature is that of the soul; it is wondering, admiring. A friend's love for a friend is that of the

mind; it is intellectual sympathy—communion. I think our love for God plays successively each of these tunes. We begin with the heart; we say, "Our Father"; we try to work for our Father. By and by the vision of wonder breaks upon us—the love of the soul; we bow with admiration before mysteries of the universe. At last comes the glad morning—the love of the mind; we begin to know God—to commune with Him, to speak with Him face to face as a man speaketh with his friend; that is the manhood of our love.—REV. GEORGE MATHIESON.



Christ Our Guide

WE have often to travel solitary ways. Some of us have perplexed paths to tread. Some of us have sad memories of times when we journeyed in company with those who will never share our tent or counsel our steps any more, and, as we sit lonely by our watch-fire in the wilderness, we have aching hearts and silent nights. Some of us may be as yet rich in companions and helpers whose words are wisdom, whose wishes are love to us, and may tremble to think that after a while they or we shall have to tramp on by ourselves. There is a presence which never departs, which moves before us as we journey, and hovers over us as a shield when we rest; a cloud to veil the sun that it smite us not by day, and a pillar of flame as the night falls, being ever brightest when we need it most, and burning clearest of all in the valley at the end, where its guidance will only cease, because then "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead them."

—REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

THE QUIVER

Avoiding Disappointments

ALL of us have more disappointments than we need to have. If we would learn to look upon life as an unfolding story of varied incident and ceaseless change, rising to its glorious climax, the ups and downs of it would seem less crucial to us. It hurts to be jolted out of our ruts; it is hard to bear losses, and sometimes harder to sustain wisely the inflowing of abundance. It wears upon us to toil for a great end, and to come far short of it. Yet there should be no real disappointment in all this, for we have no promise of immunity from change, or from failure to obtain our desires. If we expect to be undisturbed in a complacent walk we shall be disappointed. If we expect interruptions, we shall have fewer of those experiences that we commonly call disappointments.



Prayer for Sleep

LORD, give me sleep, for I am tired and worn,
And heart, and brain, and nerve alike are spent:
All I desire, oblivion and content
Until the morn.

*Lord, give me sleep: the restless day with pain,
Returning, haunts me, while unnumbered hosts
Of things that have been, or shall be, like
ghosts,
Sweep through the brain.*

*Lord, give me sleep: 'upon a tossing sea
Of wild unrest and anxious thought I drift.
Warden of souls! Thy beacon now uplift,
My refuge be.*

*Lord, give me sleep, for truly I have striven—
Faultily oft, yet honestly, I think—
In toil and heat, and still as on the brink
Of death and heaven.*

*Lord, give me sleep: if but Thy cooling palm
With mystic touch rest on my fevered soul,
Chaos and tumult yield, at its control,
To ordered calm.*

*So grant me sleep, that I my head may lay,
A tranquil child upon Thy guardian breast,
Secure that all is Love and for the best,
Against the day.*

*And when, at sunset, my last watch I keep,
While life and thought and being slowly ebb,
And languid hands drop from Life's weary
web,*

Lord, give me sleep.

P. EVERETT NORMAN.

Derelicts

ON a recent journey to Porto Rico, while facing a terrific storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas and who was master of the ship. I said to him, "Do you fear the storm?" "Not in the least," he said; "for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has swept across the mighty deep." Then I said, "Do you fear the fog?" And he said, "Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas." "What, then," I said to him, "do you fear the most?" And he said, "We are the most afraid of derelicts, for a derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbour, a ship without a compass, without a crew, and without a captain."

As he spoke, it occurred to me that there were a vast number of derelicts to-day all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbour, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives, of no use to themselves, and incapable of serving others. God save us from becoming derelicts.—REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.



The Divine Longsuffering

ENDEAVOUR to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.



Making a Monument

LIVE for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts of those you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine on the earth as the stars of heaven.—REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.



According to Your Faith

IN the degree that we open ourselves to the overflowing tide of the immanent and transcendent Life, do we make ourselves channels through which the Infinite intelligence and power can work.—TRINE.



MY CHILDHOOD'S HEROES

By Rev. CHARLES BROWN

M. APPLETON

MY childhood was passed in what would be commonly regarded as very narrow circumstances—an agricultural village of some 900 inhabitants, in a day when many men and boys were employed upon the land, and when agriculture as an industry seemed to thrive in England. But no labourer ever thrived. How could he on eleven shillings a week?—which was the standard wage in my time, raised to twelve shillings on the agitation carried through rural England in the 'sixties by Joseph Arch. I began to follow in my father's footsteps as a labourer on the land when I was little more than an infant. My rate of wages was threepence *per diem*. To earn that I walked about two miles to my work each morning, starting at six, and returned home twelve hours later. I had my heroes and heroines then; but they were not farmers nor farmers' wives. Agriculture and the sort of serfdom associated with it I came to hate with all my heart, and I left it as soon as I could.

But I had my heroes—some of them in real life, some of them in literature. For I had been reading ever since I was three years old, and had been told by an ancient labourer at six that I should be a "parson" some day.

A Daydream and its Aftermath

I dreamed of my heroes, not at night, for I slept too soundly, but in the day time, often, it may be feared, when I ought to have been at work, and once, having been paid my weekly wages in coppers (!), I laid it down on the edge of an old gravel

pit that I might play with imaginary people whom my fancy brought about me. I had a great hour on that summer evening. It would probably have been forgotten long ago, like many of its kind—I had escaped for a while from the dreary monotony of life, by the aid of a vivid imagination, through "an ivory gate and golden" into fairyland, and I was a prince therein; but when I came back, my eighteen pence could nowhere be found! Round and round the pit I searched, but it had gone, and I knew what it meant at home where there was a bare cupboard, for father was an invalid, and every farthing was wanted to provide the bare necessities.

Many a time since, on my return to that village, I have looked round the gravel pit and recalled the bitter tears of that summer evening. But I never found my week's wage, and the mystery of its disappearance remains unsolved to this day.

Still I had my heroes and heroines. One of them was a labourer, a grave-faced man, who worked with the others in the field, swinging his scythe or using his sickle, for reaping machines had not begun. A superior kind of man he was, who could thatch a rick, or make a hurdle, or mend a gate, who never swore nor drank, and who had never been known to lose his temper. I think of the men among whom I worked in those days, brutes some of them. I shudder even now as I recall the coarse and foul speech of some of them; and then there rises to memory this man, a man of few words, patient, thorough, faithful in his work, dignified,

THE QUIVER

a man with whom nobody ventured to take liberties. I never heard him blamed by his employer, who could swear at other men. I worked behind him day after day, "laying bands" in harvest time, or singling turnips. Often and often his righteous soul must have been vexed within him by the ungodly speech and conduct of his mates, but he held on his way, God-fearing, Bible-loving. A son of God without rebuke in the midst of a perverse company, among whom he shone as a light in the world.

Heroines in Real Life

In real life I do not remember any other hero of my childhood. But I had heroines. One was a woman who for eighteen years never rose from her sick-bed. There she lay in a cottage, some spinal trouble her affliction, her face as white as the sheet on which she lay, one of the sweetest faces imaginable. She had never been known to repine. All sorts of people visited her. She was interested in all that went on in the village, particularly in the welfare of the strong and thriving Baptist church. On all sorts of difficulties she was consulted. She seemed to lie there thinking of everybody's affairs, entering sympathetically into them, thinking a way out of difficult situations, sending for people and giving wise advice. No one was better known in that little community. It may be questioned whether anybody wielded a greater influence.

My chief heroine, however, was my Sunday-school teacher. In our Sunday school scholars were moved up according to their reading power, and it came to pass while still a child I found myself in a class of big and awkward fellows at the top of the school. It was our privilege to go into the chapel for lessons, and to sit in the table pew which at that time was over the baptistery. All was anarchy in the time that I entered the class. The teacher, a well-meaning man, had no sort of control. He had no gift and no tact. The big rough farm boys defied and ridiculed him, and he was almost broken-hearted.

In desperation, one Sunday he sent his daughter to teach us—one of the most extraordinary women I ever knew, instinctively a teacher and with her faculties

highly trained, widely read and with broad sympathies, and a most earnest Christian woman. She had only just returned home and had started a small private school for girls.

She simply set herself to win and to save us. With some of the older fellows she could do nothing, and they soon left. To the rest of us she gave herself. Her rooms at home were opened to us, often three evenings a week in the winter time. Her books were at our disposal. She taught us history, arithmetic, and something of science. A singing class, with a tonic sol-fa teacher who walked two miles to instruct us, was held through two winters.

In every part of our life she took an interest. She pleaded with us and prayed with us individually, and when I left home for a distant town she wrote me a letter every week for nearly two years. And this she did for others. She pursued this same consecrated course at other places, and I question whether there were many women in England in her time who did a greater or more abiding religious work. I owe her a debt that I can never repay, and to-day I worship her memory.

The Heroes of Literature

So much for real life. Now for literature, history or fiction.

It may be very readily concluded that the range of literature open to a lad in my circumstances was not extensive. Our mud cottage contained very few books, and the only library accessible was that of the Sunday school, and a terribly poor affair that was.

We had, however, the Bible, and nobody is destitute of literature who has that. In my home, moreover, the Book was well read, while both in the day school connected with the Baptist church and in the Sunday school we were encouraged to commit passages of Scripture to memory. Joseph, Moses, Gideon, Samuel, David, Jehoshaphat, Josiah, Hezekiah, and Paul were very real persons to me, and some of them were my heroes. Perhaps especially, Gideon, with his 300 men, and young David in the matter of Goliath and the lion and the bear. How often has one gone over those old stories in his lonely days in the fields scaring birds or

MY CHILDHOOD'S HEROES

tending cattle! It only needed a little imagination, and there was the place where Gideon and his men drank, and yonder the place where the sling, which even now a farm boy can use, was so skilfully used that the immense giant fell prone to the earth, and the valley rang with the shouts of an emancipated Israel. I think David the shepherd boy, the drudge of the family, was the prime hero. We used to sing about him in Sunday school; and who shall tell the subtle effect of it on a number of poor boys!

Good David, whose psalms
have so often been
sung,

At first was not noble
or grand,

But only a shepherd boy
when he was young,
Though afterwards
king of the land.

He tended his flocks in
the pastures by day,
And kept them in
safety by night,

And though a poor shep-
herd he did not delay
To do what was holy
and right.

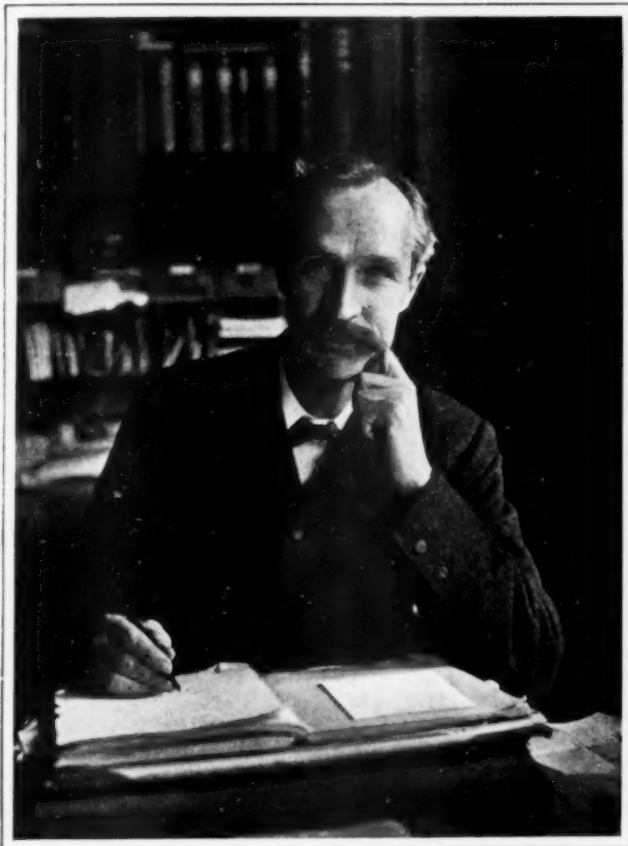
For while he sat watching
his sheep in the fold,
Or kept them from
danger abroad,

It then was his greatest
delight, we are told,
To think on the works
of the Lord.

As for the temple, was it not the noble Baptist meeting-house standing on the summit of the hill; and what more delightful than to get there early on a Sunday evening in winter to watch the lamps being lighted! A slow and laborious process before paraffin came to be used. And what more natural than to transform the rough old chapel-keeper and the boy who held his candle into Eli and Samuel, getting ready the courts of the Lord for His worshipping people!

But happily there was other literature besides the Bible, some of which helped us to understand the Bible better.

There was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," my only companion for weeks at one time. When it first arrived at our home I read it through seven times, and fairly revelled in it. I think Faithful was



(Photo: Hulton)

REV. CHARLES BROWN

(Who this month becomes President of the National Free Church Council).

my hero of the first part; but of the whole book Great-heart was the inspiring figure: always going over the ground with pilgrims, helping the boys, protecting the women, fighting the giants, and caring for everybody, yet never going over the river into the glory himself. Surely he

THE QUIVER

was altogether admirable. There was another book read and re-read in those days—probably it came from the Sunday-school library—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." What an immense impression it made on the mind of a child! What hatred of all kinds of tyranny it created; and how the lovable old negro, the hero of the book, won the chivalrous sympathy and admiration of a lad who was not altogether unfamiliar with tyranny of a low and brutal type.

Other literature came to hand in ways that can scarcely be explained. Scott and Dickens, regarded rather suspiciously in Puritan households, were nevertheless read, and one was introduced to the story of the Crusaders in the "Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," and persons like "Sam Weller" and "Jo the Crossing-sweeper," and little "Oliver Twist" and "Tom Pinch," and "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Jonas Chuzzlewit," and "Sairey Gamp," began to move in the chambers of one's imagination. But I am not aware of any hero that appealed to my worshipping faculty from fiction in those early days.

I have, however, two heroes—one a person, the other a type—whom I learnt to reverence if not to worship in my childhood.

I was born and brought up within about two miles of Naseby battle field. Often I stayed for days together at a farm lodge in the immediate neighbourhood. It was no uncommon thing for ploughmen and labourers in those days to pick up bullets that had sped from Roundhead or Cavalier guns on that fateful day. The sum of ninepence each was readily obtained for these trophies. I remember quite early in life holding some of them in my hand. One of the regular excursions of the Baptist day school was to Naseby Obelisk. There we read the inscription, and were told the story over again of how the Stuart tyranny was broken, and who the brave man was who

did it. My father was a great admirer of Oliver Cromwell, and my mother adored his memory. They had their own version of things, which was very near to Carlyle's, though they had never read him. Cromwell was to them the man who had saved the liberties of England, and who fought his battles in the name and strength of the Lord.

The Hero of the Christian Church

The other hero, and the last that I will mention in this paper, was the Christian missionary. To me he has always been the hero of the Christian Church. The missionary meeting was the one thrilling meeting of the year. One of the first Baptist missionaries to China, Mr. Laughton, received a part of his training in the home of our minister, a godly and accomplished man, who prepared young men for the Christian ministry. From him I first heard about China, and saw for the first time specimens of the Chinese language. Then Saker came from the Cameroons, and James Smith from Delhi, and a coloured man from somewhere; and I never saw a missionary without awe and envy, and never went to a missionary meeting without longing to give myself.

One thing may be said in closing this paper. For the most part the heroes and heroines of my childhood are my heroes and heroines still. They have never been the millionaire, the soldier, the adventurer; they have always been somewhere in the region of religion and philanthropy, people who cared for the wronged, the down-trodden and oppressed, or people who quietly endured and bravely and patiently suffered, and who thus overcame. And among them all even to-day the Christian missionary stands supreme. He is of all men to be envied and revered who carries the good news of salvation in Christ to people who have never heard it, and who in doing so sacrifices much, and often lays down his life.



This is the first of a remarkable series of stories, based on real life, and giving glimpses of an under-world totally unknown to most of us. "Resker's Rents" stories will appear from time to time, the second—"Jorrocks"—in our next number.

Half a Chance

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

"I ain't my fault, Sister; I've never 'ad 'arf a chance!"

There was a defiant glance in Jess Bloxam's eye as she spoke, a glance that showed that she knew she was going to be contradicted—fully expected it, in fact, and was quite prepared to meet it with all the force of her very powerful vocabulary.

But, to her surprise, no contradiction was forthcoming.

"And God knows that that's true!" said Sister Helen, in a voice of such infinite compassion that Jess stood still and stared at her in amazement.

Why Jess Bloxam came to the night-school, no one could guess. A true child of the slums, she had never known a father; her mother was by profession a rag-picker, and by habit a drunkard; kicks and curses were all the maternal attentions that she had ever received; and though an attempt had been made by the Education authorities to force instruction upon her, she had generally succeeded in eluding them. That she was clever with her fingers, no one could dispute; at the artificial flower trade she could beat most of her companions, and though steady work was abhorrent to her, she endured it for the sake of her bread and butter, and even more for the cheap finery that it enabled her to buy.

But why the night-school? That was a question that Helen Trent—Mission Sister in the dingy group of courts that was known by the general name of Resker's Rents—had asked herself many a time, but never with any hope of an answer. No influence for good seemed to have touched the girl's rough nature; to induce her to attend a service on Sunday was absolutely impossible; the singing of hymns was repugnant to her, the most solemn warnings and the most winning appeals were alike wasted on her; careless, defiant, overflowing with animal spirits, it seemed useless to try and gain any hold over her, till one night she presented

herself at the night-school and demanded to be "learnt to read."

Sister Helen welcomed her warmly and began to "learn" her without delay; but dire disappointment awaited her. Jess was utterly thick-headed where books were concerned, and as for submitting to discipline, such an idea was entirely foreign to her. She brought nuts into school and cracked them like a monkey, flinging the shells about with complete unconcern; she talked, whistled, and sang as the mood took her; she openly defied her teachers, and when they requested her to leave the room she planted her arms on the desk in front of her and dared them to touch her.

"I'll stay 'ere as long as I like, and you can't make me go—not unless you fetch the coppers to put me out!" she remarked, and Sister Helen was quick to seize the opportunity.

"Please stay as long as you like," she said politely, and signalling to her helpers to leave her, she sat down by the table and began to make entries in her note-book.

"Ain't your supper gettin' cold?" asked Jess after a while.

"Not colder than yours!" returned the little Sister.

Jess laughed. She could appreciate that kind of retort, and she began to think that her teacher was not such a "softy" after all.

"How old are you?" she asked suddenly. Such a question would not be answered, of course, but the Sister's refusal to reply would be a fair ground of quarrel.

The quarrel had to be deferred, however. "I was twenty-nine my last birthday," said Sister Helen. "How old are you?"

"That's nothing to do with you," said Jess rudely. "You'd better mind your own business and not go nosin' about after mine. If you pry into our place, you'll get what for, and so I tell you. I don't hold with such ways!"

THE QUIVER

"Then why do you come prying into my night-school?" asked the Sister.

The counter thrust seemed to silence Jess for the moment, and when Sister Helen glanced at her, she saw that her brows were knit and that a look of perplexity shadowed her face.

"I'm blessed if I know!" she said at last.

"Is it because you want to learn?" asked the Sister.

A still fiercer frown followed the question, and Jess began to drum a tune on the desk before her.

"It ain't no good my trying to learn," she said. "It makes no odds, even if 'e does think 'e knows a lot!"

Sister Helen looked up quickly. Was this the clue that she had been waiting for?

"Did he ask you to come to the night-school?" she said, without seeking to know who the mysterious "he" might be.

"Shouldn't 'ave come if 'e 'ad!" rapped out Jess sharply. "No business of 'is, as far as I can see!"

"Then why did you come?"

"I didn't come because of 'im!" said Jess with a scornful laugh.

Sister Helen sighed involuntarily—the clue seemed to have snapped off in her hand and she did not know where to seek for a new one; but there was a latent strain of honesty in Jess Bloxam and in another moment she spoke again.

"P'raps I did come because of 'im—I don't know!" she said.

"Tell me about him!" said Sister Helen gently.

"Nothin' to tell!" snorted Jess. "Thinks 'imself the boss of the world, 'e does! All comes of 'is 'avin' 'is name painted on a cart—thinks the 'ole gapin' crowd stops to read it!"

Her tone was cutting to the last extreme, but Sister Helen divined the uneasy jealousy that underlay it.

"And you would like to be able to read it too?" she said.

"No fear!" cried Jess stormily. "I know Alf Watson's name well enough without wantin' to read it painted up on a cart. But anyway 'e shan't laugh at me no more for not bein' able to!"

The secret was out now; perhaps it had for the first time been revealed to Jess herself, for a flood of crimson dyed her sullen face and she shuffled uncomfortably in her seat.

"You will soon get on with your reading, if you take pains," said Sister Helen encouragingly. "I can promise you that. And now will you help me to carry these books home? There are rather more than I can manage."

"Don't care if I do!" said Jess grudgingly. But it was something that she did not refuse, and when they reached the Mission House she said "good-night" with very fair civility.

"I shall win her yet!" was Helen's hopeful thought that night, and when Jess once more appeared at the night-school there was, beyond doubt, a look of interest in her face that had never been seen there before. During the whole evening her attention never flagged, and when three more equally successful lessons had gone by, the Sister told herself that here was a plain proof that faith and patience were not always unrewarded, and that seed sown did sometimes take root and spring up in its season.

And the very next time that the night-school assembled the crash came!

Christmas was just past, and Boxing Day festivities had left a spirit of disorder behind them; the girls were all inclined to be tiresome and the ringleader of the party was Jess Bloxam, who was in a state of excitement that nothing could moderate.

"Don't come preachin' to me!" she cried, when Sister Helen approached her with a whispered word of remonstrance. "I don't care tuppence for yer old night-school! 'E says 'e'd just as soon I couldn't read—'e likes me all right without that!"

The one thread of influence by which Sister Helen had hoped to guide her was broken—that was quite clear. A tawdry ring flashed on her finger, and in her exultation at having secured the much-prized Alf Watson, she was uncontrollable.

"This has gone on long enough," said Sister Helen at last; "we must give it up for to-night."

She spoke sorrowfully rather than sternly, yet the girls felt that she must be obeyed; they were not a bad-hearted crew, in spite of their excitability, and she was not too much disturbed by what had happened. As Jess had said on a former occasion, they had never had half a chance, and it was needful to make much allowance for them.

"Good-night, girls," she said pleasantly.

HALF A CHANCE

as they surged towards the door. "We will all try and do better on Thursday."

"I ain't comin'," shouted Jess. "Turn me out now and you won't get me no more!"

"Shut up, can't you?" said one of the others, who was already troubled by a qualm of remorse, and when Jess laughed in her face, she retorted with an angry shove.

"Now, girls, you must go!" said Sister Helen firmly.

"You leave us alone!" cried Jess in a flame of rage.

A slate lay on a desk near her, and snatching it up, she hurled it at the Sister, and the corner caught her just over the eye.

There was no need to order the girls out after that; the stream of blood that flowed from the wound terrified them and in a second the room was cleared and Sister Helen was left to the ministrations of her indignant helpers. The cut was a serious one and the aid of a doctor was necessary before the bleeding could be stopped, but

Helen's heart ached more than her head, and it was not the cut on her forehead, but the blow to her hopes that she wept over that night as she tossed on her restless pillow.

A week's holiday was ordered by the doctor, and when she returned to her work she inquired eagerly whether anyone had seen Jess Bloxam.

"I am thankful to say that we have not!" was the emphatic reply, and perhaps the other workers were not altogether to be blamed, for Jess's conduct had certainly been atrocious.

The days passed on and nothing was heard of the delinquent. To look for her in the wretched hovel that she called home was useless, for it was over-run by lodgers, and the only chance of doing anything with her was to catch her alone.

"I believe that she will come back some day!" said Sister Helen, and meanwhile she prayed.

Another week or two passed away. One



"'Ain't your supper gettin' cold?' asked Jess after a while"—p. 411.



"'This is a case of severe ill-usage!' said the doctor."

evening the little Sister was sitting alone in her room, weary and depressed. A black frost had settled down upon London, thousands of men were out of work, and poverty and distress were to be seen on every side. For "unemployables" she had scant sympathy, but this was a time when the sick, the aged, and the little children were suffering, and it wrung her heart to feel how small was the help that she could give them.

Her room was on the ground floor of the house, and she had sunk down in her chair by the fire just as she was, without troubling to light the lamp or draw down the blinds. She was absorbed in her own sad thoughts, but presently a sound at the window attracted her, and looking up she saw a face pressed against the glass. It was the face of Jess Bloxam, white, wild, and scared looking, and springing to her feet, she hurried to the door.

"Come in, I am so glad to see you!" she said.

There was no answer, but the girl stumbled forward, and as Sister Helen drew her inside the door she staggered and would have fallen if she had not been helped to the couch.

That she was past speaking was evident, but the first glance when the lamp was lighted showed what was the matter without need of words: one arm hung limply down, her face was swollen and marked by heavy blows, and her clothes were stained with blood.

"This is a case of severe ill-usage!" said the doctor whom Sister Helen had summoned in all haste. "She must go into the hospital."

"I ain't goin' into no 'ospital!" said Jess, opening her eyes suddenly. "I'm goin' to stay with 'er—that's why I come 'ere!"

"It is quite impossible——" began the doctor, but Helen interposed.

"You would find it very difficult to get her in anywhere to-night," she said; "the

HALF A CHANCE

hospitals and infirmaries are all crowded out just now. There is a little room opening out of mine that I keep for waifs and strays, and the woman who does the work of the house will help me."

The doctor made no further objection; a hard-worked practitioner in a poor part of London, he knew only too well how difficult it would be to get a bed for a patient at the present moment, and he was thankful to leave her in good hands.

"I'll look in and see her in the morning," he said, when the arm had been set and the cuts and bruises doctored. "I expect you will have a good deal of trouble with her—she looks a rough customer."

But Sister Helen was not afraid; the fact that Jess had thought of her showed that there was a soft spot in her heart.

Not a word had passed the girl's lips as to the cause of her injuries, and Sister Helen felt that it was better to ask no questions. It was quite evident that she was very unhappy; though it was the first time that she had been inside a decent house, she took no interest in her surroundings, and in her troubled slumber a name was often on her lips—the name of her lover.

"The girl has something on her mind," said the doctor one day, "can't you find out what it is?"

Sister Helen had already formed her own opinion of the cause of Jess's unhappiness, but she knew that to ask questions would only be to shut her lips.

"I am afraid that your head still aches badly?" she said that evening as she changed the dressings.

"It aches something cruel!" said Jess.

She made no complaints as a rule, for her pluck was splendid, and the Sister knew that her suffering must be great.

"You could have the man who did this punished, if you liked," she said as she finished her task and sat down beside the bed.

"I never told you who done it!" cried Jess with a startled look.

"No, you have kept your secret bravely; but I guessed it and I should like you to tell me how it happened."

"It was my fault—don't you make no mistake about that!" said Jess, turning on her pillow so that her tears might be hidden. "I saw 'e'd 'ad a drop too much and I ought to 'ave let 'im alone. But I'd like to know

what you'd do if you found that your chap 'ad taken up with someone else!"

A sob broke from her bursting heart, but the Sister did not try to quiet her—she knew that it was better to let the pent-up anguish have its way.

"Who told you?" she asked gently.

"Nobody! Saw 'em myself. It's Millie Brown, whose mother kept the fried-fish shop down our way. Mrs. Brown's dead, and Millie's got the business, as ugly a squint-eyed thing as ever you see! But all Alf thinks about is the money."

Such a common story—a story confined to no one class of society—as common in the great houses of the West End as in the mean streets of the East End, but a story that carries a heart-ache with it wherever it is found.

"And what did you do?" asked the Sister.

"I waited till 'e'd said good-bye to 'er and come out of the shop. And as 'e stood on the doorstep, all smug and smilin', 'Look 'ere, young Alf,' I says, 'I know what game you're on to, and you'd better stop it, or it'll be the worse for you!' And I'd 'ardly said it before 'e got me down and started punchin' me."

"And who got him away?"

"No one; 'e left off after a bit, and I crawled round 'ere; you never done nothin' to me for knockin' you about with that slate and I knew you'd be good to me."

"Thank you, Jess," said Sister Helen in a voice that she could not keep quite steady. "It makes me very happy to know that you could trust me."

"Oh! I'm not worth nothin'; don't you go thankin' me!" sobbed Jess. "You'd better 'ave let me die—much better! Alf Watson did a good turn for 'imself by chuckin' me, I know that all right; but if ever I lay 'ands on 'er—"

Her silence was significant, and though Sister Helen felt that this spirit of vengeance was wholly evil, it was also wholly natural; she could not reprove this poor heart-stricken creature, and she tried to turn her thoughts to brighter things, showing her books and pictures, singing to her and telling her stories of her own happy childhood.

"Sounds like a fairy tale!" said Jess one day. "And as for this room where you've let me be, I don't believe the King's got a finer one in Buck'n'am Pallis. I wonder

THE QUIVER

if 'e knows what a good sort you are—'e'd make you a duchess right off if 'e did!"

They were good friends now, the best of friends, and when Jess was at last well enough to leave her, Sister Helen felt a very real sorrow.

"We've had some good times together, Jess, haven't we?" she said regretfully, when the last morning came, and Jess was setting off for the flower factory, where, thanks to her superior skill, her place had been kept open for her.

"I don't see where the good times come in for you!" said Jess, flicking a surreptitious tear from her eye; "it's been all right for me."

"Well, don't forget me, that's all!" said the Sister.

Jess looked up gravely.

"Do you think if anybody went up to 'eaven and then fell out of it again, they'd ever forget what it was like to be there?" she said. "I shan't ever get to the 'eaven you talk about, but I know what it's like all the same!"

She turned to go, but Sister Helen laid her hand on her arm. "Jess," she said, "there is one thing I want to say before you leave me. If you wish to be forgiven—if you wish to go to heaven—you *must* forgive!"

She uttered the last words in a low tone, and there was silence for a moment when she had spoken.

"That means that you think I ought to forgive 'er!" said Jess at last. "Well, I can't do it, and, what's more, I shan't!"

She was gone before Sister Helen could answer, and when they met again, not a word was said on the subject of Alf Watson and his bride. For Millie Brown, the owner of the fried-fish shop, was Mrs. Watson now. The Easter Bank Holiday had been her wedding day, and if Sister Helen happened to pass that way in the evening she was sure to see her, hot and perspiring, as she served out the fish to her customers, while her husband lounged in the doorway, with nothing to do but to pocket the profits.

What Jess thought of it all, she did not know; that the girl was strangely softened, she could see in a hundred ways, but she was very reticent as to her feelings, and it was better not to force her confidence.

Summer came early that year as if to make up for the long, black winter, and in the

sweltering heat the pale faces in Resker's Rents became paler still, and strife and dissension grew stronger and more fierce.

"Another quarrel somewhere!" said Sister Helen to herself, as she made her way home late one evening.

Loud voices were rising on the air, the tramp of feet, cries of excitement and alarm; but it was not a quarrel, and as she turned the corner of the street she saw clouds of smoke pouring out of a house.

"What is it?" she asked of those who stood nearest to her in the crowd, and a chorus of confused replies greeted her ears.

"She tipped the fat over—what she was frying the fish in," cried one man.

"You ought to have seen 'em nip out of that place!" cried another; "the flames caught the match-boarding, and it was all alight in a minute!"

"But did everyone get out?" asked Sister Helen anxiously.

"I don't know; they've sent for the fire-engines, anyhow," was the answer.

Everyone was not out—there were some in the crowd who knew that, and as Sister Helen pressed through the groups she heard a cry of despair and saw Alf Watson wringing his hands.

"Oh, my poor Millie!" he groaned. "Hurry up them engines, somebody!"

"An' what'll be the good of that?" demanded another voice. "She'll be burnt to death before the fire-engines get here!"

It was Jess—her face white, her eyes gleaming—and before anyone could prevent her, she had wrapped her shawl round her head and dashed into the burning shop.

A shout went up from the bystanders—a shout that died away into a groan. The men's consciences were uneasy, but though everyone thought that his neighbour ought to follow her, no one felt called upon to do so himself.

There was a pause of agonised suspense, and then the shout went up again, louder and wilder than before.

"She's got her! She's got her!"

A figure was indeed dimly discernible through the smoke, a figure that held something in its arms, and in an instant half a dozen coats were off, smothering the flames that encircled it.

"Take them to the hospital!" was the general cry, and the two unconscious victims were carried away.

HALF A CHANCE

"Don't wish her to live," said the house-surgeon gravely, as Sister Helen questioned him at the door of the ward.

"But how is it that she is so much more burnt than the other one?" demanded the Sister almost angrily.

"The other one was only stifled by the smoke," said the house-surgeon. "She says that she rushed into the back room when the place caught fire, and she was caught like a rat in a trap! But this girl fought her way through and carried her out—and—well, I can only tell you that she is pretty well burnt to pieces!"

"Can I see her?" asked Sister Helen in a choked voice.

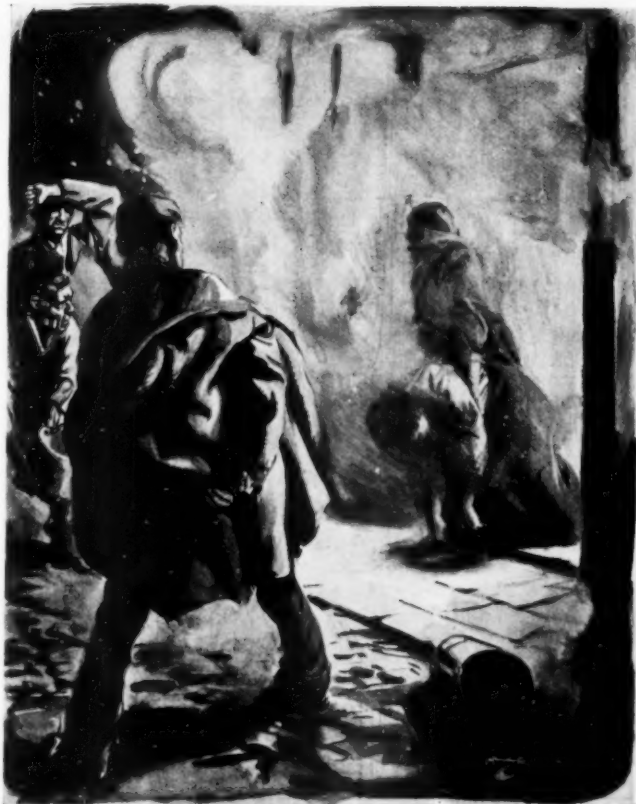
"Oh, yes, she is conscious, and she is in no pain. She may last all night,

or she may die at any moment. She said something about 'Sister' just now. I thought she meant the Sister of the ward, but perhaps it was you she was asking for."

It was for her that Jess was asking, and when she stooped over the bed a smile dawned in the dark eyes. It was hard to believe that the girl was dying, for the shawl that she had wrapped round her head had saved her face and she looked quite unaltered, except for the expression of strange and unearthly beauty that rested on her features.

"I forgave 'er, Sister," she whispered. "Do you think God will forgive me? 'E knows I never 'ad 'arf a chance!"

She was perfectly calm though she knew that her end was near; but the tears streamed unchecked down Sister Helen's face as she heard the wistful question.



"'She's got her! She's got her!'"

"Oh, Jess, dear Jess!" she cried. "You have had more than half a chance! You have had such a chance as comes to few, and you have made the most of it! You not only forgave your enemy, but you laid down your life for her, and God will forgive you—you may safely trust Him, for His love is greater than our greatest need!"

"A sordid kind of tragedy!" said the house-surgeon next morning as he looked at the dead girl's face and listened to the story that Sister Helen told him.

Was it a sordid tragedy? Sister Helen could not think so as she walked home in the dawn. In spite of poverty and ignorance, of hard fortune and disappointment, Jess had been ready at the call of duty, and, like the prophet of old, she had been taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire.

Nature's Cleverness

By FRANK BONNETT

IN the varied fashioning of birds and beasts we find some of the most wonderful examples of the skill exercised by what Shakespeare called "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand." Every country could furnish a long list of the marvellous devices resorted to by Nature to enable her creatures to gain their livelihood and to perform the various offices for which they were intended, and if one were to attempt a comprehensive description of all these, there would never be an end to such an undertaking. In Great Britain alone, however, we have extensive evidence of Nature's cleverness, and one need not go outside the kingdom of the air to find plenty of very striking illustrations.

It is, indeed, a little difficult to know where to make a beginning, but if we head our list with the woodpecker, we shall select the bird which, above all others, appears to have been more liberally and usefully endowed than any other. Its beak we may pass over because, although eminently adapted to its purpose of tapping and boring the trees upon which it finds its food and in which it nests, the bird possesses nothing more remarkable in this respect than many others. But the woodpecker's tongue, which is some six or seven inches in length when fully extended, is a most marvellous instance of clever workmanship. At the base it is furnished with bones and muscles made like springs, so that it can be darted forward or backward with remarkable rapidity. The object of this long and quickly moving tongue is to enable the bird to seize its insect food in remote corners and crevices in the bark of trees which could not be reached with its beak,

and, to render the operation still more complete, the tip of the tongue is barbed with notches like those of a fish-hook, so that once a hapless insect is impaled there is no escape. This tip is further provided with a viscid fluid for annexing insects too small to be impaled. The bird's feet are the next remarkable part of its construction. These are what are known to science as "zygodactyl," which means in simple language that the toes are placed two in front and two behind in order to enable the bird to cling on to the bark of trees while holding its body in a perpendicular position.

By way of additional support the woodpecker's tail is "hinged" in such a manner that it can be used as a prop, the feathers consisting of a number of stiff pointed quills, which dig into the bark as the bird throws the weight of its body upon them. The tree-creepers, which are allied to the woodpecker tribe, have the same stiff tail; but the wryneck, belonging to another branch of the family, has not been provided with this useful support, its tail feathers being soft like those of other birds. One supposes that Nature thought the wryneck could get along very well with the usual form of tail, most of its food being obtained upon the ground.

A Saw-like Claw

All birds of prey—eagles, kites, falcons, vultures, ospreys, owls, and hawks—have the powerful talons so useful for holding their victims, as well as the sharply hooked beak that acts as a sort of knife for cutting up flesh. But one branch of the order, namely, the white



THE NIGHTJAR'S
SERRATED CLAW.



HEAD OF NIGHTJAR, SHOWING
THE SMALL BEAK, WIDE GAP
AND BRISTLES.

NATURE'S CLEVERNESS

owls, represented in England by a single variety, the barn owl, is provided with that curiously serrated middle claw, notched like the teeth of a saw. Two other British birds—the heron and the nightjar—possess this particular kind of claw, the exact use of which, although it undoubtedly serves some good purpose, has always been the subject of much discussion among naturalists. In the case of the owl, the serrated claw may assist in holding its prey or be of use for cleansing its beak and mouth-bristles of the scales of beetles and other insects that form part of its diet; while the nightjar, whose mouth is very liberally furnished with bristles and whose food principally consists of insects, is in even greater need of this comblike contrivance. It has also been suggested that the nightjar may find these claws of particular use in maintaining its hold when roosting, after its habit, on the bare bough of a tree, along which it crouches lengthwise instead of sitting across it as in the case of other perching birds. Dr. Günther, who kept some young nightjars in confinement, says that the only use he ever found the birds making of their pectinated claws was to scratch the surface of the chair or sofa on which they were sitting. Hence it is possible that in a wild state the nightjar uses its notched claws for scratching away the earth in order to discover insects for food. A different purpose must be intended for the heron's toothed claw, which is doubtless of great assistance in enabling the bird to grip such slippery fare as fish, eels, frogs, and other reptiles on which it feeds, while it may also be of service in removing scales and slimy substances from the beak.

The Nightjar's Beak

The nightjar's beak, clothed with bristles as just men-

tioned, is a striking characteristic of that strangely but ingeniously fashioned bird. No bird possesses so small a beak or so large a mouth in proportion to its size. The nightjar is a member of the swift family, as is evident from the shape of its head, feeble beak, large, wide mouth, and small legs and feet. All this tribe are insect feeders and take their food on the wing, for which purpose the enormous mouth, opening as far back as a point behind the eye, is admirably adapted. The nightjar's feet, being required for constant perching, are much stronger than those of its cousin, the common swift, whose feet are seldom used and so hardly developed. Two other points in the nightjar's "make-up" must be alluded to—the general shape of its



WOODPECKER. NOTE THE LONG BILL WITH EXTENDED TONGUE, ETC.

THE QUIVER



FOOT OF DUCK.

body and its plumage. Being a nocturnal bird, it is obliged to roost by day, and so Nature has given it a body of so quaint a shape that when it is roosting along a bough it looks merely like a piece of broken or stunted branch, or a bit of bark, belonging to the tree itself. In colour, too, it exactly resembles its surroundings, its curiously blotched and marbled feathers harmonising in perfect fashion with the lichen bark on which it rests. The wryneck, which wears a uniform of very similar design, affords another good example of what is known as "protective coloration," but there are, of course, many other birds whose plumage resembles almost exactly in shade the usual surroundings of the wearer. In the case of the common wild duck and several others of the same tribe, Nature has recourse to another ingenious method, for she gives to the male bird during part of the summer a dress almost exactly like that of the female, in order that he may be less conspicuous at a time when he specially needs protection. After assuming this sober livery the bird moults his quill feathers, as a result of which he is unable to fly, and might therefore be easily captured when on dry land. In such a state the mallard's naturally gay plumage would be a serious disadvantage to him as being likely to attract attention.

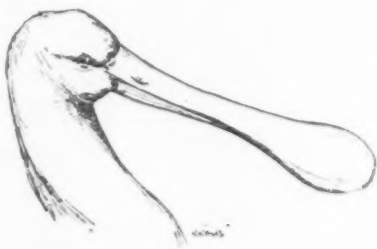
Nature's Attention to Requirements

How important it is that each part of a bird should be fashioned exactly in accordance with the requirements of its existence is well exemplified in the case of Pallas's sand-grouse—that handsome bird which pays periodical visits to this country apparently by accident. The home of this grouse is in the dry, sandy deserts of the East, and when it wanders out of its course so far as to reach England, it is only natural that sooner or later it finds itself very much out of its element. Two years ago a few Pallas's sand-grouse

appeared in England, but some twenty years before there was a big influx, the birds arriving here early in the summer. While the fine weather lasted they appeared to thrive, but when the wet came those that attempted to remain quickly perished. The reason of this was that their feet, which are very small and clothed in downy feathers—admirably adapted for running over dry sand—quickly became clogged with wet soil when the autumn rains set in, and the birds, losing the use of their legs entirely, were unable to exist.

Cleverness in Feet Construction

It is among birds of aquatic or amphibious habits that the clever construction of the feet is chiefly noticeable. Birds that spend much or most of their time in the water have feet that are fully webbed between the toes—geese, ducks, cormorants, and gulls affording good examples. An ingenious arrangement of muscles enables these birds to close their feet as they draw each leg in turn forward through the water, and to expand the web again as they strike, the foot then acting as a propeller. The principle of their action is much the same as that adopted by a man rowing—the "feathering" oar representing the closed foot of the duck, and the broadside resistance of the blade when dropped more deeply into the water corresponding to the extended web. Amphibious birds, such as the coot, dabchick, and moorhen, which spend as much, or more, time on land as on the water, are provided with feet more suited to the double purpose of walking and swim-



SPOON BILL.



SHOVELLER DUCK, SHOWING THE WIDE, FLAT BILL.

SHOVELLER DUCK, SHOWING THE WIDE, FLAT BILL.

NATURE'S CLEVERNESS

ming. Of these three the two first have partially webbed feet, while the moorhen, which is more often out of the water than in it, has but a mere suspicion of web upon its toes, these being entirely separate and merely flattened underneath to provide assistance in swimming. In this bird the extreme length of the three forward toes enables their owner to run or walk over soft mud with the greatest ease conceivable.

Wonderful Beaks

In designing the beaks of birds Nature has displayed even greater ingenuity than in fashioning their feet. Upon the shape of a bird's beak depends, of course, the ability of its owner to obtain food of a suitable character, and this part of a bird's anatomy is the chief guide to the naturalist when he discovers a new species and wishes to classify it in its proper group. Thus it is possible almost at the first glance to decide roughly whether a bird belongs to a species that is insectivorous, raptorial, graminivorous, or seed-eating. Among the various members of the large duck family there is great similarity in the shape of the beak, as one might expect. But the "shoveller" duck, so called because of its extremely wide, shovel-shaped bill, possesses this exaggerated form in order to enable it to sift its food in a peculiar manner. This duck feeds principally among the shallows



WATER-RAIL'S FOOT, SHOWING RIGHT FOOT IMPRESSION, THE WIDE, FLAT TOES FOR WALKING ON SOFT SURFACES.

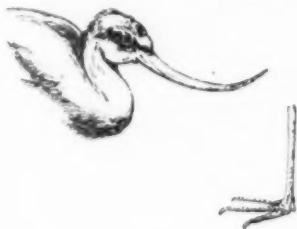


THE RAVEN'S POWERFUL BEAK.

of inland waters, pushing its bill under water and digging up a mouthful of grit and vegetation, among which it may find all sorts of treasures. Anything in the shape of tender shoots of grass and weeds, aquatic insects or molluscs, tadpoles, frog-spawn, and similar dainties it retains, the rest, which consists largely of rubbish, being rejected. Swans, geese, and ducks possess a kind of nail at the tip of the beak which must be very useful for delving purposes among sand and mud when in search of food, while many of them, especially those which feed largely on weeds and grass which require cutting or breaking, are provided with a very marked series of serrations on the upper mandible of the bill to assist them in gathering their food.

A Pair of Pincers for a Beak

The powerful hooked beak found in birds of prey has already been referred to, and its purpose is sufficiently obvious, but there are other birds that live wholly or partly on animal food not provided with this shape of bill and therefore not included in the raptorial division. The heron and the kingfisher are good examples of this distinctive class, and the reason for their differently shaped beak is easy to account for. Birds of prey proper do not employ



AVCCLT.

THE QUIVER

their beaks for catching their victims in the same way as the heron and kingfisher, which would obviously be unable to grasp their slippery fare with any but a pincer-like form of beak.

These two birds kill their prey by gripping it between the upper and lower mandibles, the edges of which are hard and sharp and so serve as scissors to cut up or bruise anything that is too long or bulky to be swallowed intact. With its powerful bill a heron can grasp and quickly divide into suitable mouthfuls even so elusive a creature as an eel. The avocet with its upturned beak, and the sea-curlew with a bill that points downwards, are each admirably furnished with a useful implement for gathering food.

The Avocet's Bill

Mr. A. H. Patterson, the well-known Norfolk naturalist, thus illustrates the use to which the avocet puts its bill: "Their method of feeding," he says, "is peculiar, the birds moving their bills laterally, and leaving zig-zagging lines on the mud. A worm is very deftly probed for and pulled out, and it is invariably washed before being swallowed." The curlew's bill, which is sometimes over six inches in length, is also used for investigating the ooze, but it cannot, of course, rake the surface in the same manner as the avocet. Nor, as a matter of fact, does it need to do so, for, unlike the avocet, it takes but little notice of "unconsidered trifles" to be found on or near the surface, preferring as a rule to go deeper for such treasures



CROSSBILL. NOTE THE CURIOUS BEAK.

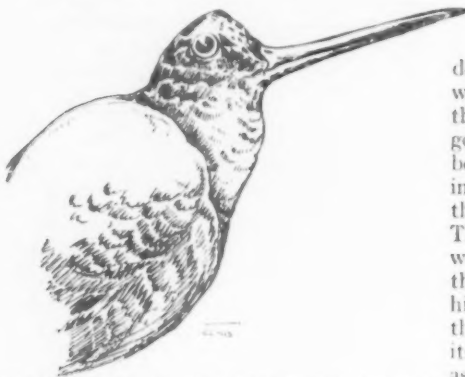
as tiny crabs, of which it is particularly fond.

Woodcock and snipe also have beaks eminently adapted for probing the soil for food, the tips being rendered specially sensitive by a membrane that detects the hidden presence of suitable diet.

To Protect the Eyes

The eyes of both these birds are set far back in the head in order that they may be out of harm's way while their owners are pushing their bills right up to the base deep into the ground. In the case of the woodcock, Nature has been still more thoughtful in placing the eyes close together, no doubt in order that they may be less likely to receive injury by coming in contact with twigs and branches as the bird flies low through the covert. The woodcock's movements even in thick woodland are remarkably rapid, yet although its wings may often be heard to hit the branches as the bird flits through the underwood, it never appears to injure itself, as it certainly would if its eyes were as prominent as those of other birds.

The bills of such birds as the raven,



WOODCOCK. NOTE THE LONG, SENSITIVE BILL AND LARGE EYE SET WELL BACK.

NATURE'S CLEVERNESS

crow, rook, jackdaw, magpie and jay are all very powerful, and may be described as general-purpose beaks. They are used in various ways—for flesh-tearing, stick-breaking, digging, hammering, or boring, and for carrying all sorts of booty. All these birds build their nests largely of live twigs and roots, for the breaking off of which their strong bills must be most useful. Their jaws are very elastic, so that the rook can carry a whole hen's egg lengthwise between the two mandibles without difficulty. The raven and the crow, which are more carnivorous in habit than the rest of the tribe, have beaks slightly curved to enable them to tear and dismember their food with greater ease.

The Most Curious of Beaks

Undoubtedly the most curious of British birds with regard to the shape of its beak is the crossbill—a most beautiful creature, but one that is not very commonly seen because of its habit of

frequenting as far as possible dense forests of pine and fir.

The Legend of the Crossbill

There is a pretty, though, of course, entirely imaginary legend connected with the crossbill, the story going that it first obtained its twisted bill in endeavouring to remove the nails from the cross of Christ, the blood-red colouring of the bird's plumage being accounted for by contact with the bleeding wounds. As a matter of fact, the bill with its two sharp hooks crossing one another near the tips is given to the crossbill to enable it to tear apart the fir cones on whose seeds, hidden beneath a horny exterior, it principally feeds. In very young crossbills the beak is shaped just like that of any other finch, but when the birds attain full size the tips of the mandibles begin to cross over.

Among British birds there is no better example of Nature's cleverness than this.



NATURE'S CHILDREN.

Cynthia Charrington

Serial Story

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON is a charming, beautiful, and cultured girl, the daughter of wealthy and loving parents, who do all in their power to make her happy. She is happy, except that she longs for just that touch of adventure which her shielded life has hitherto lacked. Her youthful fancy goes out to Stamford Reid, a straight, honourable, but rather unimaginative and commonplace man, who is a dealer in cotton on the Exchange. Meanwhile, she unconsciously attracts the attention and admiration of Professor Daughlish, a brilliant but rather unfashionable University man.

Cynthia's greatest friend is Beth Elliot, a girl of character, if not so fascinating as Cynthia. There comes tragedy. Beth's father fails in business and commits suicide, leaving his daughter practically penniless. It falls to Stamford Reid's lot unwittingly and blunderingly to break the news to the two girls, at a party given by Mrs. Charrington. He is extremely sorry for his clumsiness, and being genuinely attracted to Beth, tries to find a position for her as a companion. She, however, prefers to be quite independent, and conceives the idea of acting as "General Help" to the denizens of "Flatland." She establishes herself in a boarding house, and tries valiantly to keep up her spirits in face of the coldness of the inmates and the depressing nature of the atmosphere. She makes friends with a fellow-lodger, Mary Higgs, a plain, freckled specimen of the struggling working girl. Acting under her guidance, Beth prepares some circulars and selects one of the great blocks of flats for the scene of her operations.

Meanwhile, Professor Daughlish has divined Cynthia's secret infatuation for Stamford Reid. He makes friends with him in order to discover his calibre, and comes to the conclusion that the dealer in cotton is not the man for high-spirited Cynthia, and that as far as it is in his power he, Malcolm Daughlish, will prevent such a sacrifice from coming to pass. Reid calls at the Charringtons' house, but really, though he does not even acknowledge it to himself, it is to get news of Beth, and not to see Cynthia.

CHAPTER X

THE FIRST DAY'S WORK

ON the morning of the day when she hoped to begin her life's work, Beth Elliot woke up to the pale gleam of a London sun. It shone through the high window and reached the end of the bed where she lay, pale and weary after a restless night, bringing with it a reviving thrill of courage. Sun was a good omen. She would be able to put on pretty clothes, and so make a better impression than she could have done in a rain-drenched cloak. The freckled girl's prophecy that curiosity would demand at least an inspection lay heavily on Beth's mind the while she made her toilette, and made her especially painstaking with its details. How to strike the happy medium, to be smart enough to please the luxurious client, demure enough to satisfy the censorious, youthful looking enough to attract the young, responsible enough for the old? It was indeed a problem which required much solving. Beth dressed her hair in three different styles in succession in her anxiety to accomplish the best result. First she dragged it back from her face, brushed it with a wet brush, and plaited it tightly round her head. The result was striking, but unbecoming. With the black hat on top, and the black coat and skirt beneath, she looked so typically an "Inmate," that the plaits were undone in a frenzy of haste. Surely it could not be necessary to look so entirely utilitarian! An exaggeration of the fashionable mode was next achieved and regarded thoughtfully from three

different points of view. It was certainly becoming; a little *too* becoming perhaps, judged from a business point of view. It might be in better taste to adopt a quieter, less noticeable style. With a sigh and a shrug, the hairpins came out once more, and a happy medium was achieved, which must surely be the right thing, since it seemed an exact cross between an "Inmate" and a woman of ease and fashion.

When the toilette was finished Beth stood before the mirror regarding herself with anxious eyes. "Would I like myself if I were another person, and saw myself for the first time?" This was the searching question in her mind, and she was ruthlessly honest in her reply: "Fairly well! Only fairly! I shouldn't be smitten in a heap as I should be if Cynthia walked in. You are ordinary, my dear, disgustingly ordinary, there's nothing thrilling about you in any one way." A shrug followed the announcement, and close on that a smile of bright, girlish amusement. It was an absolutely natural and spontaneous expression of feeling, but Beth was startled by the transformation which that smile evoked. She smiled again, of intent this time, preening her head from side to side, and deliberately parting her lips to afford another glimpse of small white teeth. How astonishing was the light and colour evoked by that gleam of laughter! How it infused the dull, "Inmate" appearance with youth and charm. "I must smile—oh, I must smile! The more hopeless it seems, the more I must smile," Beth told herself urgently, in imagination seeing herself con-

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

fronted by obdurate clients who had no need of help, and felt it intrusive to be interviewed by an officious stranger.

The freckled girl had ordained ten o'clock as the right and proper hour at which Beth should begin the round of calls which had been announced at the end of her circular.

"They," she opined, "would not be ready before. Later on 'They' would be out." She invariably spoke of possible clients as "They." Beth had better begin at the top story, and work down. Top flats cost less. The poorer "They" were, the earlier "They" would be about. On the second and third floors "They" would probably breakfast in bed. "Get back the circulars when 'They' don't want them. They'll come in for the next try!" was her parting shot as she rushed off to her day's work.

It was difficult to "keep smiling" as one approached the great red building and faced the ordeal at near quarters. When the lift porter inquired "Who for?" Beth felt an hysterical impulse to reply "Everybody!" but she managed to express a desire for the top floor in an ordinary voice, and was

whirled upwards and deposited on a long, bleak-looking corridor out of which doors opened at intervals on either side.

It was now or never! If she waited to think, Beth had a conviction that she would take to her heels and run down the stone stairs into the street. She made a dart at the nearest door, pressed the electric button, and gasped for breath. Instantly as it seemed the door flew open, and a trim maid stood at attention. Then, and only then, did it dawn upon Beth that she had no idea what she was going to say. In her haste she had forgotten to refer to her list to find the name of the occupant of the flat, and the sudden realisation of the oversight swamped what little self-possession was left. She gaped, open-mouthed, while the trim maid continued her calm, waiting glance.

"Er—er. Can I see your mistress?"

"Notatome!" said the maid shortly. Slightly turning to one side, she produced a small silver salver from an oak table and held it out in an expectant hand. Beth blushed, and stammered in confusion.

"I—er—I sent a circular. Perhaps you



"She smiled again, of intent this time, preening her head from side to side."

THE QUIVER

would kindly—will you please ask your mistress if she received it, and tell her that Miss Elliot is here?"

"Will you step in, please?" said the maid. She was sufficiently impressed with the stranger's appearance not to shut the door in her face and leave her waiting in the outer hall, but apparently not impressed enough to offer the refuge of a sitting-room. Beth found herself waved towards a chair in a corner of the little hall, and struggled against a sense of affront. This was being shown her place with a vengeance! She made a little grimace at her own reflection in the mirror above the hat-stand, then stiffened into breathless attention at the sound of a voice from the right.

"Elliot! What Elliot? Circular? No; certainly not. Threw it in the fire——"

"Mrs. Banner is sorry she cannot see you, madam, as she is particularly engaged. She is sorry she has not kept the circular," translated the polite maid, and Beth made a rapid exit, very red about the cheeks, and tilted about the chin. Horrible, thrice horrible Mrs. Banner!—cruel, unmannerly woman to have so little consideration for a worker of her own sex! The temptation towards flight grew stronger than ever, but Beth forced herself to take the carefully-written list from her pocket and look up the names written thereon. No. 65, Miss White; No. 64, Mrs. Bruce—a moment's hesitation decided on Mrs. Bruce, and she pealed the bell and braced herself for a fresh rebuff. A slatternly maid this time, but pert, and with an air of expectation.

"Is Mrs. Bruce at home?"

"Is it Miss Elliot?" Her own circular, bereft of envelope, was extended towards her. "Nothing this morning!"

It was the same answer which would have been given to a tradesman's messenger, delivered in exactly the same tone of voice. It seemed to put the inquirer on exactly the same level as any other "ring for horders," and the door was shut in Beth's face with a frank bang which said eloquently that Mary Jane had something else to do "nor open that dratted door." Beth walked the length of the corridor, and thought many thoughts. Her cheeks flamed, her eyes smarted, a lump rose in her throat, she told herself angrily that it was cowardly to be discouraged by two failures, and, having paced the corridor and returned to her original starting point, knocked resolutely at the door of flat 65.

Miss White was at home. Beth was shown without hesitation into a cosy sitting-room where a grey-haired woman sat writing at a desk. She rose, and spoke a few words of greeting, courteous enough, but without the faintest note of understanding. Her eyes scanned Beth's face with a questioning glance.

"I—er—I called to ask—I sent a circular!"

Miss White's brow knitted.

"A circular? I don't recall——"

"By post. You should have received it this morning."

"Oh—h—there *was* something! I had important letters, so I put it aside. Please sit down and I will look. It is on the bureau."

Beth subsided on to a chair, and crimsoned in anticipation of the ordeal of sitting by while this strange woman digested her circular. She and Cynthia had laughed over it together; in private reading it had appeared eminently sane and sensible, now of a sudden it became absurd, ridiculous, a thing of which to be ashamed. She recalled its phrases, and flinched again. Miss White was turning over the leaf; "Assistance in emergencies" was the first proposition on the second page: she lifted a quiet eye and glanced appraisingly across the room. Beth's cheeks scorched; she felt an overpowering consciousness of her hands and feet. She lowered her eyes and studied the pattern of the carpet—yellow triangles on a blue ground, blue ground and yellow triangles, ground triangles and yellow blue, blue yellow and——

"What a very amusing and original idea!"

Beth's head jerked upward. To the end of her life the picture remained of the kind, elderly face, the kind, humorous eyes, the kind, steady glance. Miss White was neither young, nor handsome, nor tastefully dressed, but at that moment she appeared the most beautiful object in the world to one person at least. She did not speak, but her face was eloquent, and Miss White's voice took an added gentleness.

"I must apologise for leaving your circular unread. I was rather specially engrossed. May I ask what has made you think of taking up this novel rôle?"

"Necessity," replied Beth with a shrug. "I am obliged to earn my living, and my only accomplishments are domestic. Then I heard that most women living in flats were

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

short of service, and it seemed to me that I might be able to help and save their time."

The kind face saddened, the kind voice took a melancholy cadence:

"I'm afraid there is another view of the situation! Women in my circumstances have often more time than they know what to do with. They live in a flat because it can be run on a small income, and with a single maid. By twelve o'clock in the day the rooms are in order, and the question is more often, what shall I do? than how shall I do it? That is my experience, at least. Many times over I look round for work, and am tempted to damage things intentionally for the sheer pleasure of repairing them afterwards. I am not strong enough to go about and help others as I would like to do, and time often hangs very heavily on my hands."

"Then I must not delay you any longer. Perhaps you would be so kind as to keep the circular and show it to any friends in the neighbourhood. It is important to me to find work, and every recommendation helps. I know no one in London."

Miss White drew a step nearer and stretched out an impulsive hand.

"Poor girl! It is hard for you. I wish"—she knitted her brow as if thinking out a difficult problem. Suddenly her visitor's eyes seemed open to the fact that she was very poor; that the grey dress was hard worn; the blue and yellow carpet threadbare and darned; the general aspect of the room bleak and bare. She knew without being told that the problem now being considered was how a few shillings a week could be squeezed out of income for her own benefit. "I wish I could avail myself of your kind offer! I can manage my work, *that's* not my need, but"—the smile was pathetic this time—"I do need play. It's hard for an old woman to amuse herself. Do you think you could spare an hour now and then, just to talk with me and take tea, and give me something to think of besides myself?"

"I could, and I will, but not for money! If I felt that I were being paid to talk, I should not get out a word. Perhaps some day you will really need something, and will let me do it, but in the meantime I will run in sometimes if you'll allow me and tell you how I am getting on, and the tea will be a real blessing. I'm lost without my tea!"

"Thank you, my dear. You are very

kind," said Miss White simply. She walked to the door by Beth's side, and at the moment of parting, added a word, with a sudden infusion of Scotch accent in her kindly voice: "I'm a lonely body. Don't you forget!"

"A friend, but not a fee!" From a logical point of view Beth should have been depressed by the interview, but women are ruled by their hearts far more than their heads, and she felt on the contrary immensely encouraged. She had been kindly received, kindly treated; one person at least in the vast city had welcomed her as a friend; it was with quite a jaunty and confident air that she rapped at the door of No. 66.

Mrs. Fenchurch was No. 66. She was a small, worried-looking woman, with untidy hair, and a vague blue eye.

"Oh, Miss Evans—yes! Sit down, Miss Evans," she said hurriedly. "I got your circular. It's needed, I'm sure. If I've said once, I've said a hundred times, one might as well live in the Sahara! If it wasn't for parcels going wrong, one would not even know the names, and you might die of starvation and never a neighbour would knock at the door! I've a girl at the present. I don't suppose she'll stay. The kitchens are so dark, you no sooner get one than she's gone. I'm sure I've said many times over, I would give my weight in gold to find someone to take the strain off my hands!"

Beth's hopes soared. For much less than her weight in gold, her services were on sale, and here at last appeared to be a wholesale customer.

"A shilling an hour," she murmured vaguely. "Three shillings the morning, six shillings the whole day."

"I pay my charwoman two shillings a day!"

"I am not a charwoman!"

Mrs. Fenchurch blinked rapidly, and pleaded a fold in her dress.

"No, of course; but still—I'm sure I don't know. I said to my husband when I read your list, it might have been written for me! Every help you suggest I need; every single thing, right through from beginning to end. I don't know how I have lived! A man's work is done, when it's done, but a woman's goes on. There's no peace or quiet. . . . A shilling an hour!"

"Yes. I think I am worth it. I managed my father's house for four years, and am

THE QUIVER

good at sewing of all kinds. Perhaps I could undertake your mending? Once a week—on Monday mornings."

"I do my own mending." Mrs. Fenchurch spoke hastily, and with unexpected decision. "I wouldn't complain of the mending. I could manage that well enough if there was nothing else. It's the other things!"

"Perhaps you would allow me to help with the 'other things'?"

"Yes. Well!" Mrs. Fenchurch appeared to ponder deeply for several moments. "I'll think of it! I've a girl at present. Of course, she might stay. You can leave your card."

Beth felt an almost irresistible inclination to take the aggravating creature by the shoulders and shake her well. She marched into the corridor with her head well in the air, assured that never again would she be summoned to cross that threshold, and on the whole resigned to the prospect.

The next three calls were hardly more encouraging. One tenant had gone out and left no message; a second returned the circular with a more polite rendering of the "Nothing to-day" verdict; the third followed her maid to the door obviously devoured with curiosity to behold the General Helper, and held out a vague hope of "some day." It was with a very faint heart that Beth awaited the opening of door to 56, and it grew fainter still on hearing that "Mrs. Reece" did not exist, but as so often happens, the most unlikely moment saw the turning of the tide.

"Is it Miss Elliot? The master said if Miss Elliot called I was to ask her to walk in."

This was adventurous indeed! In the minute occupied in crossing the small entrance hall Beth's brain envisaged half a dozen romantic episodes, but they died a rapid death at sight of the fretful, grey-haired man who welcomed her into a library littered with papers. He bowed; she bowed; he waved a hand towards a seat, and remarked in a tone of strong reproach:

"You are *young*!"

"I hope I can work all the better for that."

A grunt proclaimed the hearer's scepticism on the point.

"Have you any common sense?"

"I think so. A certain amount."

"Can you do what you are told without

thinking for yourself and imagining that you know better yourself?"

"Absolutely! Like a machine."

He looked at her sharply beneath his beetling brows, munched at his lips as if suppressing an inclination to smile, and opening a drawer of his writing table held out an old silk handkerchief.

"Then we'll have a shilling's worth, if you please. Kindly dust these books, and *put them down where you found them!* If they must be dusted, they must be dusted, but if they are moved out of their places it will upset my work for days to come. Servants think they know best. You appear to have some intelligence. Kindly make your mind a blank for an hour, and work as you say, like a machine."

Beth pulled off her coat, laid it with her gloves and furs on a chair by the door, and prepared for business. It was disconcerting to see the old gentleman curl up in his leather chair and cross his hands on his lap with the evident intention of watching her movements. The small bird-like eyes followed her round the room, and the silence was punctuated by short grunts and gasps, the gasp marking the moment when a book was raised from its place, the grunt testifying to its safe return. Beth knew enough about books to discover within a few minutes' time that she was in the midst of a library of no small value. Most of the volumes were very old, the leather covers loosened by age, the leaves mellowed to the colour of parchment. To judge by their condition it was many a long day since they had last seen a duster, and as she lifted each in turn, a bright space with a ridge-like outline of dust was exhibited on the mahogany table and desk. With the consciousness of the bird-like eyes bent upon her, Beth was determined to obey her instructions to the letter, even when it came to separating two separate portions of the same book. Only once was she tempted to break this rule, namely, in replacing a pile of tattered magazines which stood in perilous position half off and half on the central table. For a moment she hesitated, the bundle held aloft in her arms, then determining to err on the right side, balanced them gingerly in the old position. A louder grunt than usual commented on the decision, but for the moment she could not tell whether it betokened approval or the reverse.

The end of the hour came and found the



"For a moment she hesitated, the bundle held aloft."

piles of books on the floor still unattacked, but an immense improvement in the general appearance of the room. Then for the first time since she had begun work Beth ventured a glance at the employer, and was greeted with a wintry smile.

"Not so bad! You have some intelligence, I perceive. Nearly thought for yourself about those magazines, though! If you'd put them right on the table I should not have been able to reach them from my desk. I have some glimmering flashes of sense left, though it's difficult to convince women of the fact. Here's your shilling!"

Beth took the coin and kept it in her palm, staring at it fixedly, until the old man spoke again in sharp displeasure:

"What's the matter now? It's a good one. Did you suppose I wanted to cheat you into the bargain?"

"No, indeed. It's a *very* good one; better than you suspect. The first money I ever earned in my life. I wouldn't change it for a sovereign. I shall bore a hole in it and wear it on my chain."

The bright young face, the bright young voice, were evidently not without their appeal. Mr. Reece's lips relaxed in a grim imitation of a smile; his small eyes softened.

"Much good it will do you! Better earn another and put it to some use. My fool of a doctor declares that dust is bad for my throat. As a woman with some rudiments of sense, how often should you say it would be necessary to carry on these operations? If you say every day I shall think you as great a fool as the rest!" He looked at her anxiously, then as if fearing an adverse verdict, suddenly changed his mind. "No! never mind, you can keep your opinion. I shall judge for myself. You can come again to-morrow and tackle the books on the floor. I've had as much as I can stand for one day. Good morning!"

Beth took the hint, and lifting her belongings from the chair by the door, adjourned into the hall, where the old housekeeper joined her with suspicious alacrity, and poured forth a stream of

THE QUIVER

mingled surprise and rejoicing during the hand-washing which followed.

"Never knew such a thing to happen before! There's papers in the boxes on that floor that have lain for years and years. Inches thick, they are. If he lets you tackle them it'll be a godsend. Come to me for an apron. He must have taken to you something wonderful."

It was now after half-past eleven. "They" of the second floor might safely be supposed to be finished with breakfast; it remained to be seen if "They" had taken their walks abroad. The first two calls drew blanks, but with the opening of the third door came a sudden deepening of interest, for the entrance hall, in structure exactly the same as those of the other flats, presented a startlingly different appearance. It was exquisitely decorated and furnished with a few pieces of fine old furniture. The air was sweet with the scent of flowers, rich hot-house flowers which represented a small fortune at this late season of the year. A huge sheet of glass fitted into the panelling at the further end of the passage added greatly to the light and apparent space of the entrance. Beth knew a moment of keen anxiety, and a corresponding elation at the invitation to walk in. She followed the maid into a small sitting-room, and being left alone, stared around with curiosity.

It was evidently a small boudoir or snugger, devoted to the use of some woman of luxurious taste, but it was the strange contradictions displayed in that taste which made the puzzle to a discerning eye. The solid furnishings of the room displayed the same fine, somewhat severe quality as those in the hall; the small etceteras which every woman gathers round herself might have been selected at random from the stalls of a second-rate bazaar. A pink satin cushion ornamented with squares of imitation lace lay on an oak settle; a gilded basket tied with bunches of ribbon on the gate-legged table; a mass of trumpery ornaments littered the mantelpiece, and a profusion of flowers were massed together in a cheap glass vase in a manner which failed to show half their beauty.

Beth's curiosity increased every moment. Who and what was this Mrs. Fanshawe, and for which aspect of her room was she responsible? She looked around for any photographs which would enlighten her

quest, but there was only one in the room, a large promenade portrait of a man in Court dress which stood in its silver frame on the bureau. There was some writing across the corner. Beth bent quickly down and read the three words: "Guy to Flora." Who was Guy? Husband — brother — friend? She stared at the haughty, clear-cut face of a man of thirty or thereabouts, and realised that he belonged to a different race from the men who made the usual tenants of suburban flats. No! he could not be the husband, a distant relative more likely, whose portrait was prized as giving a cachet to the room.

The door creaked on its hinges, there came a rustling of silk, an overpowering whiff of scent, and a young girl walked into the room, a girl with an exquisite face, and eyes reddened by recent tears.

With a throb of excitement Beth recognised the stranger whom she had seen the day before in the entrance to the flats, the beautiful, woebegone face which had haunted her dreams!

CHAPTER XI

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. FANSHAWE

THE beautiful stranger advanced a few steps into the room and stood still, staring at Beth with an air of strange embarrassment. Surprise was evidently the predominant feeling in her mind, surprise caused by the appearance of her visitor. With a flash of intuition impossible to explain, Beth divined that she had not been expected to look much of a lady, and that the realisation of her class superiority had come with something of a shock. After a moment's rather embarrassing silence she took upon herself to begin the conversation:

"Mrs. Fanshawe? I am Miss Elliot. I suppose you have had my circular. I mentioned on it that I proposed to call."

"P—please sit down." Mrs. Fanshawe pulled forward a chair with hospitable haste, seated herself on the corner of the settle opposite, and relapsed into silence again. If it had been possible to look awkward she would have looked it then, as she fidgeted with the lace of the cushion, and stared aimlessly round the room, but in addition to her remarkable beauty she possessed the quality of picturesqueness, which not even a vivid and much belated pink tea-gown could efface, and Beth gazed

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

upon her enraptured, as the most exquisite human being she had ever beheld.

Her hair was of a rich chestnut brown; her eyebrows were very long and dark, and most delicately defined; her eyes were not blue, but grey, fringed with a double line of curling lashes; the line of her face was a perfect oval; while nose, mouth and chin, and slender white throat were each as delicately perfect as the last. There was only one thing which the visitor's eyes could discover which was not beautiful, and that was the little restless, somewhat highly coloured hand, which tugged and pulled at the corner of the pink satin cushion. Beth had as yet heard Mrs. Fanshawe speak three words only, yet she realised at once that she belonged to a very different class of society from that of her haughty-looking husband. Her hair was too much curled, her cheeks too pink, her dress too elaborate for the morning, her manner painfully wanting in assurance.

"You did get my circular!" she repeated smiling, and Mrs. Fanshawe gave a hasty assent.

"Oh yes, I—I got it all right. It seemed rather queer. I never had one like it before. Is that what you always do? Is it your business? You are really a business girl?"

Beth bravely stifled a pang.

"I hope to be. I am only beginning. This is my first day's trial, so I have not much experience."

"I was in the millinery," said Mrs. Fanshawe dreamily—then suddenly straightened herself and blushed a vivid crimson. "I mean—of course, that's long ago. I'm married now—Mrs. Fanshawe! That's my husband in the silver frame, in the dress he went to Court in. His people have a big place in Warwickshire; but we, we live here." The little burst of pride ended flatly on the obvious statement, and a sudden access of red to the eyes showed a disposition to fresh tears.

"It is a very charming flat. I have been into a good many this morning, and it is far the prettiest I have seen."

Mrs. Fanshawe looked around with an air of mingled pride and perplexity.

"Y—yes. My husband furnished it. He chose all the things. I try my best to keep it nice—but—" The lovely brows knitted distressfully. She pressed her lips together as though determined not to be tempted into another injudicious statement. The next words came with a child-like pride. "I

have three maids, three for two people. It *ought* to be nice. My husband is very particular, of course. He's used to things. It's a very high family."

Beth murmured vaguely. Her hopes had sunk at the mention of the three servants, all the more so as from purely personal motives she was eager to see more of the lovely stranger. Beauty is a great power, and for that possession alone Mrs. Fanshawe would have yielded a powerful fascination, but even in that short interview she had succeeded in riveting an even stronger chain. There was a mystery about her; she was newly married to a handsome and aristocratic lover of whom she was evidently extravagantly proud, yet her lovely eyes were red with tears, and her voice eloquent of depression. What normal, natural-minded girl would not have longed to get to the bottom of so romantic a mystery?

"I am sorry to hear of your three maids," she said frankly. "I fear that means that you have no need of me. I should have been so glad if I could have been of use. It's rather difficult beginning work of this sort, especially as I have no introductions. I have just come to town."

She had not meant to speak of herself, but there was something infectious in the presence of a girl like herself—a girl who had obviously her own troubles to bear—and her reward came in a quick acquisition of friendliness.

"So have I. Six months ago, but it seems like years. I am alone all day"—she checked herself again, and said in her quick child-like way: "I came from the West. Would you have known? Does my talking sound to you very—odd? Would you have known at once that I was not a London lady?"

Beth hesitated, then replied with simple candour:

"Yes; I should have known, but I like your little burr. It's pretty. So different from that hideous Cockney accent."

"My husband says a lady should have *no* accent."

There being nothing to say in reply to this truism, Beth remained silent. There was, in truth, nothing to jar on a normal ear in the soft West-country burr, and the young wife's voice was pretty and soft, nevertheless its accent was marked, and the inference was that it had given offence to the lady's husband.

THE QUIVER

"My husband is very particular. Men are, aren't they? It's so difficult to know what they'll like. You think a thing will please them so much, and it—don't!" Mrs. Fanshawe sighed again, and poked the centre of the pink satin cushion.

"I bought this at a bazaar last week. Don't you think it's nice?"

"It's—very handsome."

Mrs. Fanshawe's tear-dimmed eyes lightened quickly.

"You *don't* like it—not really! I see you don't. Why not?"

"Oh, well, since you ask my opinion, it's not so much the cushion that I dislike, as the cushion in the room. I don't like them together."

Beth was a little afraid that her hostess might be affronted by so candid a criticism, but on the contrary she listened with attention, and her manner took on an added shade of respect.

"That's what Guy said. I thought it was so sweet. Pink was always my colour, and the room looked dull. I wish I hadn't bought it now, but one must do something. The days are so long. . . . Could you"—the grey eyes gave an appealing glance—"stay a bit? You said the half-day— Do you think you could stay the half-day and talk to me, and have lunch?"

Embarrassment mingled with the eagerness of the request. Mrs. Fanshawe evidently shrank from mentioning the question of payment, yet was anxious that the General Helper should understand that she was not expected to give her time for nothing.

Beth was grateful for the consideration, and very willing to accept the offer of rest and refreshment after the nerve strain of the morning's experiences.

"But isn't there anything I can do for you while I am here? I can talk better if my fingers are busy. You have no little bits of sewing you want done?"

"No, the maids do it. Guy doesn't like to see me sew. It spoils my hands doing the sewing so much. He wants me to let them rest." She looked round the room with her puzzled, curious eyes. "Perhaps you could just—look round! He said the same about the cushion. Is there anything else that isn't right?"

The wistful anxiety of the voice touched Beth's heart, and she felt a sudden rising of indignation against the man who had

first married this lovely girl and then adopted the *role* of schoolmaster and critic, a sudden longing to help her to gain his approval.

"May I arrange your flowers?" she asked quickly. "You have so many, and such beauties. I should love to do them if you will allow me."

"I thought they *were* done!" said Mrs. Fanshawe simply. "My husband likes flowers. He's been brought up to them. I'm always buying them, but—" Again that eloquent "but"; again that pained, helpless look at the crowded clump of blossoms in the be-ribboned pots. "They don't seem right! I'd be very glad if you would. You can have this table, water, vases—anything you want. I'll ring for the maid—"

"Thanks so much. May I walk round and choose? I've a passion for arranging flowers. May I do them just as I choose, and take some of this lovely china to put them in? Really! You don't mind?"

Mrs. Fanshawe minded nothing. She curled up luxuriously on the corner of the settle, and stared with wide, serious eyes while Beth strewed the flowers on a tray and proceeded to re-arrange them with dainty, deliberate fingers. Three or four stiffly upstanding daffodils supported by Japanese leads in a great delf basin; spreading branches of lilac in a tall, green column; short-stemmed violets in a cut-glass goblet.

Then there were fresh searchings on the shelves of the corner cupboards, fresh selection of old china mugs, and quaintly-shaped vegetable dishes in the soft blue and white of old Nankin china. Mrs. Fanshawe's eyes widened in amazement as she watched Beth's movements. One—two—three—four—five—*six* different arrangements, instead of one. Half-a-dozen flowers instead of a score, the different kinds divided and grouped by themselves, not a single ribbon, and such strange receptacles by way of vases! Nevertheless, when the table was cleared and the room arranged, the Nankin dish on the oak-legged table, the glass goblet on the mantelpiece, the Japanese basin on the floor by the window, and the taller vases niched into convenient corners, Mrs. Fanshawe, looking slowly from side to side, showed distinct signs of approbation.

"He'll like it!" she said shortly. That was all, but Beth understood already that



"Mrs. Fanshawe's eyes widened in amazement as she watched Beth's movements."

THE QUIVER

it expressed the height of ambition. For the rest of the time before lunch was ready the two girls carried on a more or less desultory conversation. Each was devoured with curiosity about the other, each was too tactful to voice the questions which crowded her brain.

Lunch was a curious meal, daintily served, but badly chosen, and the manners of the pert waitress were offensively familiar and off-hand. Mrs. Fanshawe seemed more than half afraid of her, spoke in an apologetic tone, and prefaced requests with an invariable "Would you mind—" Beth's own manner increased in dignity in so rapid a fashion that by the time the meal was over she was a perfect poker of haughty disdain, but the only person to be impressed by the display was Mrs. Fanshawe herself. She blushed crimson when it came to the point of offering the three shillings, and tucked them into Beth's

hands in the quickest and most furtive of manners.

"If you're *sure* you don't mind! It seems so rude, so little. I feel ashamed——"

"Don't, please! I am proud to have made a start. I hope I may come again."

"Oh, yes! If you will. If Guy likes the flowers, you must do them again, do them always. I can't——"

It was the triumph of sympathy over prudence which made Beth declare cheerfully:

"I'll teach you! You will like to arrange them yourself, to please your husband. I should, in your place. And if he is so particular, it is all the more interesting to accomplish what he wants."

"If you can, yes! but"—Mrs. Fanshawe gave a little breathless gulp—"sometimes you can't!" Her wonderful grey eyes dwelt on Beth's face with a searching glance.

"You're a lady, you see; a *real* lady. I'm not. I don't understand——"

[END OF CHAPTER ELEVEN]





A YOUNG man came into a jeweller's shop and said, "Um— Ah! Er—er—er!" From long experience the jeweller at once understood, and said to his assistant, "Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry."

No wonder that the young man was nervous, for he was about to take the most important step he could take in life. There are people—and some, too, who cannot plead extreme youth in extenuation—who make light of the obligations which they incur when they engage to marry. Wicked men engage themselves "just for a lark," and there are girls who seem to forget that the charm of maidenly modesty cannot, as a rule, survive frequent engagements.

Readers of Charles Kingsley's biography will remember how a friend describes going to see him at his little curate's lodgings, and finding him packing a portmanteau, into which he was jumping in and out, exclaiming, "I'm engaged; I'm engaged, and am off to see her!"

Edwin or Jim has proposed to Leonora or Lizzie, and to her father—a not equally pleasant task—and has been accepted. He now establishes a protectorate over the young lady; the wedding will be annexation. Being a protector, he must be perfectly chivalrous and pure-minded. Even if the lady were not as discreet as she ought to be, he should protect her from herself. If people are not at their best when engaged, when will they be?

According to Leigh Hunt, no reasonable person ought to marry who cannot say, "My love has made me better and more desirous of improvement than I have ever been." And he himself could say that love for his wife had subdued the violent

temper that once possessed him. The prospect of marriage with Margaret Simpson had a good effect upon De Quincey. During his engagement he reduced his daily dose of opium from 340 grains to 40. All engaged persons should prove the sincerity of their love by reducing their daily doses of whisky, of cigars, of gambling, of outbursts of temper, of frivolity, of extravagance in dress, or of any other poisoner of domestic life.

Certainly I do know young men who have given up almost all small luxuries in order to be able sooner to afford the greatest luxury in life—a good wife. A young man who was ugly went to the studio of a photographer and asked, with blushes, if the artist happened to have amongst his photographs a picture of any man who resembled him, but was better-looking. "What do you mean?" asked the photographer. "Well," he replied, "I am just engaged to be married, and the young lady, who is soon leaving, says that she does not mind my being plain, because I am so good; but she wants a better-looking picture to show the girls."

Women may like to be engaged to show-men, in order to excite the envy of other women—always a desirable result in the experience of the sex; but if the two things cannot be got it is much better to have a husband for whom you need never blush than to have a fancy article upon which you cannot depend. A good-doing man makes a far more comfortable husband than a merely good-looking one; and though a man may not have a handsome face, he may have the manners of a true Christian gentleman—manners which cannot be photographed,



but which are felt every hour of the day.

Unsympathetic people often wonder what engaged persons find to say to each other during the hundreds of hours they spend together. Consider, however, that they have to tell the history of their past lives, their present feelings, and their future hopes.

During the engagement period the couple should point out to each other alterations that should be made in conduct and character as plainly as they do in reference to the house they are taking. To be of use, however, the criticism must be honest.

Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, asked a candidate for priest's orders to read aloud part of a chapter from the Bible. "Not loud enough," was the criticism of the archbishop when it was finished. "Oh, I am sorry to hear that, my lord," replied the curate; "a lady in church yesterday told me that I could be heard very distinctly." "Are you engaged?" suddenly asked the prelate. "Yes, my lord." The archbishop smiled grimly, and said: "Now, listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells you; but after you are married believe every word she says." Matrimony has been described in two acts, as follows:—

Act I.—Pays her addresses.

Act II.—Pays for her dresses.

But, surely, there ought to be an engagement act? And the question is, how long that should be? It should be long enough to enable the couple to study and understand each other's characters, but not so long that they grow away from each other in tastes and feelings. Better to take the ball at the hop, so to speak, and marry in the ardour of first love. Some people who have been acquainted

from childhood become engaged, and are so long in that condition that they get a settled-down, not to say prosaic, look. They might as well be married—and, indeed, far better. It is not pleasant for a lady to be so long engaged that she

comes to be introduced to strangers as "Miss So-and-so, who is going to marry Mr. So-and-so."

I was told lately by a clergyman that he knew a couple in his parish who were most happy in a marriage that lasted sixty-four years. The man married, when twenty-two, a girl of twenty. People used to wonder which of the two would die first. The woman died aged eighty-four, and the man fourteen months afterwards. Talking of their married life, he would say, "Me and my missis never argued."

To be polite and pleasant to each other and never to argue is the way husband and wife cause love to survive their marriage. A friend who was with me at an hotel said of a couple, who were also staying there, "I did not know they were married, for the lady always converses with the man and is so polite to him." What a satire on other couples! Shakespeare says that men are "April when they woo, and December when they wed"; but if this be a rule it is one to which there are a great number of exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of the celebrated actor, Garrick, said of hers: "He never was a husband to me; he was always a *lover*."

Brides and bridegrooms of ten years' standing think that those who have been married twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosaic and unromantic. We would remind those who manifest this newly-married intolerance of what an old minister of the Church of Scotland said to a young Scotch Dissenter, who was finding many faults: "When



your lum (chimney) has reeked as long as ours, perhaps it will have as much soot." In the Jubilee year of our late Queen two women were heard in a tramcar in Scotland discussing the meaning of the word "Jubilee." One did not know the meaning of it. The other thought that she did, and gave the following explanation: "Twenty-five 'ears mairit's a silver waddin', an' fifty 'ears mairit's a golden waddin', an' the Jubilee's whan the mann dees!" Even when the man does not die, there are many jubilant marriages in which the couples remain sweethearts until death separates them, as far, at least, as this world is concerned. "There is real love just as there are real ghosts. Every person speaks of it; few persons have seen it." This cynical remark of Rochefoucauld is certainly not true in reference to love before marriage, and the existence of love after it rests on far better evidence than the existence of ghosts. I have never seen a ghost, but I have often and often seen love surviving matrimony, growing stronger and truer as the years pass on instead of fading away. I have seen many a husband-lover and sweetheart-wife.

Old Robert Burton relates several cases of more than lover's love existing between husband and wife. He tells us of women who died to save their husbands, and of a man who, when his wife was carried away by Mauritanian pirates, became a galley-slave in order to be near her. Of a certain Rubenius Celar, he says that he "would needs have it engraven on his tomb that he had led his life with Ennea, his dear wife, forty-three years eight months, and never fell out." With this compare a wish of a more modern husband. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, used laughingly to say that he wished it put on his tombstone that he and his wife had never been reconciled. They never had a falling out, and their married life has

been described as being "as near perfection as anything this side of Eden could be."

Speaking of his marriage, Baxter said, "We have lived in inviolated love and mutual complacency, sensible of the benefit of mutual help, nearly nineteen years."

Bishop Hall "enjoyed the company" of his helpmate for the space of forty-nine years. Yes, "enjoyed" is just the word that expresses the comfort in each other's society that is felt by many couples who have lived half or more than half of their lives together.

Benjamin Franklin experienced the truth of his own proverb, "There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." After a married life of forty years, he said, "We throve together, and ever endeavoured to make each other happy."

Poets are an irritable race, but some of them have made good and loving husbands. "And what did you see?" one was asked, who had been into the Lake country and had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife. They were both quite old, and he was almost blind, but they seemed like sweethearts courting; they were so tender to each other and attentive." So, too, Miss Martineau, who was a near neighbour, tells us how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out to find him asleep, perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him, and watch over him till he awoke.

The Privy Slanderer

An Unusual Story with an Unusual Moral

By ADA CAMBRIDGE

STRANGE to say—yet not so strange, when you come to think of it—she was a good woman: conspicuously and notoriously a good woman; one whose goodness had become a sort of professional career, to which she had dedicated her life in the manner of a nun when she takes the veil. She was not a nun, however, but a missionary. The "call" came to her when she was very young, and she wrestled with night-schools and Bible-classes, drunkards, prostitutes, discharged prisoners and such, to save their souls, before she was well out of her teens. Being quite out of them, of age and independent, she saw her teeming native city of Melbourne—a city which during the last eight years has added nearly eighteen thousand new dwelling-houses to its suburbs alone—too limited a sphere for her energies and aspirations; and she offered herself to the mission field—that vague territory of fiery trial which is nothing if not far away. Formally, solemnly, unreservedly, she gave herself up, so that a whole cloud of witnesses was melted to tears—particularly her widowed mother, who was rather delicate, rather poor, and much tried in a humble way with a pack of younger children. Mrs. Codrington, at the service of dedication, wept as if her heart would break, but still consented to the prevailing view that missions, like charity, were not expected to begin at home, still less to stay there.

"Do with me what you will," said Grace Codrington—Grace, they declared, was the only name for her. "Send me wherever I am needed most, and give me the hardest work that I can do. The harder the better." And those who heard the words and saw the rapt young face—as many as the Parish Hall would hold—moaned their ecstasy of reverent admiration, because feeling was too deep for words.

"Why do you cry?" the hysterical mother was admonished. "You ought to rejoice with joy unspeakable, that you were privileged to bring such a saint into the world."

"I do," Mrs. Codrington sobbed heavily. "I do. But I can't help thinking how I am going to bear it."

"Oh, never mind that." It was too trivial a detail to be worth notice at such a time. "Think of how the *world* will benefit."

It was beyond a doubt, you see, that Grace Codrington was a good woman. And yet she did the dreadful thing that the title of this story indicates. Perhaps because she was too good. I always think goodness is overdone when it becomes conscious goodness, and in this case it was distinctly conscious.

He (or she) that privily slandereth his (or her) neighbour is well understood to be the worst kind of slanderer, although by so far the commonest. If she had only done it openly—spoken the ill thought before those whom it concerned, which is fair play so far as it goes (and some allowance for poor human nature, even in saints and martyrs, must be made)—then the poisonous thing would have had a chance to meet its antidote and disperse in air. But as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (at the *very* least), she did it behind their backs. And so the matter fell out as I am going to describe.

In this wise:

Full of affairs and exalted by her noble prospects, she went the round of her friends' houses to say good-bye before she sailed—incidentally to receive their fervid and adulatory benedictions. In nearly all the cases, these interviews were most "encouraging" and "strengthening" (her own words) to the already strong and confident spirit of the departing lady; but a few did not come up to her large expectations, and there was one—one in particular—which was an embittering disappointment. It was the case of Agnes Elwell, one of her oldest friends.

Agnes lived with her married sister, Beatrice Brown, and their mother (now dead) and Grace's mother had been girl friends before them. So that "Kyora" was not a house that could be said good-bye to on-

THE PRIVY SLANDERER

the front doorstep, especially a good-bye that might be for ever. Although Beattie was out, and Grace had a premonition that Agnes would be disagreeable, the various valedictory ceremonies had to be suitably performed. When Agnes said "Oh, come in, dear"—with a voice and face as pleasant as could be—the visitor was constrained to enter, to sit down and talk. Agnes was keeping house for her sister. She was the useful spinster aunt, the willing horse, of the establishment. Beattie, who put upon her unconscionably, owned frankly and often that they could never get on without her, and Joe Brown as publicly expressed the same opinion. Joe Brown had done what silly men almost invariably do; having two sisters to choose from, he had chosen, not the best, but the prettiest (and was still unconscious of having made a mistake). Beattie had always been the important one, the one to take the lead, and always would be; she was the one who dressed, who paid calls or lay on her bed with a book in the afternoons, who had convenient nerves and headaches, who was indulged, deferred to, and excused. Agnes was the one who got up early to start the housework and make Joe's breakfast and get the children off to school, who refused to feel ill or tired, the baby-minder, stocking-mender, sick-nurse, general emergency person, like the "tweeny" maid, only that she had no salary. It was the sort of

family grouping that never, or hardly ever, "answers," yet up to this day it had "worked" without a jar. And that was, as it could only be, because Agnes Elwell was also a good woman—one of the inconspicuous and unconscious sort.

She made tea for her visitor, while the baby she was minding drummed on the hearthrug with a spoon. Then, one eye on her charge and the other on a schoolboy stocking with the knee out, she listened quietly—far too quietly—to the thrilling story of the Great Enterprise, and made those unsympathetic comments which so ruffled the feelings of the narrator.

Now Agnes was not "disagreeable" in any abstract way, although perhaps a trifle blunt. You see, she was fully ten years



"Do with me what you will," said Grace."

THE QUIVER

older than Grace, and, despite her multifarious domestic duties, a reading and thinking woman; whereas she knew her young friend to be imperfectly educated and far less experienced than she thought she was. So there was nothing in her saying that she hoped Grace realised what she was doing—was not letting herself be "carried away" by this and that—not making the mistake of the British in the Boer War, of under-rating the enemy. But of course Grace did not like such questioning of wisdom and merit that had been authoritatively vouched for. When Agnes proceeded to give her amateur opinions on how mission work should be done—how the general intelligence should first be developed, the civic instinct cultivated, the industrial question attended to—how, in short, the heathen man should be educated up to understanding what it was all about before being called upon for a decision—then two spots might have been seen growing redder and redder on the cheeks of the professional expert. Finally, when Agnes (by this time a trifle warm herself) combated the sweeping generalities that missionaries are so prone to—as if the heathen were all wild animals alike; when she quoted the moral code of the Eskimo (who is disgraced amongst his people for an unkind word or selfish deed) as a "reproach to our own," and lauded the nobility of the old Sikh religion and the beautiful spirituality of the Shinto of Japan (Grace had never heard of either); when, I say, Agnes Elwell thus snubbed complacent self-sufficiency because really she could not help it, the complacent one was brought to a test of sainthood which, alas! she could not pass. Not that *she* realised that fact—dear, no!

"It is not for *myself* that I feel hurt," she declared, blowing off her wrath at Ellen Kinsman's, which was the next house she went to; "it is for the cause."

But the point which concerns this story is that, just when she was worked up to a climax of indignation, and Agnes Elwell herself was thinking she might as well have let the subject alone, Joe Brown burst into the room. A button had come off his coat, and he wanted his sister-in-law to sew it on for him.

Seeing Grace, he begged pardon, shook hands, asked her when her ship was to sail, and facetiously hoped she would like

Timbuctoo when she got there. It was not Timbuctoo, but before she could correct him he noticed the red spots on her cheeks and accompanying symptoms of discomposure, and, being the usual tactless man, commented upon them.

"Hullo! Has Aggie been pitching into you for leaving your mother to mind the kids?" The unfortunate query, revealing to Grace that her conduct had been criticised in this household even more freely than she had supposed, was as a fresh shovelful of fuel to the fire of her inward rage. For rage it surely was, and what wonder?—so conscious as she was of the merit of her self-sacrifice, and that these people knew nothing of the Higher Call.

"You seem to think," she addressed Joe Brown, with a hectic smile, "that I am leaving my family to go away and enjoy myself. Perhaps you think, like Agnes, that the heathen ought to be asked to come and teach *us*?" Scathing sarcasm could go no further.

He was a man who would have his little joke, in season and out of season, and he took up her suggestion teasingly.

"Well now, Miss Codrington, 'pon my word, I don't think it would be such a bad thing at all. Give and take, you know—you listen to what they've got to say, they listen to you—turn and turn about. What's sauce for the goose isn't always sauce for the gander, Aggie says, and she's right; things should be looked at from all sides, especially religious things. I tell you there's a lot of good religion, though perhaps you couldn't put a name to it, back of the heathen blindness that you folks talk such a lot about. What was that book you were reading to me the other day, Aggie? Bushido—that's it—about Japan. Never read it, Miss Codrington? Well, you should. Give you my word, before we'd finished that little bit of a book I felt downright ashamed to be calling myself a Christian." And now he was not joking, which only made it worse. Evidently he was Aggie's disciple, a mere echo of her.

And then, to crown all—as if the matter was of no consequence—he turned to Agnes about his coat button.

"Just sew this on for me, there's a good girl. You'll excuse me, Miss Codrington? No, don't go—it won't take her a minute."



"Just sew this on for me, there's a good girl!"

But Grace had accumulated indignities until she could bear no more. She would not wait till the button was sewn on. With a perfunctory kiss and handclasp, pleadings of pressing engagements and vague promises to "see you again before I go," she got away from the antipathetic house—carrying with her a vision of Agnes stitching the breast of her brother-in-law's coat while he had it on.

And it was as she went out of the room, before the front door was shut on her, that the poison-thought was born. Its father was Anger, its mother was Vanity, its ultimate ancestry baser than anything unconscious heathenism wots of.

"I wonder that Beattie stands it."

She took the vile and vulgar microbe of mischief to the next house, and inoculated a mind only too fertile to that particular sort of seed. Ellen Kinsman was the friend of Beatrice and Agnes, as of Grace herself, but she was also an inveterate scandal-monger, keen to get at everybody's secrets, and never to be trusted not to blurt them out.

"They are far too intimate"—etc., etc.—"between you and me. Not that I would

say a word against either of them—not for the world. And you must never breathe to anyone that I have mentioned it, Nelly."

"Of course not," Miss Kinsman was prompt to reply. "I should not dream of such a thing."

A few days more, and the young missionary was gone to China, and the doctor was attending her mother for a heart attack, induced by the shock of her departure. Three doors off, Mrs. Joe Brown was nursing an imaginary headache—reclining, in a very smart dressing-gown, on her bedroom sofa, smelling-bottle and tea-tray beside her, and Ellen Kinsman to cheer her up; door shut to exclude the nerve-wearing click-clack of the sewing-machine that Agnes was operating downstairs. Agnes, who made all the children's clothes, had no time for gossip, and was otherwise uncongenial to the sprightly visitor, but she and Beatrice just suited each other. Indeed, Ellen was known to their mutual acquaintances as Beattie's particular friend.

It was in that character that she dropped the hint she had received from Grace Codrington into Beattie's ear and mind—

THE QUIVER

merely to put her on her guard, you know. A little bird had whispered to her (she was not going to betray confidence—oh, no!), and it showed that people were noticing. Of course they meant nothing—we all knew that—but still men were men, and these sisters-in-law living in the house—it never *did* answer, don't you know. Such an anomalous relationship! Perfectly innocent, of course—we all knew that—but still—

At first Mrs. Brown laughed at the friendly warning, and wondered what next mare's nest people would get hold of. Of course they meant nothing—there was only one woman in the world for Joe—and she wished little birds would kindly attend to their own affairs. But it was a poison-germ that had been passed on to her, and again the soil was suitable. Everything or nothing is enough to arouse jealousy and a sense of wrong in the spoiled child, of whatever age.

So, when her neighbour's long and, on the whole, exhilarating visit was ended, and Mrs. Brown was left to loneliness, and her headache, she began to think again about the mare's nest, and then by degrees to worry over it. A vague sense of being a neglected invalid (because Agnes still drove at her machine, instead of coming upstairs to inquire after the head) developed quickly; a less vague sense of being a neglected wife (because a few seconds after she heard Joe come home from business, the machine stopped, and he did not come upstairs to inquire for full five minutes) rapidly supervened. Before the day was out she remarked to her husband, with a raw-edged jocularity new to his ears, that he would not miss *her* (if she went to bed early) so long as he had Aggie to keep him company; and before he left for town next morning she bade him, very tartly, go to Agnes (for something he wanted), since "you always think she can do everything so much better than I."

Thus the poison worked, and the disease spread. The normal moral health of the household was sapped by suspicion and constraint, all its peace and liberties of love corrupted and destroyed. Strained relations between the sisters, merging into settled enmity; strained relations between husband and wife, a breach ever widening, never to be repaired; Agnes wondering why Beatrice was so ill-tempered, and suddenly divining the meaning of it all; Joe fumbling distressfully through the same perplexities,

to arrive at the same astonishing solution of them, the while changing from the kind, easy fellow who would have his little joke, to a stern and wrathful person whom nobody knew. Sordid altercations, alternating with grim silences; poor children fretful and demoralised, and being unjustly slapped and snapped at; Beatrice in hysterics and taking to her bed; Joe boycotting his home in his leisure hours, spending his evenings no one knew where; Agnes, with complaining babies hanging round her, packing her clothes, which she could not see for tears, to go to a situation.

One hardly has the heart to continue. Yet the end must be told—not the real end, which will only come with the end of the world, but the end so far as it concerns this unfortunate family.

Well, without Agnes the fabric of domestic comfort went to pieces for everybody. Beattie's health (or indolence) and Joe's temper being alike unequal to their unaccustomed responsibilities; and however much they might long for the girl to come back to them, it was impossible for her to do so—for one thing, Joe would not allow the idea to be suggested. Dirt and untidiness, untrimmed socks and unsatisfactory meals, together with the rankling grievance that he could not forget, however much he tried to, alienated the once affectionate husband and house-father from the home and wife he had been used to think the world of. He became an inveterate card-player at his club, where the gambling spirit got hold of him, also the habit of taking whisky often, without noticing how often; and his marriage bonds irked him, since now they stood for bare duty with no pleasure to sweeten it. His wife was something to be tolerated, not treasured, as of yore. She, of course, ceased to care when he did, and took her smart clothes and her need of attention and her love of admiration into what she called society, largely composed of men with whom Joe had no acquaintance, men who pitied her for being thrown away on a man who could not appreciate her. The neglected children ran wild, fell into the wrong companionship, the wrong habits, got the bad start in life that is never to be quite recovered from. The baby upset itself out of the high chair its careless mother had forgotten to tie it into, and developed a curved spine that it is now too late to straighten out.

THE PRIVY SLANDERER

And Agnes—alas! poor Agnes! The fewer words the better to tell her sad fate: how her home-sick heart pined for what she had lost until time reconciled her to her "situation" with strangers; how, just when she was settling down to feel like one of the family, her employers abruptly dismissed her—having been told by somebody that she had been turned out of her sister's house for misconducting herself with her brother-in-law; how she went through unspeakable vicissitudes and privations, even to hunger and the streets at night, until another poor means of subsistence was found; how she again rose somewhat to the measure of her deserts, and a good man learned to love her, and she to love him; how again the monstrous legend of her bad character, growing as it came, caught up with her, and ruined her hope of happiness and broke her heart; how she took a feverish cold when vitality was low, and how it developed into pneumonia, and her sister was written to, and Joe fetched her home when it was too late.

* * * * *

By a curious coincidence, Grace Codrington's

return from her missionary labours—to be honoured and fêted by her friends and at public meetings while she took the brief vacation that was to recruit her for further achievements—occurred on the very day of Agnes Elwell's death. The news of the event was almost the first news imparted to the girl who had killed her as surely as if she had stabbed her through the heart with a knife.

"What!" cried Grace, grieved and shocked, but as oblivious to her crime as might have been expected. "My dear, dear old friend! And I was so looking forward to seeing her again."

Then they told the good young woman how badly her old friend had turned out, and she declared she was never so astonished in her life. Agnes Elwell, of all people! How unspeakably dreadful! "But she held some strange views . . . and I remember once thinking, when I saw them together. . . . However, she is dead now, poor darling! Let us bury her faults with her."

In which sorrowfully magnanimous spirit she went to the funeral and laid a cross of white flowers on the grave.

[See the Editor's note on this story, in "Conversation Corner."]



The Passing of Slumdom

The Story of an English Eden



By **HERBERT D. WILLIAMS**

SLUMDOM has been with us so long that we have come to regard it as one of the regrettable necessities of advancing civilisation. We deplore it, or pay large sums in charity to rescue its victims, or ignore it, but somehow a city without slums, civilisation without its poverty, drink and crime, we regard as an impossible Utopia, the idle dream of the reformer and the enthusiast. The slums seem to exist for our encouragement in private and public charity, and the waifs and strays become quite picturesque, if horrible, objects of compassion.

Ought slums to exist? County Councils and other bodies have said "No," and whole areas of squalor and crime have been swept away—and have moved farther afield! Perhaps we are doing away with the slums; at any rate, stringent rules and cheap transit have sent the working classes farther out—and what is the result? A short distance outside our towns the green fields and wooded copses have been turned into miles and miles of mean, monotonous lines of streets, where every house is as like its neighbour as two peas, where the whole conditions are cheerless, flat, and forlorn. But the working man must live, it is argued, and he is just as happy in that jerry-built house known only from its neighbour by

the number, as you are, in your choice, picturesque suburban villa. Then, too, he must have his public-house to relieve the monotony of his idle hours, and there is bound to be a certain amount of crime, with its accompaniments of police-stations and prisons.

Again and again, journeying out from London by certain lines one has been depressed beyond measure by those rows upon rows of straight, uninteresting streets. Could I possibly live my life in one of those nondescript abodes, keep my self-respect, cherish my ideals, fulfil my ambitions? Let the reader put the question to himself, and then realise that this problem of the comfortable housing of the working classes is of far more vital importance to the nation than half the political questions we quarrel over and fight about. We talk of patriotism and national character, but what is the patriotism of mean streets, of devitalised childhood, stunted manhood and shrunken womanhood worth? The problem before this country is that of the men in it—the great millions of toiling masses who produce our supplies, and who vote our policies—the problem is to give them a chance to live, to achieve their manhood, to realise their destiny—in a word, to turn Slumdom into Eden.

Is there any practical alternative to the

THE PASSING OF SLUMDOM

miles of jerry-built houses, line upon line, where at present the working classes live? It is easy to say that there is, but more important to prove it, and the story I have to tell is of a dream which has actually been realised, which exists as an object lesson as to what can be done, and done easily, naturally, and without loss.

Bournville, four miles from Birmingham, stands to-day as a demonstration to the whole world of how a community of workers ought to live. It exists, and has existed for all the years since its start, as a community without poverty, drink or crime. One solitary policeman is stationed there, but "for the visitors," as the inhabitants humorously remark, for there has never been a case of crime in its annals!

The History of Bournville

What of the history of this movement? Years ago Mr. George Cadbury, as the leader of a large Men's Bible Class in the City of Birmingham, came to know the life histories of hundreds of men, and was profoundly impressed by the grievous disadvantage under which so many were placed in the matter of housing. He saw that environment, more than heredity,

affected the lives of the men, spoilt the lives of little children, and deteriorated the best assets of the State.

Many men have seen this, and deplored it; but not many have had the opportunity, the power, and the inclination to remedy it. Mr. Cadbury had.

Why should the factories be in the crowded towns, with the mean, squalid streets all round them? Mr. Cadbury did not see why they should, and the Bournville Estate, just outside Birmingham, was the result. Of the splendid triumph of organisation which has made the name of Cadbury Bros. known all over the world, it is not for me now to speak. At the end of a day's visit to Bournville, I spent a few hurried minutes inspecting a part of the great works, but I had come down to see the village, and Mr. George Cadbury, when he kindly received me, was full of his one theme—housing. With characteristic modesty he desired me to leave his name out of the business—an impossible request, for the whole of Bournville speaks "George Cadbury," from the beautiful chime of bells (one of the finest in England) on the Village School to the Ruskin Hall, the Friends' Meeting House, the Recreation Grounds, and so on.



THE RECREATION GROUND PAVILION, BOURNVILLE.

THE QUIVER

I have said that Mr. Cadbury's first step was to move his business out to Bournville; his next was the planning and creation of a village Eden. At this point I must make it quite clear that Bournville and Cadbury Bros. are quite separate and distinct; the former was not created for the latter, and indeed only 43 per cent. of the workers of the village are employed in the works—the remainder have their occupations in neighbouring factories, or in Birmingham itself. Mr. Cadbury from the outset determined that the conditions of city life, which he had come out to escape, should not be reproduced. The

a good-sized garden; the buildings must not occupy more than one-fourth of the site upon which they are erected; the roads, etc., must be wide and tree bordered, and about one-tenth of the land, in addition to roads and gardens, must be reserved for parks and recreation grounds. On these lines the village of Bournville was rapidly brought into existence, nearly 200 houses being built in one year. The start was made in 1895, and to-day there is a population of about 3,800, including the inhabitants of the 120 houses built by the Co-operative Tenants' Association.



LINDEN ROAD.

whole project was well considered, and a scheme carefully prepared.

No doubt Birmingham artisans are glad to live in a village where the death rate is only one-third that of Birmingham, averaging for the last five years 5.5, and their children in a school averaging 5 lbs. heavier and 2 in. taller than children of corresponding age in a school in a Birmingham slum district.

Certain essentials were early made clear. There must be no crowding, either of cottages on the land, or of the people in the cottages; each house must have

The scheme once launched, and the village having become an accomplished fact, the next question was how to secure its perpetuation and extension. The solution of the problem illustrates the simple generosity and good faith of Mr. Cadbury. Instead of providing, as he might well have done, that a fixed moderate interest should accrue to him from the property, he, on the 14th of December, 1900, handed over the whole of the property to a Trust, which should hold and administer it in accordance with conditions in the Deed of Foundation.

THE PASSING OF SLUMDOM



SHOPS, BOURNVILLE.

The gift was absolute, no part of the capital or revenue returning to the donor or his representatives. Since that Trust was formed, Mr. Cadbury has added large additional gifts of land and capital. The total value thus presented to the nation is estimated at £250,000, the area of the estate being 530 acres.

In an interesting little booklet by Mr. John H. Barlow, the Secretary, entitled "The Bournville Village Trust," the scheme is fully explained and illustrated. Some extracts are given from the Deed of Foundation, which show how far-seeing and practical was the Founder:

"The following are some of the modes suggested for applying the Trust property, but they are 'given by way of illustration only, and not to limit the Trustees' discretion.'

"The provision, erection, adaptation, or improvement of buildings, and the acquisition of land in any part of Great Britain; such buildings to be used as dwellings for the labouring and working classes.

"It is the desire of the Founder that, so far as possible, such dwellings may occupy about one-fourth part of the sites on which they are respectively erected, the remaining portions to be used as

gardens or open spaces in connection with such dwellings, and the Founder desires that the rents may, 'if practicable, be fixed on such basis as to make them accessible to persons of the labouring and working classes, whom it is his desire to attract from the crowded and insanitary tenements which they now inhabit without, however, placing them in the position of being recipients of a bounty.' Subject to Clause 33, which relates to the sale of alcoholic drinks, any part of the property may be used for shops or factories, but the Founder suggests 'that no

such factories shall occupy in area more than one-fifteenth part of the total area of the estate on which they may be built.'"

For a long time past I have had the desire to see this "model village," as it has been called, and Mr. Cadbury kindly gave me all the facilities I needed, with the services of an excellent guide.

The journey to Bournville was made through some of the sombre streets of Birmingham, and it was marvellous to



YE OLD FARM INN.

THE QUIVER

note the instant change when the area of the Garden City was reached. Mr. Cadbury himself received me in his simple but comfortable office at the works. As he talked of the scheme, I could see how near to his heart it was. He told me it was his aim not to die a rich man, and certainly his gifts, not only to the world outside, but to his own beautiful Bournville, have been numerous enough to gratify this wish.

Four miles out of Birmingham, and yet the view from the high ground of the estate is one of undulating country extending in the one direction as far as the eye can reach, and on the other to the distant city with the University towers showing clear against the sky. My guide took me over the village, through the spacious recreation ground and the gardens belonging to the works. We saw the hockey, cricket, football, and children's grounds, and sauntered through the pretty park. It would be a hard task to describe Bournville. Fortunately the necessity is not laid on me, in view of the illustrations accompanying this article.

But the houses are a delight to the least observant. Instead of the long straight rows of nondescript buildings, we have triangles and terraces, scarcely two houses alike, either externally or internally, and the rents marvellously cheap, the smallest

cottages only costing 4s. 6d. per week (or 5s. 6d. including rates).

The average garden space allowed to each house is 600 square yards. The gardens are laid out by the estate gardeners when the houses are built, so that when a tenant takes a new cottage he finds the garden already prepared, instead of having to begin by breaking up uncultivated land. Lines of fruit trees—pear, apple, plum—are planted, and these, besides yielding a good supply of fruit, form a pleasant screen between the houses. As a rule, the tenants are keenly interested in their gardens, and cultivate them with great success. In addition to the cottage gardens there are several allotments, which are eagerly sought after, not only by Bournville residents, but by the inhabitants of neighbouring villages as well. Two professional gardeners, with a staff of men, are in charge of the gardening department, and are always glad to give whatever information and advice may be required; but after the gardens have been laid out in the first place, each tenant is responsible for the cultivation of his own. There are two gardening classes for boys and young men, the pupils taking a keen interest in their work.

Ample Gardens and Open Spaces

The roads are 42 feet wide, and are planted with trees. The houses are set back at least 20 feet from the roads, so that there is a space of 82 feet from house front to house front.



WILLOW ROAD.



THE TRIANGLE.

In addition to the ample gardens, care has been taken to preserve open spaces, and there is a Village Green, a small wood known as "Camp Wood," two playgrounds for children (not reckoning the school playground), and a park. Altogether about 16 acres have been thus set apart out of the 118 acres so far laid out for building purposes.

At a far corner of the estate we were shown over a new venture, "The Bournville Tenants, Ltd.," who have built 120 houses. The idea of this society is to give tenants the responsibility of and privileges of ownership without the conditions which make it practically impossible for the majority of the working classes to purchase houses. This company is a co-partnership building society, whereby each of the tenants pays a weekly rent for his house but acquires a holding on the estate, which he increases up to a fixed amount, and from which he gets the profits of the concern. Under the scheme, whatever increase there may be in the value of the property is secured to the tenants in the shape of profits or lower rents. It is claimed that co-partnership identifies the interest of the tenant and the capitalist investor. As illustrating the success of the scheme, it may be mentioned that a condition was that the estate should be built up in ten years, but in all probability now it will be completed within four years of its start. The society has acquired land from the

Bournville Village Trust under unique conditions; the lease is for 99 years, but is renewable at the option of the society at a price to be fixed according to the appreciation or the depreciation of the land at the time of renewal. The plans of the houses to be built have to be submitted to the Trust, and in no case may more than ten houses per net acre be erected. With every ten acres the Trust gives free of charge one acre to be used for open space, recreation grounds, etc.

The buildings being then in course of erection we carefully looked, but without success, for any signs of jerry-building.

At first the society tried making the experiment of having a few of the cottages erected under contract, but it was found better to employ direct labour; this, indeed, is the rule throughout the village. Whilst, doubtless, this means additional outlay at the beginning, it certainly means much better buildings and less cost for repairs. Throughout the houses combine to an extraordinary degree the pretty and practical. The exteriors are attractive, and when we go inside we find the compactness of the designs a source of delight to the housewife. There are no awkward, useless passages and troublesome corners; the space is utilised to its best advantage. The larger houses, of course, have bath-rooms, but all have a bath, even the smallest cottages; in most of these there is an ingenious device called the

THE QUIVER

"cabinet bath," where the bath is on hinges and may be lowered down from out of sight ready for use.

A Living Demonstration

Bournville exists not simply for the comfort and convenience of its inhabitants; it is a living, practical demonstration of the way a town should be planned, and the way people should live. The very constitution of the Trust Deed shows the ultimate application of the scheme. The Founder did not intend to provide the people of Bournville with homes, so much as to establish a revolution in the conditions of housing all over the country, and all over the world. As an illustration of town planning, Bournville has received the attention

of visitors from all parts—as many as 1,500 people have been entertained here on one afternoon. As Mr. Cadbury expressed it to me, his idea is to attract visitors and to make them healthily discontented with the conditions under which they themselves

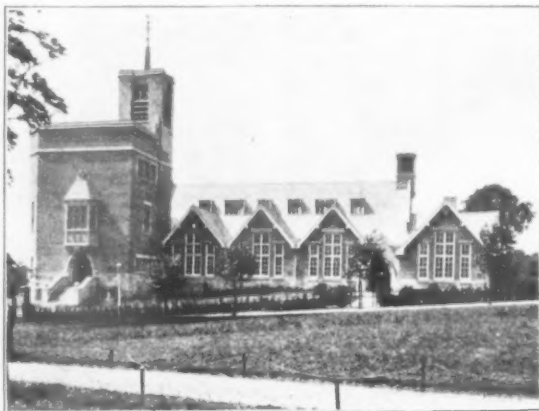
live, but infused with the idea that Bournville can be reproduced in any other portion of the globe. Working men by the thousand, mayors, town councillors, statesmen, etc., have visited Bournville. Not long since a deputation from Japan inspected the village, and said they had learnt more that day than from all their previous sojourn in Great Britain. Slumdom was already known in the cities of Japan, and they went home impressed with the need and possibility of reform for the workers of Japan.

Mr. Cadbury's hobby and recreation is "Housing," and whenever he gets an opportunity he enforces the lesson which

Bournville teaches. Only a few days before my talk with him he had been in touch with the authorities at Dunfermline urging them to purchase a parcel of ground outside their city for the creation of one of these modern Utopias. Mr. Cadbury's idea and ideal is that municipalities should take the lead in this matter, purchasing sites and then planning them for the comfort and advantage of the workers.

As I walked over the grassy slopes and through the lanes of Bournville, I certainly felt that spirit of discontent which Mr. Cadbury seeks to inculcate. How happy could one be at Bournville! But it is one's duty not to envy but to imitate. Everywhere throughout our land, and in-

deed throughout the world, the force of public opinion should insist on these garden cities in place of the old Slumdom. But people are not interested, or do not know. The object of this article, therefore, is to call attention, not only to the need which we all admit, but to



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

the possibilities. The Foundation Deed of Bournville provides that all the profits of the concern shall go to the promulgation of the idea. The money as it is made is used for the development of the estate, and when this is fully covered the Trust is empowered to purchase land in any other place.

Garden cities are profitable concerns when properly worked, and we can quite imagine the time in some distant future when the profits of this Trust shall be sufficient to plan a new Bournville in some fresh corner of the land every other year or so.

Vesper

Slowly, and with expression. ♩ = 72.

ALFRED W. TOMLYN, Mus. Bac.

p

Lord, in mer - cy now pro - tect us, As we leave us

cres.

in Thy care; Spread Thy Ho - ly Arms a - round us,

pp

Keep us in Thy faith and fear. Grant this night in peace - ful slum - ber

mf

We may rest us 'neath Thy wing, Thro' the long dark watch - es guard us,

rall. *pp*

Sa - viour, Thou our Lord and King, our Lord and King.

Round a Sundial

By AMY LE FEUVRE

No. 4.—From One Home to Another

IT was a weird scene. Never in the course of its history had the sundial witnessed anything like it!

The night was dark and still, but in the gardens and round the sundial it was as light as if it were day. High into the sky leaped flames of fire, interspersed with columns of smoke that rose in dark spiral forms to the heavens.

The old historic mansion belonging to the Raymonds was burning to the ground, and no one was able to save it. Yet there was no lack of willing hands; the whole village had turned out to do what they could, and the terrace in front of the house was black with moving figures.

No one knew the cause of the outbreak; and the fire was not discovered until the central part of the house was doomed. Then the flames leaped up and spread out on either side, and the place burnt like tinder. Young Ronald Raymond's promptness and energy prevented any lives being lost; but first and foremost his old father and mother were tenderly taken out upon the lawn, and at their own request established with many rugs and cushions on the bench that surrounded the sundial.

Mrs. Raymond had lately become a great invalid, and her son urged her to go down to the lodge.

"No," she said, "I will not leave my husband. Let us stay here together. We will look upon the last of our home."

He stationed a couple of servants to look after them; but the old lady sent them away to join the others who were trying to rescue some of the valuable old treasures that the house contained. It was a warm summer night. Wrapped in their rugs they did not feel the cold; but the shock was great to them both.

Once their son came up to them, and asked them if they would not move.

"It is too sad a sight, father. I fear the house is doomed."

"It is sadder for you than us," said the old man.

"No," he returned quickly, "I am young,

and strong, and have not lived in it so long as you have. We are saving all we can."

He went back to the house. The fire brigade from the nearest town was hard at work, but all saw that the fire could not be got under.

"Avicé, sweetheart!"

The old man's voice was very tender as he bent anxiously over his wife. She lay back amongst her cushions, looking very white and frail, but her delicate hand was clasping his, as if she could never let it go.

She looked up at him with a serene smile.

"Well, dear, it is God's will for us."

Her husband's eyes were troubled.

"It can never be rebuilt."

"Ronald will do it."

There was silence. Both were looking back into the past; she to the many years of arduous labour and self-denial which it had taken to redeem the old family house from strangers, and presently she said slowly:

"It is hard on you, Godwin, dear. It seems as if your life work has all gone for nothing."

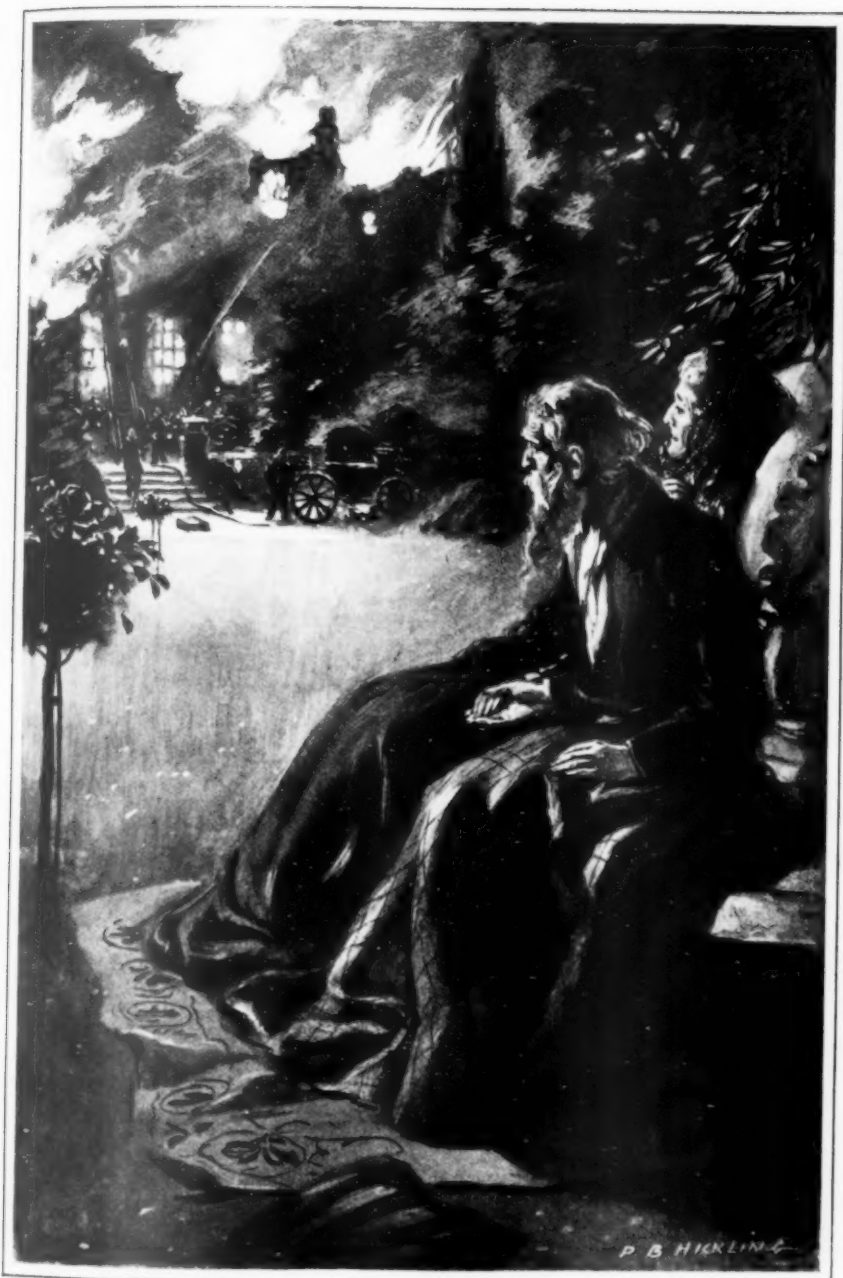
"No," he said slowly; "those years of hard work taught me much, and moulded my character in a way that years of luxurious ease would not have done. I venture to say, if we believe in hereditary traits, that Ronald is the stronger man for his father's efforts. Then, too, if I had not left my inheritance, I might not have met you."

Old Mrs. Raymond smiled. She and her husband had married rather late in life, but were lovers still. They were never happier than when alone together. Now her gaze wandered to the burning pile in the distance.

Both watched, as if fascinated, the flames leaping and curling over their work of destruction.

It was grand but terrible; and to take his wife's thoughts off the present, Godwin again began to look back to the past.

Years had been kind to them, though they had had one heavy trouble; a trouble that neither of them touched upon, but which, with that strange intuition existing



"Both watched, as if fascinated, the flames leaping and curling over their work of destruction."

THE QUIVER

between a very attached husband and wife, they knew was always consciously resting upon their hearts.

It was the sudden death, when out riding, of their only daughter, a girl who was the apple of their eye, the joy and light of their home. She had been exercising a young hunter. Always a daring rider, she was never so happy as when coping with a restive and rebellious spirit; and prided herself upon the complete and easy mastery she generally obtained over any animal she tackled. She had kissed her mother and waved a laughing farewell to her father, as she had cantered round the drive, a groom in attendance.

An hour later her lifeless form was carried home.

Her horse had bolted, bucked and thrown her upon a heap of stones, and death had been instantaneous.

That day had brought the first grey streaks to the mother's thick soft hair.

"Yes," Avie said gently, assenting to some of her husband's happy reminiscences of the old house, "I think I can say I have never had but one black day since our marriage. And perhaps that was not a black day in God's sight, for our darling loved and served Him, and I like to think of her happy joyous spirit going straight to swell the angel choirs above. It has made it all so much more real to me since she went; and I do not think it will be so very long now before we see her."

Godwin looked at her anxiously.

"This has been too much for you, darling: shall we make a move to the lodge?"

"No, no. It is sweet sitting here under this old sundial. And I feel strangely tired, too tired to move. They say the old do not feel so much as the young. I think it is true, Godwin. To many the sight in front of us would be awful. It is sad, but nothing more to me. We are both so close to the borderland, that earthly mansions seem small and paltry in comparison with those that are being prepared for us in our real and lasting home."

"Yes," said the old man humbly. "I feel that. Pride of home and race is good, but we're bound to leave it all. Oh, Avie, sweetheart, you must pray that if we are not allowed to enter the golden land together, I may not be far behind you. For earth will be empty to me if you leave me."

They were both silent; and then again their son came striding towards them, not at all pleased to find them alone.

"We love the quiet here," said his father.

"I have told them to bring the carriage round. We must go to Colonel Draper's for the night. He has just been over to ask us. All the horses have been saved, but we have had rare work with them. And we have saved about a dozen pictures; the rest are gone. It is a most terrible destruction. We can never replace the things." Ronald spoke gloomily.

"I've done all I can," he continued, "and we can do no more. I am afraid it was a defective flue in the kitchen chimney that started it. We shall discover more later. No amount of insurance will make up for our loss."

"And you were to have been married so soon," said the old man. "Well, Ena Draper values you more than your possessions."

Ronald threw back his head with a little of his father's determination.

"I shall still keep the property; and if I rebuild, it will be quite a small unpretentious house. Ena has always said she likes a small house better than a big one."

"And you will always have the old sundial," murmured his mother.

Something in her tone made her son look quickly at her.

"You are cold, mother? I will hurry up the carriage."

Godwin put his arm round his wife. His dim eyes did not see the blue shadows creeping slowly over her beautiful old face. He only felt her lean a little heavily against him, and lay her head on his shoulder.

"Sunshine—and—shade," she murmured, and Godwin had to bend his head to catch the words. "Say it to me—our great sun."

"You mean this motto close to us:

"'Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made. Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade.'"

"'How small the shade!'" she repeated.

Then she raised her head, and Godwin met the gaze of her sweet blue eyes, which first rested on him and then travelled upwards to the starry heavens above.

"In My Father's house are many mansions," she said in a clear voice. "'If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'"

With a little sigh she laid her head on her

ROUND A SUNDIAL

husband's shoulder, and her spirit left earth to take possession of her place in heaven. So gently did she pass away that Godwin was unconscious of the fact. His thoughts were following his wife's—upon the inheritance that would be theirs in the other land.

And then looking down upon her, the sad truth flashed across him. At first he could not and would not believe it. He went down on his knees beside her, chafing her cold hands and calling to her in beseeching tones to open her eyes and speak to him. He hoped against hope that it might be a faint. He heard the carriage coming in the distance, and called loudly for help. It seemed hours instead of minutes to him before his son came up. All was confusion for the next half hour.

The doctor who had been attracted to the spot by the fire was summoned, and could only emphasise the fact that Avise Raymond had gently and peacefully breathed her last. Colonel Draper tried to draw Godwin away. His son, knowing the weak state of his heart, and realising the shock which he had experienced, added his persuasions. But for the time the old man seemed to have lost control of himself.

"I found her here," he kept repeating. "I have lost her here, and here I will remain."

Very gently and tenderly his wife was taken from him, and then it was that, with a cry that was heart-breaking in its intensity, "Avise, I cannot live without you," the old man fell forward, and was caught in the arms of his son.

"Failure of heart," the doctor said, and Ronald murmured to himself, "A broken heart indeed!"

For he knew that his mother had been his father's centre for the whole of their married life, and he could not rebel against the Loving Hand that had drawn the old couple so gently home together.

* * * * *

History repeats itself. And though the old house is no more, another more modern one stands on its site. It is not a pretentious building, just a roomy homelike house, and

young feet patter up and down its stairs, and children's voices ring through the passages. The gardens have changed but little; the old sundial not at all.

The sun still marks the hours, and happy little ones play round it. Towards the close of the summer evenings, husband and wife sit on the stone bench, and talk of the ones who are still enshrined in their hearts. Sometimes, tired with their play, the children gather round them, and then it is they ask for stories about the sundial.

There are three that never fail to enthral them:

The first one about their grandfather as a little boy saying good-bye to his home.

The second one about their grandfather as a man, coming back from abroad, and being welcomed home by their grandmother standing by the sundial.

And the third one about the terrible fire burning the old house to the ground, and of their grandfather and grandmother being taken to heaven together, as they sat under the sundial.

And after these stories were told, the little ones would walk round the dial, and one of them would read the old motto that still was legible on the grey, mossy stone:

"Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made,
Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade."

Another would stoop down and read the inscription half hidden by the grass:

"I will come back. Dei Gra. G. R."

And then with hushed voices and reverent eyes, they would gather round a little tablet that had been inserted underneath the dial a few years before:

"IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
GODWIN RAYMOND
AND
AVISE, HIS BELOVED WIFE,
WHO IN THIS SPOT,
AFTER WATCHING THE DESTRUCTION
OF THEIR EARTHLY HOUSE,
ENTERED THEIR HEAVENLY HOME TOGETHER."

"At first we think that home is heaven.
At last we learn that heaven is home."



God's Good Women

By the Rev. CANON VAUGHAN, M.A.

"Passing the love of women."—2 Samuel i. 26.

THIS striking sentence, from David's famous elegy over Saul and Jonathan, may be taken, not unnaturally, to express that beautiful and heroic self-sacrifice which we associate with those devoted women who give up the natural joys of life for the sake of the outcast and the poor. And it will be admitted that this ideal of womanhood was created by Christianity. Not but what there were true and noble women in antiquity. We think at once, among multitudes that might be mentioned, of Ruth the Moabitess, of Cornelia the wife of Pompey, of Helvia the mother of Seneca. But, speaking generally, alike among Jew and Gentile, woman was dethroned from her rightful position. Here the Hebrew Rabbi and the Greek philosopher were at one. "The law," said Rabbi Eleazer, "had better be burned than committed to a woman." In the opinion of the Athenian statesman, woman had attained her greatest glory when she was least spoken of among men, either for praise or blame. But Jesus of Nazareth passed by, and, as it has been well said, He took woman by the hand, and she arose and ministered unto Him, and the world was astonished with a great astonishment.

A Social Revolution

We hardly realise the magnitude of the change. To ourselves the position that woman occupies in the pages of the Gospel seems only natural; to those who witnessed it it must rather have appeared in the light of a social revolution. We remember how the earliest intimation of the Good News was communicated through women—the Blessed Virgin, the saintly Elizabeth, the prophetess Anna. During His public ministry, the Master was accompanied, not only by His chosen disciples, but also by a company of ministering women. Among those whom Jesus loved must be reckoned, not Lazarus only, but the sisters of Lazarus, Martha and Mary. Did He not allow a woman that was a sinner to wet His feet with tears and

to wipe them with the hairs of her head?

"She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
She wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much."

Did He not talk with a woman at the noontide well; and had He not some words of sympathy for the weeping mothers of Jerusalem as He was driven up the hill to die? In silent sorrow women stood by the cross of Calvary; and they were the chief ministrants at the sepulchre. To a loving woman the risen Lord first appeared on the morning of Easter Day. So, too, in apostolic history, women occupied a prominent position. We find them assembled with the apostles in the upper room shortly after the Ascension. And a few years later, when St. Paul wrote his epistle to the church at Rome, he sends salutations to no less than nine women. There is Phœbe, a servant or deaconess of the church of Cenchreæ. There is Priscilla, who risked her life for the apostle's sake. There are Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour much in the Lord; Mary the succourer of many; Persis the beloved; the mother of Rufus, whom St. Paul in loving gratitude for her kindness calls also his own mother; and Julia, and the sister of Nereus. A goodly list indeed to appear in a single epistle, and one that throws much light on the organisation of Apostolic Christianity.

Women in Gospel Progress

It cannot be doubted that in the early church the devoted lives of Christian women had an immense influence in spreading the faith of Christ. When we remember the names of Perpetua, Blandina, Felicitas, Monica, and many more, we shall not be surprised at the exclamation of the pagan orator, "What women these Christians have!" In later ages the mediæval conception of the Virgin exercised, as the author of the history of "Rationalism" allows, a profound and salutary influence. A new type of character was called into being, which infused a



(By permission of The Piccadilly Arcade Gallery, Ltd., W.)

MOTHERHOOD.

(From the Painting by Ferruzzi.)

THE QUIVER

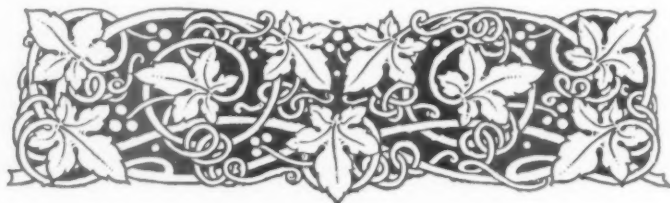
conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilisation of the past. And in connection with this ideal of reverence and tenderness, there was associated a genius of charity such as the world had never known before. "There has been no period, however corrupt," says the great writer just alluded to, "there has been no church, however superstitious, that has not been adorned by many Christian women devoting their entire lives to assuaging the sufferings of men; and the mission of charity thus instituted has not been more efficacious in diminishing the sum of human wretchedness than in producing the moral dignity of those by whom it was conducted."

A Galaxy of Noble Women

In more recent times the sphere of woman's influence has been greatly extended. It was a fine and inspiring conception to commemorate in the stained-glass windows of Liverpool Cathedral God's good women of every age. There, in the windows of the Lady Chapel, are represented Old Testament saints, like Sarah and Hannah and Ruth. There are to be seen such New Testament examples as St. Elizabeth, and the aged Anna, and Mary o Bethany. Early Christian saints are celebrated in St. Cecilia, and St. Agatha, St. Agnes and St. Faith. But modern women have not been forgotten. We are called upon to remember, among others, Christina Rossetti and all sweet singers, Grace Darling and all courageous maidens, Elizabeth Fry and all pitiful women, Mary Rogers and all faithful servants, Ann Clough and all true teachers, Catherine Gladstone and all loyal-hearted wives, Susannah Wesley and all devoted mothers.

And when we look out upon the world to-day there is no lack of illustrations in

our midst. Life would be a far darker and more hopeless thing than it is, if it were not for those gracious beings, those angels in human form, who move up and down the rough places of the earth, to heal, to enlighten, and to bless. Florence Nightingale was known among our sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimea as "The Lady of the Lamp." There are, thank God, many ladies of the lamp here in England to-day. How many a long and painful illness is relieved by the kindly attention of a skilful nurse. How many a desolated home is brightened by the love and sympathy of a grown-up daughter. What a blessing to many a village school is the Christian example of a good teacher. In how many parishes in the land is not the clergyman's wife a ministering angel to those who need her? "In visiting the sick, relieving the poor, instructing the young, and discharging a thousand delicate offices for which a woman's tact is especially needed, she finds," says a distinguished writer, "a sphere of labour which is at once intensely active, and intensely feminine, and her example is no less beneficial than her ministrations." And beyond this sphere of personal and domestic duty, there are many women who have consecrated their entire lives to the alleviation of human misery. Renouncing the natural joys of existence, for the love of Christ and of those for whom He died, they have dedicated themselves to the service of humanity. In the sacred office of a deaconess, as a member of a Christian sisterhood, they have elected to take up the cross and to follow Christ. And of this unselfish devotion, this beautiful consecration of human affection, it may be said, without undue exaggeration, that it is love that is indeed wonderful, "passing the love of women."





The HOME DEPARTMENT

LENTEN DISHES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

AT this season of the year most people abstain in a greater or lesser degree from meat, and the housewife is called upon to provide dishes which will satisfy those who, from custom or conscience, practise abstinence during Lent, as well as for other members of the household who eschew such penitential exercises. The principles of the celebrated Mrs. McClarty, who declared that spotless linen, polished silver and shining cutlery were sinful luxuries, because "they ought not to be indulged in when ye ought to be thinkin' o' yer sins," are not to be universally commended. There is surely no reason why a continued regime of soup, fish, eggs, etc., need be monotonous or unappetising if sufficient thought and care are expended in purchasing, cooking and serving these articles of diet. The most ordinary fish—haddock, herrings, hake and cod—may all be presented as dainty and nutritious dishes at any or every meal, and varied repasts provided at a considerably less cost than when meat enters into the daily menu.

It stands to reason that to obtain this desirable end the fish must be absolutely fresh, and here the personal supervision of the housewife is imperative. To buy fish cheap—a penny or twopence a pound less because it is not at its best—is the dearest kind of economy. Stale fish will not cook well, will not taste well, and it may, probably will, prove highly dangerous, if not positively poisonous. It is therefore better to be content with the humbler species than to run risks of contracting a serious illness by purchasing salmon or turbot which, lacking sale, has been kept on ice and reduced in price to effect a clearance.

In many households salt cod is the regulation dish on Ash Wednesday, and in nine cases out of ten it appears in such a guise as to be a true mortification of the flesh! This is, however, not the fault of the fish, but of the cook.

Most fishmongers sell the cod soaked and almost ready for cooking, but if bought "hard" it must be purchased several days before it is to be consumed. The fish must be placed in cold water and soaked for twenty-four hours, then washed and allowed to drain for another twenty-four hours; this process of alternate soaking and draining being continued until the cod is quite tender.

Another method of preparing the cod is to soak it for one night only, to beat it well with a rolling-pin, lay it in a pan of lukewarm water which is brought very slowly almost to boiling-point, when the tough scales are scraped off. The skin, which contains gelatinous nutriment, should not be broken. The cod is then divided into conveniently sized pieces, and simmered in the first-used liquor, which must be carefully strained. The fish should simmer for four hours; the water must not boil until the fish is quite cooked. Salt fish requires more draining than does fresh. It should be served on a warmed folded napkin, garnished with slices of lemon and hard-boiled eggs. Egg sauce, boiled parsnips and cayenne pepper are the usual accompaniments to this dish.

It is a well-known fact that a person either much likes or much dislikes parsnips—there seems to be no happy medium or chance of acquiring a taste for this vegetable. It can be readily understood that these

THE QUIVER

hard, tasteless, unpleasant-looking roots of school-day memories appeal even less to the grown-up than they did to the child, but as in the case of so many comestibles, it is the mode of cooking and serving that is mainly responsible for the palatableness—or otherwise—of the result. The experienced cook knows that parsnips which are to be boiled must not be peeled. A good scrubbing with a stiff brush, using plenty of cold water for rinsing, is all the preparation necessary. Plunge the roots into a saucepan of boiling water, and as soon as this re-boils draw the saucepan to the side of the stove and let the water simmer for an hour and a half, or longer, according to the size of the parsnips. If the water boils away do not add more, as the less water there is the better the parsnips eat. Lay them in a hot vegetable dish, cover with melted butter, which may have chopped parsley added if desired. Parsnips are also very good mashed with a little milk, butter, pepper, salt and nutmeg.

Two Lenten Soups

HERB SOUP.—This is a quickly prepared soup, which does not spoil if re-heated. Put a little dripping into a stew-pan, add a finely sliced Spanish onion, and three medium-sized tomatoes, peeled and cut in slices. Fry lightly, and pour three pints of boiling water over the vegetables. Tie a few sprigs of marjoram and thyme in a muslin bag, and throw into the liquor, adding salt and pepper to taste. Let this boil. Place some slices of bread, rolled in grated cheese, in a hot tureen; take the herbs from the soup, and pour this, boiling, on to the bread. Add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and cover closely until the bread is thoroughly soaked. Serve very hot.

BERLIN MILK SOUP.—Put six table spoonfuls of flour in a frying pan over a slow fire, moving it about so that it does not become lumpy. Boil three pints of milk with a piece of lemon peel, two lumps of sugar, and a stick of cinnamon. Strain, and mix the hot flour with the milk. Add a pint of water, boil all together, and serve with fried bread.

Hake stewed in milk is a favourite and wholesome dish. It is prepared as follows: Lay as many steaks of hake as are required in a shallow stew-pan, and pour over suffi-

cient boiling milk to completely cover them. Season with salt and pepper. Let the milk come to the boil again; then draw the pan from the fire and simmer the fish until the flesh can be easily separated from the bones, and no redness is visible. (This takes from eight to ten minutes per pound of fish.) The fish should be placed on a drainer, and the pan kept closely covered during the cooking process. Arrange the steaks on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over.

To make the sauce, put half an ounce of butter into a small saucepan, and when it has melted stir in an ounce of flour. Add half a pint of the milk in which the fish was cooked, and stir until the sauce has boiled for five minutes. A few drops of lemon juice and a little chopped parsley are an improvement, but not a necessity.

To Use Up Cold Fish

FISH PUDDING.—*Ingredients:* Half a pound of any cold cooked fish (freed from skin and bones), a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, an onion, and seasoning of pepper, mace and salt.

Method.—Put the milk, onion and mace in a saucepan, and let them simmer until the milk is well flavoured. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and, when thoroughly mixed, pour in the strained milk. Cook the sauce, stirring all the time. Mix in the flaked fish and bread-crumbs, season well with mace, pepper and salt, pour into a greased pie dish, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

A VERY LIGHT FISH PIE.—*Ingredients:* One pound of cold flaked fish, two ounces of flour, one ounce of butter, two eggs, a breakfast-cupful of fish stock (the water in which the fish was boiled), pepper and salt. Melt the butter, add the flour and stock, and cook for ten minutes, stirring all the time. Allow this to cool. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately; add the yolks to the sauce, then the flaked fish, and finally the stiffly whisked whites. Bake in a well-greased pie dish until a delicate golden brown colour.

FISH MOULD.—Take a pound of cold boiled cod or hake, remove any skin and bones, and carefully separate the flakes. Line a greased mould with mashed potatoes.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

Put in the fish, three hard-boiled eggs (cut in pieces), season with pepper and salt, and moisten with a little thin white sauce flavoured with essence of anchovies. Cover with a layer of mashed potatoes, and tie a buttered paper over. Plunge the mould into boiling water and cook for one hour. Turn out, sprinkle with grated yolk of egg, and garnish with watercress.

SCALLOPED HADDOCK.—Flake the meat of a cooked smoked haddock. Beat thoroughly two eggs, add three tablespoonsful of milk, a little essence of anchovies, pepper, salt and mace. Put half an ounce of butter in a small saucepan, and when melted pour in the egg mixture. Stir over the fire until

the sauce thickens and becomes the consistency of custard. Add the fish, and pour into a well-buttered fire-proof pie dish. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs and brown in a hot oven.

CURRIED FISH.—Slice an onion very finely and fry it in a little butter or clarified dripping. Add a little fish stock or milk, a tablespoonful of curry powder, and thicken with a little flour. Let this simmer for half an hour, then add the cold fish from which skin and bones have been taken. Just before serving add a squeeze of lemon juice. Hand plain boiled rice, chutney, and, if liked, Bombay ducks, with this dish.

NOTE.—Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer any inquiries on subjects dealt with in these pages. Will readers please note, however, that all letters requiring an answer must have a stamped envelope enclosed, and be addressed "Home Department," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.?



THE BRUTAL BROTHER A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER

IT is hardly probable that there exists a woman who, looking back on the years that are past, can truthfully say that never has she felt the possession of brothers to be, in Gilbertian phrase, "A pleasure that's almost pain."

Sundry episodes in the days when she and they were playfellows, or when she was at girlhood's most sensitive epoch, must surely present themselves to her memory as incorruptible witnesses; and coming down her life's chronicle to nearer to-day's date, she may even there be met by quite recent instances.

In fact, ever since she can recollect, there has existed a clashing between her will and her brother's "obstinacy," and she is fain to admit that the final victory has generally remained with him—the stronger animal. Specially, perhaps, during their early childhood was his superior force most aggressively felt, when, in all that made life interesting, it was a case of share and share alike. Later, when he had been sent away to school, the holidays, anticipated with such rapture by a forlorn and forgiving sister, brought home a rather fearsome transformation of the well-beloved, one just a little intolerant of feminine companionship, and all too prone

to the use of certain hardy methods of "making the best of a bad bargain," not far removed from torture for his victim.

In justice to the distressing memory of those days, it must be admitted that a few terms of school life brought a change for the better, and the attainment of mutual understanding. The brother, satisfied with what he pleases to think the result of his excellent training, mentally admits that she is "a thorough good sort," taking care, however, not to jeopardise her state of grace by undue laxity in his rule.

Trying as the brutal brother may have been during the growing-up stage, there is no possible ground for doubt that he was also a blessing in disguise.

It "goes against the grain" to acknowledge any shortcomings peculiar to one's own sex, yet regard for truth does compel the admission that the principle expressed by the words "fair play" is far more generally and generously understood by men than by women. Constant association inevitably leads to the adoption of the most emphatically indicated standard of thought and action, so it naturally follows that girls who have brothers acquire a certain sturdiness of judgment and a comprehensive honesty of dealings that gives them, as

THE QUIVER

world citizens, quite extraordinary value, and as life companions all that makes life worth living; for, as Charles Reade said, having had in youth the felicity to "sow a habit," in after years they "reap a character."

Further, in the matter of acquiring self-control and of bearing reasonably "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" is the possession of brothers distinctly advantageous, for girls who have grown up liable to the rough treatment of these inconsiderate "lords of creation" can never develop in later years into "fussers," or give way to "nerves"—the term so generally applied by the extremely selfish to indulgently describe their own reprehensible lack of self-restraint and consideration of their associates.

In the smaller attributes of social intercourse there is also much good to be gained from the presence of boys in the home, for the uncompromising nature of their comments on the appearance, and little tricks of manner and speech, of the other members of the family, leave very small chance of survival for vanity or affectation. For such brusque discipline pretty girls have much cause to be thankful, since by apparent unconsciousness of their good looks do they gain enormously in charm; while the plain ones, by the same means, learn to look upon their uncomeliness as of no importance and altogether beneath disquieting notice.

Not the least amongst the advantages of possessing brothers is that the very fact of having grown up in masculine society makes the point of view from which the

young woman regards the young man so infinitely more agreeable—for them both. She sees him in true perspective, as it were, and is able to consider him calmly, and being undisturbed by any unusual element in her environment, is capable of noting his worth, or his want of it. Moreover, she is quite sure to be capable of impressing him with a due sense of her own value in the social scheme—which, by the way, is for him a very salutary experience. On such mutual respect rests the foundation of all solid, dependable friendship, and of all real happiness in regard to more intimate associations between men and women.

The ordinary course of everyday life is full of evidences of the beneficial influence of the brother who during his youthful intolerance, was with considerable justice stigmatised as "brutal." For instance, a girl who has been subjected to fraternal supervision never jumps up in a boat at the wrong moment, or screams if in danger of getting swamped emerging from a lock; she even sits still and remains silent when motor-car and horses are doing their unexpected utmost to compass her sudden and complete annihilation.

Thanks to masculine dislike of all forms of "gush," her ordinary speech is noticeably free from the all too prevalent absurdity of exaggeration; she says what she means, and her word is as good as her bond. In fact, it is almost without exception the much-enduring martyr to the arrogance of brothers who in after life entirely fulfils the poet's estimate of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."



GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

By DAISY F. McL. SLOAN

THIS is essentially the century of the young. We see it in every walk of life. Youth wrests the prizes of life from an older generation. Everywhere the coveted posts or appointments go to the young, whose life still stretches before them down a wonderful vista of years. So perhaps it is not strange that our older women grasp so feverishly at their vanishing youth;

that the type of the sweet-faced old grandmother is dying out completely in our midst. And yet she occupied such a sacred niche in the world. Is it not a sad pity she is being lost out of our lives? No one would advocate the return to a condition of things where wifehood and motherhood were synonymous with frumpish clothes; where they meant withdrawal from all save the

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

most sedate pleasures. Still, there is surely a middle course open, and the mothers and grandmothers of to-day need not rush off to the other extreme and ape the mannerisms of young girls.

Few are deceived by the hair-dyes, toupees, etc., so universally adopted, because women so often fail to understand the art of what really suits the face underneath. They are so keen to imitate the youth long since gone by that they forget that the eyes nearly always tell tales. The eyes to which no modern artificial means can give back their lost brightness. The eyes which, though faded, look bright when accompanied by the grey hairs which Time usually brings, but lose all their brilliance and are dull and dead-looking when seen below an erection of brassy hue or Titian red.

The same may be said of the face which has been massaged and enamelled into the semblance of a wonderfully youthful mask. Again there are those tell-tale eyes! It is astonishing that women never see that this smoothing away of all lines makes the face characterless, and therefore to the discerning eye anything but beautiful. After all, the only lines which really mar a face are those traced there by peevishness, ill-temper, or sin. The others, which tell of thought or struggles with difficulties bravely overcome, give a dignified beauty to the plainest face. It therefore behoves us, if we would grow old gracefully, to so mould our characters and thoughts when young that the story written on our faces by the hand of Time may be a lovely and lovable one.

On the subject of dress, would that the modern woman could learn the salient fact that what is eminently suited for the girl in her teens becomes a fatal mistake when donned by her grandmother in age. As we grow older we all require to dress with more care; to attend more to the little details of the toilet. A *négligé* style may be piquant or picturesque in a girl, but in an older woman it is very apt to degenerate into slovenliness. Similarly a studied simplicity of apparel is to be desired in youth, but middle-age garbed in the same becomes liable to that odious epithet, "kittenish."

The great lesson to be learnt by women of our time is surely this: to each age belongs its own sweetness, its own pleasures, its own

rewards, if we would but take each calmly and philosophically as it comes, as come it inevitably will, no matter how we may try to put back the clock and forget a few birthdays. This constant striving after youthful effects only tends to harden the character. Life is lived at such high pressure; we are always on our guard lest any of our defences may be found down and the world see we really are not what we would appear.

The mere fact that our years are increasing is no reason why our sympathies should grow old and atrophied. A youthful heart is one of the greatest possible blessings. This we can all possess if we but trouble to retain it. But it is not to be got by decking ourselves in juvenile trappings and fighting with the young for the world's favours. Rather let us be content to fight our battles over again in the persons of the rising generation, entering into their joys and sorrows, understanding their little intolerances of youth—in short, letting them see that we have by no means forgotten our own young days, yet have no wish to thrust them aside and take their places. That is a great point to remember: that we all have a place of our own in the scheme of the universe. The young girl possesses the charm of complete freshness; the woman in the thirties the fascinations which only experience brings; while the forties and fifties, from their broader outlook on life, gain a delightful tolerance for all mankind. But sweetest of all is the old age which has been approached with no vain backward looks—the tender old age which has gradually and gracefully thrown his mantle around so imperceptibly that we have failed to note the march of Time, and only perceive the complete rounding off of a beautiful life. Such an old age becomes the possessor of all the hearts with which it comes in contact, and it diffuses a sweetness and commands a reverence which no up-to-date grandmother will ever know.

There is much to be said in favour of our desire to keep young in face and figure as long as possible; but remember there is a time limit, and when that does come (and it varies the world over), recognise the fact and be content with the glories of an Indian summer instead of vainly endeavouring to bring back the spring.

DONALD, THE HERD-BOY

A Story for the Children

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON

WHEN the little Hartleys discovered one Sunday morning that Uncle Bob had arrived unexpectedly the night before, to stay, they decoyed him on to Fairy Hill, a grassy knoll in front of their father's house, and clamoured for "a story."

Uncle Bob was a big, bronzed soldier who had been all over the place, travelling and fighting, and he could fire your blood with tales of pluck and prowess.

"I suppose, Uncle Bob," began Bertie, the eldest of the family and therefore spokesman, "you always meant to be a soldier?"

"Nothing of the sort, my boy," responded Uncle Bob. "When I was your age my highest earthly ambition was to be a *shepherd*."

A shout of derision from his audience greeted this astonishing statement.

"Honour bright!" insisted Uncle Bob. "I thought a shepherd's life the most splendid calling in the world. You see my hero at the time happened to be Donald, and Donald was a shepherd."

"Donald!" echoed the children in a breath.

The story-teller nodded, then continued:

"There was a burn—a narrow streamlet—that ran in front of my old home in the country, and on summer afternoons I used to wade that burn for the pure delight of being with the herd-boy. The lad stirred more of envy in me than the king."

"We had our pocket-knives, he and I, and Donald was a prince at whittling. He'd cut a stick from a tree and make it into anything under the sun, while I sat by and watched. Or he'd fashion flutes from reeds and rushes growing by the burn, and draw from them the sweetest music I have ever heard. There wasn't a nest in the hedgerows Donald did not know by heart. There wasn't a bird's egg he could not name. The living things that crawled the ground were dear familiar friends."

"And when he tired of living things, he'd pull a thumb-marked book from his pocket and bend his curly head above it, on a stretch, for hours."

"And yet for all he seemed deep sunk in his reading, there wasn't a stir among the flock but he'd bring his grey eyes sharp up, of a sudden, alert and watchful. If a sheep or, worse, a lamb, got into difficulty or danger, Donald was on the spot in a twinkling."

"When I first made friends with the herd-boy I didn't care for sheep. I thought them a stupid-looking lot with their senseless narrow eyes, long noses and silly pointed mouths, and the way they herded together, each doing exactly like his fellow."

"'I don't think much of sheep,' I said one day to Donald. 'Now if they had been horses or dogs—'

"He turned on me almost sharply."

"'Shows all you know,' he cried in scorn. 'They're none so stupid as they look. You ought to read your Bible.'

"I was a bit staggered by his words, and had the dimmest notion of what he was driving at. To be sure, I knew there was a lot in the Bible about sheep and shepherds, David, the Shepherd King, had always been a favourite of mine, and there was a hymn in the hymn-book beginning, '*There were ninety and nine that safely lay,*' that I liked; and my mother had a picture above her chimney-piece of a shepherd carrying a lamb on his shoulder, I rather fancied, but I didn't quite see how any of these bore on what Donald had said."

"I remember one Sunday in particular about this time—it must have been about the last I spent with Donald. The herd-boy always marked the Sunday by a coat and white collar; a shirt and frayed pair of knickerbockers did duty on weekdays. On Sundays, too, he banished his pocket-knife, and out of respect for the day ceased to whistle—and was generally quiet and dreamy."

"His grey eyes were on his flock that day. His thoughts must have gone back to those careless words of mine let drop when first I came to know him."

"'They're none so stupid as they look!' he murmured almost tenderly. 'I know every one of them by head-mark—and you bet, they know me.'

DONALD, THE HERD-BOY

"I heard him with respect and knew he spoke but truth. Between us we had invented names for a lot of them, and to my eyes they were no longer a crowd of dumb stupid creatures with faces all alike. I could separate them, pick them out one from another by odd little things that would have meant nothing to a stranger.

"How I wish it were the days of long ago," exclaimed Donald suddenly, and his grey eyes took on a dreamy expression, "when a fierce fellow of a lion or a great shaggy bear would come stealing from the woods in the dark and pounce on a lamb to make a meal of!"

"To this day I recall how the boy's words thrilled me.

"What would you do?" I asked him, strangely fascinated by the freckled face alight with longing.

"What would I do?" he echoed. "Wouldn't I go for him? That's just all! Oh, wasn't it fine," he breathed, with sparkling eyes, "that time when David met the lion and snatched the lamb right from between the wild beast's jaws? I guess if he'd heard about that, even old Goliath would have shirked standing up to him, though he hadn't any armour and was nought but a boy with a sling."

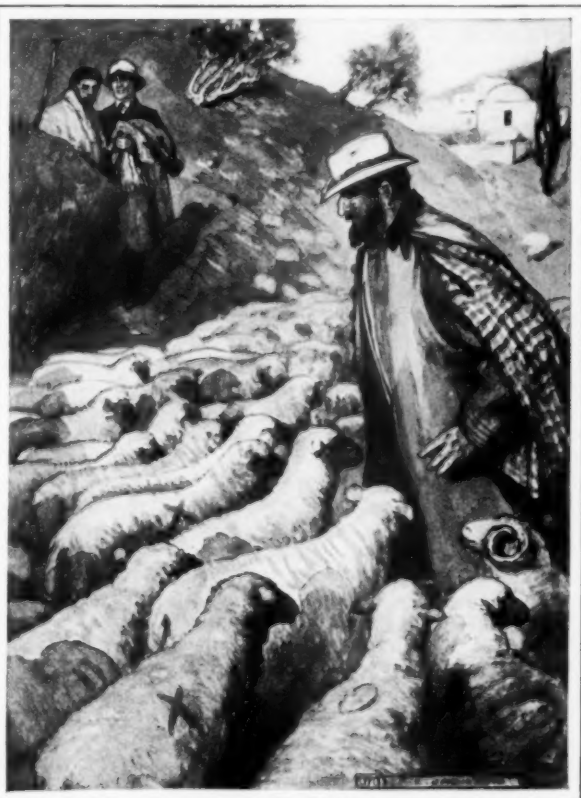
"I had nothing to say. I could only look at him, stirred to silent admiration, as his eyes returned lovingly to the flock, peacefully grazing at our feet.

"Soon after I left home and Donald dropped from my life. But long years later, when I was a grown man, the memory of Donald cropped up one day, and the words of our Sunday talk."

Uncle Bob paused for a moment and then began afresh.

"Some years ago a friend of mine was going to do a bit of travelling in the East, and he asked me whether I'd care to go with him. I had wanted to see the Holy Land—the Land of the Bible—all my life, so I said I would, and we started.

"We saw a great many strange and wonderful things—far more than I can possibly tell you of—things that, to me, made the Bible seem real and true, as it had never seemed before. But one day in particular remains in my mind, the day that had to do with Donald. There was one sight, strange at first to our home-bred eyes, that had grown, to both my friend and me, familiar, and that was the flocks of sheep we met on our wanderings. These were not herded in front of the shepherd and his dog as we see them here in our country, but were led by



"The man, attired in my friend's clothes, now appeared. . . . He called, and from far and near they flocked"—p. 496.

THE QUIVER

the shepherd and of their own accord followed closely on his heels.

"We had done some walking, my friend and I, on the day of which I wish to tell you, and had climbed a hill from which we knew we'd get a view. On the top, I remember, we sat down and ate our lunch, and by and by our eyes wandered to the sheep grazing the pasture near, and the figure of the shepherd in the distance, and suddenly my friend observed just as once on a time I had:

" 'Stupid-looking things—sheep!'

"And I answered as Donald had answered in the long ago:

" 'Not so stupid as they look.'

"Then, still thinking of Donald, I added:

" 'You don't easily deceive them, for instance, when it comes to knowing their own shepherd.'

" 'Oh, nonsense!' rejoined my friend. 'Sheep are sheep. The most they do is to follow each other—blindly.'

"Suddenly, before I could reply, he was on his feet.

" 'I've half a mind to have a chat with the shepherd,' he said, and moved off to where the man sat. Shortly after I followed.

"We both knew enough of the strange tongue of the country to understand the shepherd when he spoke. When I came up to them he was exclaiming indignantly:

" 'Not know my voice, sir! Let's hear you try to make them obey you, and see what'll happen!'

" 'Pooh, my good fellow, they know your look and your clothes and so on,' said my friend in unbelieving tones.

" 'They know my voice,' returned the shepherd firmly.

" 'If I should put on your clothes they'd think I was you and follow me just as soon,' persisted my friend.

" 'Try them, sir,' said the shepherd with a queer quiet eagerness in his eye; 'try and see!'

"In the middle of the field as it happened there jutted up a rocky boulder, a huge black mass half covered with scorched grass. The man, every whit as eager as my friend, pointed to this.

" 'You get behind that, sir,' he directed him, 'and put on my cloak and cap and take my staff in your hand, so that any man coming this way would take you for a shepherd, and I'll hide myself. Come you out

then and call the sheep and see what'll happen.'

"My friend disappeared behind the jutting rock and did as the shepherd had suggested. When he reappeared even I was taken in for the moment. The two had exchanged their outer garments, and he was disguised indeed!

"Well pleased with himself, he walked into the middle of the field and gave forth the shepherd's peculiar call, with which we had become familiar. For one brief moment I almost believed it was going to be as he had said. The sheep ceased their peaceful grazing, looking up half-startled. But the next they had bent their heads again and re-begun their meal.

"My friend stood crestfallen. Again he tried. Again he failed. Then reluctantly he returned to the shelter of the boulder where the shepherd was concealed.

"The man, attired in my friend's clothes, now, in his turn, appeared in the open. I thought he must indeed seem to his flock a strange and unfamiliar object. But he called, and lo, the voice was the voice they loved! With one accord they left their feeding. From far and near they flocked—a white and moving mass—till they had gathered round him, in one dense crowd.

"He turned his face on us alight with triumph. There was nothing for my friend but to confess himself mistaken. For me, I was carried back to the long ago, to Donald and the field across the burn. Bible texts flocked to my mind, then, easier than in the bygone days.

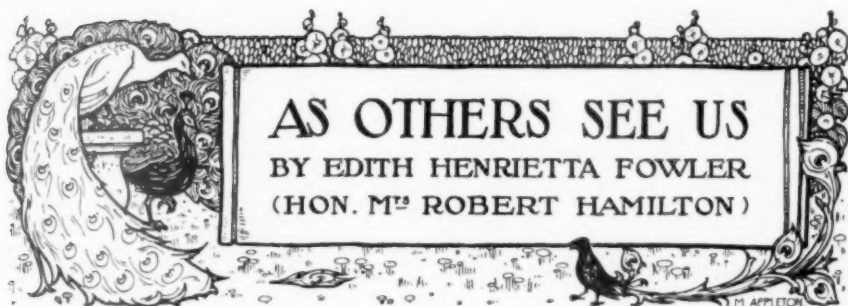
" 'My sheep hear My voice and I know them, and they follow Me.' 'He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.'"

Suddenly Uncle Bob stopped.

"Can anyone give another verse?" he asked, looking round on the upturned faces. Gwen lifted dreamy eyes from his shoulder.

" 'I am the Good Shepherd,' " she quoted shyly, " 'and know My sheep, and am known of Mine.' "

"Ah, that's it," rejoined Uncle Bob. "To my thinking there's no figure in the Bible better pictures Christ than just the Good Shepherd. He knows us by name, the same as the shepherd knew his sheep in far-off Palestine, and He wants nothing better of us than to do as they did, hear His voice and follow Him."



No. 3.—SWELLED HEADS

IT is always a comfort when a complaint is not infectious; and that psychic disorder which we call a swelled head happily at mere sight serves to inoculate the onlookers against it. To meet with a bad case will surely cure any tendency in oneself towards it, and that is the only possible excuse for the toleration of those who suffer from it. There is nothing more delightful than fresh air, yet, I suppose, some people suffer from too great draughts of it; and all the good things in life, whether achieved or inherited, are none the less valuable because some mental constitutions cannot stand the possession of them. But there is a weakness somewhere, or else they could not cause this dire disease. That weakness is the want of a sense of proportion and an abnormal development of the sense of self. An abnormal development of that sense is something very extreme, for it is usually quite well-grown and full-sized, but I do not think in ordinary cases it leads to a swelled head. It must be abnormal to start with, and then it proves a very forcing ground for the pernicious germ which causes this sorry complaint. It is, therefore, impossible to avoid it from the outside. The only remedy to deal with it is to make the inside ground unfruitful for any such growth.

It is true that sudden and unexpected good fortune has given a man a swelled head, but it is also true that countless and perfectly opposite conditions of ordinary life have also generated it. For instance, I have known

people with swelled heads on account of untirable strength; I have also known them equally affected by a chronic and, in their opinion, interesting invalidism.

Social successes have often caused it; social failure, which induces people to take a pride in "keeping themselves to themselves," has also done so. One family hands it down from generation to generation in the guise of certain traditions; another shows it in the exemption from all traditions, family or otherwise. One man clothes it in pride, another in an acquired humility. It is, therefore, impossible to eliminate such causes from our experience. The real and only cause is a susceptibility in ourselves which we must deal with direct if we would avoid so disfiguring a state. For most disfiguring it surely is. The very word *swelled* conveys an absolute loss of true proportion. How completely a swelled face wipes out all lines of beauty and expression! A swelled head plays equal havoc with the character, only the ordinary mirror does not warn a man of his condition. But there are mirrors which will, if only we burnish them bright and look at our reflection therein. A sense of humour is one of them. Look at your pomposity, your bravado, your self-absorption in that, and you will see what a funny shape it really is.

We sometimes see our tiny reflection in another person's eyes. It is rather difficult to do so, and one must come close, but it is there quite true to life. So we can see ourselves more subtly still in other people's eyes. We must put ourselves in

THE QUIVER

their place, close to their standpoint, and then we shall see ourselves as we look to them. A difficult task, but not too hard for those who love the truth and want to see their own reflection there.

Everyone knows how a swelled face makes one feel unnatural and queer—even one's smiles are all on one side. And a swelled head also takes away all the spontaneity and naturalness out of one's character and manners. To be natural nowadays is the fashion, and a most charming and becoming fashion it is; but a swelled head is not natural any more than a swelled face, and so it puffs out what original beauty there was. A strong personality is a natural characteristic—even an intense individuality may be as attractive as it is absorbing, and quite naturally set the tune for all the social harmonies in which it plays a part; but that is a completely different thing from the abnormal self-assertion which we call a swelled head. As Rudyard Kipling once put it in speaking of someone, "the I, I, I's flashed through his talk as the telegraph poles do to a traveller looking out of the train." So we know people whose opinion is always the right one, and who would always have done something different and better in every circumstance, and whose attributes are so valuable for every position in life that we

can only wonder at the miracle and the pity of their having been unfortunately overlooked—till we can count no longer the untiring I, I, I's, nor yet see anything beyond, because they are always in the way.

But worse even than this is the swelled head that comes, not only from what *I am*, but from what *I have*. There is wanted a drastic application of the sense of proportion there. It is the newly-acquired possessions that are so out of drawing. What we have always been used to will not strike us as very big, but just usual, which is the proper measure.

I remember a delightful anecdote of a man who was bragging about a valuable pin he was wearing to a Russian, who replied, "Oh, yes! we had a chimney-piece of that stone at home."

Somebody has always much more of everything than we have; therefore, though our possessions will greatly add to our own comfort and enjoyment, they are never big enough to justify a swelled head. Indeed, nothing in the world justifies so hideous and grotesque a malady. Let us inoculate ourselves against it with a sense of proportion, a sense of humour, and most potent of all, a sense of unaffected simplicity, which all who are really great have ingrained in their souls, and which all of us can woo and win.



(Photo: F. Mason Good.)

More about Our Competition

By THE EDITOR

First Prize: Lady's or Gentleman's Gold Watch

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Six Thermos Flasks, Six Onoto Fountain Pens, and Book Prizes

IT is a great pleasure to be able to report the interest that is being shown in our new Competition. Every day I hear from readers who are anxious to compete, and I feel sure that there are now hundreds busily engaged in making toys for the Competition. Already parcels have commenced to arrive, and I anticipate that by the end of March several of my large cupboards will be packed tightly.

May I first of all impress on readers that there is no time to spare? *April 29th* is the last day for receiving the toys—not for despatching them. Australian competitors—and I hope there will be a large number of entries from the Commonwealth—ought to despatch their parcels almost immediately, and competitors in South Africa and India have not long to delay. But I would impress on every British reader that if you have read the previous notices of the Competition, and have had the vague thought that “perhaps you would go in for it,” that you at once decide what you are going to make, and then set to work.

Some Questions on the Competition

I will deal with some of the inquiries that readers have made in regard to the Competition. Perhaps it would be clearer to put them in the form of question and answer.

Q.—May children as well as adult readers enter for the Competition?

A.—There are absolutely no restrictions as to age, nationality, place of residence. Children, as well as adults, may enter, though the Competition is primarily intended for the ordinary adult readers of *THE QUIVER*.

Q.—In your last Competition, I sent a doll. May I send one for this?

A.—Most certainly. A doll is a toy, and therefore eligible.

Q.—May a member of another League—the Young Helpers' League, for instance

—who is not a member of the League of Loving Hearts, enter?

A.—This Competition is restricted to members of the League of Loving Hearts, but anyone may join this who fills in the Coupon in the advertisement section, and sends with it One Shilling. Surely this should not debar any from entering. I want to financially help the societies we are interested in with this Competition; hence this condition.

Q.—I went in for your Competition three or four years ago, and was made an Original Member of the League. May I compete without sending another subscription?

A.—Yes. All Original Members are entitled to compete, though I do ask all members who can do so, to keep up their interest in the League by an annual subscription.

Q.—I am making a pair of toys, to match. May I send these as one entry?

A.—Yes, as long as the total cost does not exceed One Shilling. Please attach the toys together, and state that they are one entry only.

Q.—May I send more than one toy without additional payment?

A.—Competitors, once they have joined the League, may make as many entries as they choose. The cost of each one, however, must not exceed the Shilling limit.

Q.—I have some odds and ends by me that I should like to use. Must I value these and include in the Shilling cost?

A.—No. Odds and ends of trifling value competitors have by them may be used on their toys; not more than One Shilling may be *spent*.

Q.—Who are the judges?

A.—The Editor, assisted by two or three experts, will adjudicate. The decision of the Editor on all matters relating to the Competition must be regarded as final.

THE QUIVER

Q.—Where will the toys go to afterwards?

A.—They will be divided amongst such of the societies the League helps as deal with children—Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Ragged School Union, the Salvation Army, the Queen's Hospital for Children, the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, etc. The Editor reserves the right of also sending them to some of the larger hospitals, etc., should there be sufficient in quantity to make this desirable.

The Prize List

The prizes are numerous and valuable. For the First Prize I am awarding a handsome "Field" Gold Watch, either lady's or gentleman's, of the value of £25, supplied by the well-known watchmakers, Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill, London. Full particulars of this have been given in previous numbers.

The Second Prize is an order on Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, for £10 worth of goods. The winner may visit Messrs. Gamage's giant establishment, and choose one or a hundred articles to the value of £10. Or the prize may be selected from the large catalogue issued by the firm.

The next six in order of merit will each

be awarded a Thermos Flask, value One Guinea.

For the next six prizes I have arranged for Onoto Fountain Pens. These pens are self-filling, and do not leak.

Twelve Book Prizes will also be awarded to the next in order of merit.

Points to Remember

First of all, remember that the Competition is for members of the League of Loving Hearts, and, if you are not a member, send in One Shilling, with the Coupon to be found in the advertisement section of this issue.

When your toy is ready, pack carefully, and address as follows:—

THE EDITOR,

"THE QUIVER,"

La Belle Sauvage,

London, E.C.

"Competition."

Competitors should be careful to pin on to their work a label with their name and address.

Toys may be sent in at once, but in any case in time to reach this office not later than April 29th.

All the subscriptions sent in for the League of Loving Hearts are divided among the following:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
 Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

WIRELESS Telegraphy, the marvel of the age, is an engrossing subject, and the simple explanation of its wonders to be found in the March number of "Little Folks" is sure to interest every reader.

A splendid new serial by Katharine Newlin, one of the most popular writers for "Little Folks," begins in this number, and the story of Patsie, a wild little American girl, and her city cousin Peter is exciting and captivating.

Agnes Grozier Herbertson and Murray Fisher each contribute still another of their inimitable tales, and there are many short stories by such favourite authors as Olaf Baker, Irene Davison, Mona Maxwell, and others, as well as instalments of "Mystery Manor" and "The Grey Man," the two serials already running.



THE BURNING OF LUTHER'S WORKS.

(By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

On this spot—outside St. Paul's Cathedral, London—now stands the newly erected St. Paul's Cross, whilst opposite, ironically enough, is the repository of the Religious Tract Society.



A Step towards Happiness

A FRIEND asked me the other day what income I would choose, if it were within my power to give up work and have what money I considered necessary to live upon. Really, I did not feel called upon to answer the question; for one thing, he himself admitted the difficulty. For instance, £1,000 a year, which to many of us would seem "beyond the dreams of avarice," would be found to be "cramping and cramping" when the desire for motor cars and carriages was begotten, and so on. But apart from this, retiring from work is not a source of happiness but a delusive dream; take away the necessity for constant striving and half the enjoyment of getting vanishes. No; let us be quite frank. All sound and healthy people want to be happy, and it needs no particular revelation to tell us that, whilst on the one hand we are all prone to choose the way of ease as the path of happiness, on the other hand that way does not, as a matter of fact, lead to happiness, but to weariness of the flesh and the "vanity of vanities" the Preacher speaks about. Most wise men, and a great many simple folk, know that what they want to make them happy is just their little share of human love and just their little share of work to do—congenial, helpful work, but work all the same. Someone to love, and a little corner to live one's life in sunshine and freedom—could there be a better definition of happiness?



The Glamour of the Larger Life

WE may think we have summed up happiness in a little love, a little work, but we have not. Into the most peaceful and well-ordered lives comes the glamour of the larger life; the world beyond, with its excitements, its comedies, its tragedies, these call us in spite of domestic happiness. We may despise the call, or fear it, but it is there and demands a place in the scheme

of happiness we have set for ourselves. Sometimes it is our duty to obey its call, and sometimes to remain behind. But in the most happy of lives there must be some place for the great outside throbbing world; we need, again and again, to forget ourselves and the narrow orbit of our daily round. It is not good for man to dwell alone—even when he has an excellent wife and loving children; and so our revised estimate of happiness provides for forgetting ourselves and becoming absorbed in the happiness of other people—more especially in the people whose happiness has been lost or has not yet come.



A Preamble and an Introduction

THIS may be rather a long preamble to what I want to say, but really I should like to put it as an introduction to the present number of *THE QUIVER*. I want to interest you in the lives of some of the castaways of life—some of those who have lost, or have never had, that little share of human love, that little sphere of congenial work I spoke about just now. So I call your attention to the opening article by Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy (Olive Christian Malvery). Mrs. Mackirdy is already known to a wide circle from her revelations of life amongst unfortunate humanity; she has felt that call to the larger world; but in her case it has been to the under-world most of us avoid. I want to know if my readers would like to help the poor women she speaks about to have a start in life—a chance to achieve that measure of human happiness that the Creator meant for them just as much as for us. I shall be delighted to receive contributions from readers towards the support of the Shelter for Homeless Women that Mrs. Mackirdy is about to open.



Rev. Charles Brown

THE Rev. Charles Brown, who tells the story of early hopes and struggles, in the article "My Childhood's Heroes," on

CONVERSATION CORNER

another page, is a preacher of deep spirituality. His power to move the hearts and alter the lives of men does not come from academic scholarship or stately eloquence, but from the fact that he speaks straight out as a man to men; sincerity, earnestness, and hard work—these, perhaps, explain as well as anything the secret of his success. Mr. Brown is past-President of the Baptist Union, and this month becomes President of the National Free Church Council, in succession to Dr. J. H. Jowett.



"The Privy Slanderer"

PERHAPS I may say a word on Ada Cambridge's story which appears in this number. I have called this "an unusual story with an unusual moral." It is exceptional; for one thing, I do emphatically believe in the story with the happy ending, and, of course, I am an enthusiastic admirer of the work of foreign missions; yet there is a valuable point underlying this story, is there not? Is Miss Cambridge justified in pointing out in the way she does the danger of missing the nearest duty? Is she too sweeping in her portrait of the "privy slanderer"? I should like to have my readers' comments on this story. I shall be pleased to award a handsome volume to the writer of the best letter on "The Privy Slanderer," whether of criticism, comment, or moral.



The League of Loving Hearts

IT is a great pleasure to be able to report that on December 31st the funds of the League of Loving Hearts amounted to just over £65. I have sent a cheque for £6 10s. to each of the societies we are helping to support, and have received most grateful letters of thanks from the secretaries. Whilst this is good, I must confess I should have been much better satisfied if I had been able to send £10 to each. Of course £100 is a lot of money to collect in separate shillings, yet if the thousands of readers who notice the appeal month after month would only send this minimum sum, we should be able to do much better than this. As I write, the renewal subscriptions for 1911 are coming in. May I take this opportunity of thanking old members who are sending one, two, three, or more shillings—and in some cases pounds? If you are a member and have not sent in your subscription for 1911, will you take this as a reminder? And I want hundreds of new members to support this little scheme for helping suffering humanity.

From Portugal

ONE of my readers in Portugal, in forwarding his subscription to the League of Loving Hearts, sends an interesting glimpse of life in the new Republic. "May I ask you to remember to pray for Portugal? Perhaps there is no place more in need of the Truth than this; from a mock religion of deceit and superstition the nation is likely to become practically atheistic. They did not realise that their priests were robbing them of truth and living; now they have found it out, and are justly indignant; but what is a nation without a Church? They need the Gospel preached to them, and although there are many who are sacrificing time and money, we are praying for help to extend the work."



Passover in Palestine

MY next number will be of a special Easter character. Dr. J. R. Miller has written a special Easter message, "The Power of the Risen Lord," whilst Mr. S. L. Bensusan graphically describes a "Passover in Palestine." This article is illustrated with some of the best photographic illustrations of Jerusalem it is possible to obtain. "And the Desert shall Rejoice" gives some unique scenes of waste places converted into flourishing gardens—the work of the Church Army. The Bishop of Ripon continues his series on "Life's Tangled Thread," and "Amica" contributes another of her letters, this time addressed to "A Mother who Thinks her Children do not Love Her." By the way, I have received a number of letters in reference to her article on "A Wife's Pocket-money." I hope to print a selection of these in my next issue.



Some Stories—Short and Long

IN response to requests for an occasional story complete in itself, but longer than the usual "short" story, I am giving, as the first item in the April number, "The Persecutor's Stone," by H. Halyburton Ross. This has been illustrated by A. C. Michael. Other stories include "The Fool of the Family," by Annie S. Swan; "Jor-rocks," by Mary Bradford Whiting; and "That Boy," by Walter G. Brown.

The Editor



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,
You are so curious and eager to know what is that "delicious surprise" at which I hinted last month that it would be unkind to keep you longer in suspense. So let me tell you at once. Our Editor was the secret-maker, and I have found it hard work not to "let on" in my private letters to many of you. One day he told me that he had £27 given by readers of *THE QUIVER* who are not Companions, for Barnardo work, and that he would like us to have it for our Scheme. Wasn't it perfectly delightful of him to think of us? You will realise how happy this made me, and what an exciting sort of secret it was to keep. Well, we concocted a plan, and here it is: We are adopting another *protégé*—a boy this time. The £27 will pay his expenses to Canada, and for his boarding out there for rather more than a year. That means, you see, that in the summer of 1912 we shall have to begin to finance him ourselves.

Of course, it is splendid to have this wholly unexpected piece of encouragement in our Scheme. And I am convinced that we shall show the Editor, and our other kind friends, the very best sort of appreciation by going ahead with the enlarged plans we discussed in January. I am more joyful than I can tell anyone for this "surprise." And Miss Rachel Norton shares our happiness. Most of you will see this letter by February 28th, and I hope by that time our new Companion *protégé* will be on the Atlantic *en route* for a career in the great Dominion. How you will watch for his photograph and his story, I know, and you shall have them as quickly as possible. Miss Norton was arranging for

me to meet some of the boys just before they sailed, so that I might choose one for you. Fancy our having two children of "our own" across the seas now! But I hope our "family" will grow steadily year by year, and I want every one of us to do our utmost to carry out the New Year's plan of adopting another girl to go to Canada in the autumn. With the success of our plans for Violet, and this glad impetus, we ought to be very buoyant and eager, and I think I catch a loud "Hear, hear" coming over sea and land. By the way, is anyone able to tell me how, when and where that phrase came into use as a sign of approval? I wonder each time I listen to it in public meetings.

As I have gone about this winter, with the thought of Violet's happiness in Canada in my mind, I have wished we could transport all the little slum boys and girls of London to similar places. But each one who goes does make *one* less here, and we who have the many joys of pure, glad-some homes won't forget the others, will we? Once Mrs. Browning wrote: "It is very good for strength to know that someone needs you to be strong." We will just remember that Violet and others need *us* to be strong and brave and self-sacrificing, and our purpose will be accomplished.

My Letter Case

is exceedingly heavy to-day. Let me turn out some of the contents.

Kathleen Whitmell (Broadwater) writes a sweet little letter. "I think it is very nice to be able to help another little girl. If some more Companions join, the boys might have

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

a boy to keep." A wish happily coming true, you see.

Winsome Marsh (Tunbridge Wells) asked for a card, and says: "I am so glad we are able to keep Violet, and will collect as many pennies as I can."

Harold Warne (Calstock) writes: "My brother (Stanley) and I are sending you a small P.O. (2s.) towards our Scheme for little Violet. She looks such a nice little girl; we should like to help more if we could."

Dora Dewhurst (Stockton-on-Tees) says: "I am writing to thank you for the handsome framed picture you sent me for my prize. When the postman brought the parcel and I was told it was for me I was greatly surprised. When I opened it, I was delighted, you may be sure. I hope we will have another Puzzle Competition soon. I love finding out the puzzles, and the prizes are well worth trying for. Violet is a sweet little girl. I sent her a letter and a Christmas card. I hope she got them in time. Will you, please, let me know when Violet's birthday is; also how long a letter takes to go to Canada; also have we to send our collecting books to you at any special time?"

"Having heard my sisters talk so much about the How, When and Where Corner, I wish to become a member also," writes *Claude Steel* (Nelson). Claude's hobby is photography, and I hope he will exhibit his skill in one of our Competitions before long. He concludes his interesting letter thus: "I think the Violet scheme was one of your happy thoughts, and although I cannot contribute regularly I will do my best to help it on all I can."

Peggie Macpherson

(Old Meldrum, N.B.) wishes I could go to see her! "Have you ever been in Scotland? It is such a nice country!" It is, Peggie, and, between ourselves, is my favourite holiday country. Wouldn't it be nice to meet? Peggie is busy collecting for the Violet Fund.

Another pleasure was hearing again from *Arthur Smart* (Birmingham). "I have read all your letters in *THE QUIVER*, and, of course, know all about the Scheme. I should like to help, and if you will send a collecting card will do my best."

Allison Laidlaw seems to have been winning a great many prizes in Dublin. Book prizes and money have been passing into his hands, and he sends on a gift (2s. 6d.) for the Fund. He tells me that on Christmas Day, in their garden, two lovely roses and many buds were blooming.

Hilda Lücke (Picola, Victoria, Australia) is a new member.

"We have an orchard and garden very prettily situated in a bend of the Broken Creek. We have sixty horses, and a pony which we call 'Bonnie.' She is a pretty little thing and has a little foal. I can ride and drive both, of which I am very proud. We live five miles out of Nathalia, and I often drive my mother in. We have a cow and two calves, and I milk twice a day. . . . When my brother was driving yesterday he saw a snake lying across the road. He got out of the trap and killed it, but when he hit it the first time it got very savage and came towards him. We drive into Nathalia every Sunday for Sunday school, and stop for the Church service at night." I hope to have many letters from Hilda.

Eileen Nelson (East Kew, Australia) writes a delightful



A FAIRY TALE

THE QUIVER

account of the Australian "Henley Regatta" on the Yarra, which I would like to quote. But there are the Competition papers to come yet! And *Muriel* also sends me a kind note. Other correspondents to whom my thanks are due are: *Isabel Hale* (Nathalia, Australia); *Alice King* (Jamaica); our good friend *Mrs. Gregory*, of Derby, who forwards another gift (3s.) for the Violet Fund; a new Companion in South Africa, *Mrs. Thys Uys* (Utrecht, Natal), who encloses 4s.; *Meta Uys* (Utrecht); *Ralph Hill* (Uppingham); *Celia Gatwood* (Hitchin); *Winifred Topliss* (Louth); *Nora Goble* (Lydd); *Mary Mohan* (Sheffield); *Maggie Gillespie* (Airdrie, N.B.); *Molly Bridgman* (Bristol); *Marguerita Foss* (Verulam, Natal); *Ivy Slesser* (New Zealand); *Marion McPhail* (Aros, N.B.), who forwards 5s.; *Frances M. Boston* (Lower Bebington), whose letter contained 2s. for the Fund; *Edith Penn* (Hallatrow); *Gladys West* and *Hilda Wilson* (Macduff); and *Vera Andrews* (Wimbledon).

Among the new Companions to whom we give a welcome are: *Elizabeth O. Steele* (Ballycarry, co. Antrim); *James Anderson* (Mearns); *Marguerite Beck* (Worcester, South Africa); *Margaret M. Begg* (Perth, N.B.); *Nea Barnor* (Forcados, South Nigeria, West Africa); *Nellie Fraser* (Edinburgh); *Alex Davie* (Cardross N.B.); *James and Janet Kidd* (Newburgh, Fife); *Iris Marshall* (Primros Hill).

The Violet Books

Before telling you about the Competition results, may I remind you of the collecting-books which are awaiting your demand? I hope they will prove very helpful to you. Please send them up to me for inspection at the end of each quarter—March, June, September, and December. We shall in that way be able to gauge the progress of our Fund and look ahead somewhat.

The Favourite Writer Competition

It is curious that the Juniors are again in a majority in this Competition. Why is it, can you tell me. The foreign papers are not in, as I write.

Isabel Taylor (age 16 Invershin) gains the Senior Prize with her notes on "Ralph Connor." *Phyllis T. Cartwright* (age 12; Droitwich) sends a concise letter on Miss Alcott's books and wins one of the Junior Prizes. And the other goes to *Isabel Young* (age 11½; Sytchampton), for her little paper on the immortal Grimm.

Other Companions whose papers were exceedingly neat were *Evangeline* and *Phyllis Steel* and *Effie Forbes*. The former, how-

ever, did not tell me why they liked the authoress of their choice, but merely described one or two of her books; and *Effie*, though she wrote very well about Scott, only gave biographical details. It is your own personal thoughts and criticisms that I want to know. Tell me the points that you observe yourself, and your own interests—the little personal details that you would tell at the tea-table to mother and father. When we have Competitions of this kind it is your own fresh and frank notes I am trying to get, and not some stiff examination kind of essay.

"Ralph Connor"

"My favourite writer," says Isabel, "is an American minister, Mr. Gordon, better known by his *nom de plume* 'Ralph Connor.' The reason his books are so interesting is, his characters are always so realistic. He weaves each in a romance of their own, and does it in such a manner that, having once begun one of his books, it is impossible to stop till the end is reached. His stories are usually about Canada, and very often about the rough miners and cowboys who live in the western part of that country. He seems to love the open prairie and lovely rocks and rivers that are found there. All those who have read the 'Sky Pilot' will enter into Gwen's grief at the loss of her liberty, and then again into her delight when, her thoughts directed by the 'Sky Pilot,' she enters daily into her canyon. The sad part of the story is when the 'Pilot' dies, but not before he has performed much good work among the miners and cowboys. 'Glengarry Days' is another story written by 'Ralph Connor.' It tells about school life, and describes several incidents in a graphic and charming manner. Several schoolmasters are brought before our notice, and the different points in their characters brought vividly forth. Other works of his which I have read and greatly enjoyed are 'The Doctor of Crow's Nest,' 'The Prospector,' and 'Black Rock.'"

A Lover of Miss Alcott

"I have not read many books," says Phyllis Cartwright, "but I think I like L. M. Alcott's books the best. She writes them so that everyone may understand them, and be interested in them. In all her books she shows her knowledge of true characters and family love and feelings. There are no impossibilities, no extraordinary or even in the least out-of-the-way features, every incident is quite common, and is often met with in homes, and such as one might expect likely to happen under the circumstances. The stories seem as if they are quite true, and as if she had been very nearly acquainted with the families mentioned in them. This is what I also think of Mrs. Henry Wood's books."

If we had a Referendum on the question, "Do you love Miss Alcott's books?" I guess (as our Canadian friends say) we should have a majority of our girl Companions on the "Yes" side. We revel in the story of Meg and Jo and Beth and Amy, don't we? In the holiday time at Christmas I re-read "Little Women" and "Good Wives," and found them as fascinating as in the days when I used to curl up on the hearthrug to read them after school. When you are a bit older, Phyllis, you must read the life-story of Miss Alcott herself. You will find

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.

The mildest, safest, and best aperient for children in early infancy.

The cause of most infantile disorders of the stomach and bowels is that the milk turns sour on the stomach, resulting in acidity and flatulence.

Henry's Calcined Magnesia

neutralises the acid, and flatulence is avoided. A small quantity added to the milk will prevent it turning sour. It is prepared with scrupulous care, and the fact that it has been in use since 1772 is proof of its remarkable medicinal value.

Free from taste, smell, or roughness to the palate.

Invaluable to adults in all cases of Heartburn, Gout, Headache, Biliousness, and Acidity of the Stomach.

Price 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle.

From all the leading chemists in the United Kingdom and abroad—
United States: Schaeffelin & Co., 470-472, William Street, New York.
France: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Sole Makers:

THOMAS & WILLIAM HENRY,
11, East Street, Manchester.

HOOPING COUGH CROUP

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine

ROCHE'S Herbal Embrocation

will also be found very efficacious in cases of
BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO AND
RHEUMATISM.

Price 4/- per Bottle, of all Druggists.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria St., London, Eng.
New York: FOUGERA & Co., 91, Beekman St.
Paris: ROBERTS & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.

C. BRANDAUER & Co., LTD., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

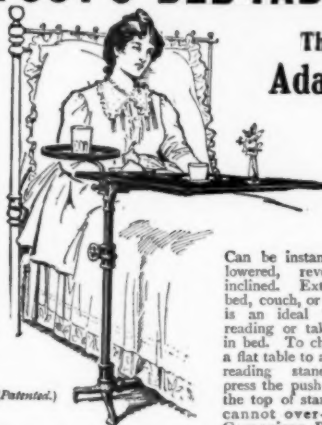
Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

Wholesale Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

FOOT'S BED-TABLE.

The
Adapta



(Patented.)

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading stand, simply press the push button at the top of standard. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table,

Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, etc.

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top £1 7 6

No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (as illustrated) £1 15 0

No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but Polished Oak Top and superior finish £2 5 0

No. 4.—Complete as No. 3, but with all Metal Parts Nickel Plated £3 3 0

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

Write for Booklet A 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 24),
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

Always Reliable.

The Most Fastidious Enjoy

McCALL'S PAYSANDU OX TONGUES.

Delicious.

Appetising.

Always Ready.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes it.
Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this fact. Golden Colour for Fair Hair.
Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.

THE QUIVER



Which of these Two Children do you think is nourished with OAT-FOODS?



How much of the difference between these Children is due to Oat-Food has been proved by the National Food Enquiry

Bureau, which has just canvassed hundreds of homes—homes where live children like these—the strong and happy, the weak and hopeless.

The Investigators have gone to homes in slum districts throughout Great Britain, where are bred the anemic, the incapable, the undeveloped. In those sections Oat-Food is comparatively unknown.

They have carefully investigated the schools. In one Birmingham school, 88 out of 100 better-class pupils use Oat-Food. In the congested districts of London, only 3 in 100 are regular users.

Only 3 in 100 Poor Homes.

Think of it! Only 3 in 100 get the most nourishing and most economical food!

In speaking of one poor family (in Leeds) which eats Oat-Food, the Report of the National Food Enquiry Bureau says: "Good, healthy, clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked children. On the same Investigation Sheet six children, who never get Oat Food, are described as: "One child consumptive; five anemic."

On the other hand, a canvass of high-class homes shows that 75 out of 100 use Oat-Food; and the parents in these homes report the great benefit their children derive from the Oat-Food diet.

In 50 per cent. of the workhouses investigated there are not 3 in 100 of the inmates who had the advantage of Oat-Food in their youth.

In Good Class—90 in 100!

At the famous universities and public schools, an average of 90 out of 100 of the athletes

were "brought up on" Oat-Food, and the proportion of those who use Oat-Foods in "training" is 10 to 1.

The Investigation's Report shows that out of 514 doctors (in general practice, educational doctors and medical officers of health), 494 declare that an increased consumption of Oat-Food would greatly benefit the nation (only 9 say "No"; 11 have no decided opinion).

The doctors say so because they know that for your money you get in oats a more perfect combination of carbohydrates, more proteids, organic phosphorus, and lecithin than in any other food.

Carbohydrates are the heat and energy-giving elements of food, proteid is the body-building part of food. Phosphorus is the brain-food; lecithin the food of the nerves and nerve-centres.

Oat-Food at its best.

The whole world knows that Oat-Food is found at its best in Quaker Oats.

The large, thin flakes that cook and digest so easily.—The delicious flavour impossible to any other Oat-Food—

The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats—never touched by hand through all the unique process of milling—

The Economy proved by "40 Meals for Sixpence."—These are a few of the reasons why Quaker Oats is

18



Tim Greatest of Food Reformers.

The one Perfect Oat-Food **Quaker Oats**

The food that builds
brains and bodies



The Greatest of Foods is sold only in this sealed packet.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

you are not wrong in thinking she was "very nearly acquainted" with some, at least, of her characters, and you will understand what a brave woman she was. It was party-time when I was living again with the March family, and I was laughing over Meg and Jo's experiences at the Gardiners' little dance. Do you suppose any of us would have the courage to go to a party dressed as they went? You remember poor Meg's hair got burnt with the curling tongs, and Jo's frock was scorched (she would stand before the fire), and she had to keep still to hide it. How nice Lawrie was about it! And then, "Each put on one nice light glove and carried one soiled one," because Jo's were spoiled and she could not afford new ones. *Are we as brave as that, do you think?* But hear what Isabel has to say about the Grimm Brothers.

"The author I like best is Grimm. I have read Grimm's 'Fairy Tales' through and through, and always enjoy them. When I have finished my music lesson and done any small duties for mother, I like to curl up in a cosy armchair by the fire and get entirely lost in the fairies and elves' pretty dales and forests. In summer time I like to choose a little nook amongst the trees in the garden, and fancy as I am reading that the little fairies, elves, and nymphs are giving a party on the mushrooms, or in a hollow of an old tree. Another reason why I like them is because they always end up well, and those who are good and have to go through a great deal have their reward in the end, but those who are wicked and selfish have their punishment. Do you remember, for instance, how in the tale of 'Mother Hulda' the lazy girl was sent back home covered with pitch (shame), while the patient, industrious girl was covered with gold (honour and glory)? In the 'Elves and the Shoemaker' the little fellows who helped others were loved and repaid for their kindness. Most of the tales teach us a useful lesson; take for instance the 'Fox and the Cat,' which shows us that

if we do one thing right well it is better than one hundred things imperfectly done. But, best of all, they are, every one of them, most interesting."

"Competitions I should Like"

is the subject I want you to write about in March, and please let me have many, many papers by the 31st. There will be a number of prizes, and everyone who is at all interested in Competitions should enter. Tell me what kind of contests you would arrange were you in my place. You may make one suggestion or more; but they must be really practical, and a few sentences of description should be written under each heading. Let me see how well you can arrange your papers. Above all, let your ideas be *your own*, and do not repeat those you have seen in this or another magazine or paper.

This Competition is open to all Companions of every age. For the youngest members—those under thirteen who cannot do this—there will be prizes for the best letters about their pets and toys. Elder brothers and sisters, please tell the little folk, and persuade them (if persuasion is necessary!) to write to me. Their letters, too, should be in my hands by the end of March.

By the way, would the kind friend who sent 6s. for George (Christmas "Corner") be good enough to let me have her address?

With every good wish for a happy month,

I am, believe me,

Yours affectionately,

Alison.

NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of "The Quiver" Companionship all readers who are young enough to enjoy the "Corner" chats, and particularly those who are interested in the Children's Emigration Scheme. There is no age limit for membership. The "baby" at present is about three years old, and the oldest Companion is near sixty. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

- (a) One side of the paper only is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Companions living away from the British Isles are allowed one month or more (according to the postal arrangements) beyond the time limit given for the receipt of Competition papers.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join and sends the coupons to "Alison." They need not necessarily all be returned at once. A list is kept and the prize awarded when twelve have been received.



LEADER AND KING

A Sunday Talk to Young People

By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D.

I WANT to tell you this month of something I saw when I was in America. One afternoon my friends and I went in the company of a friend of ours, Dr. Emrich, who was a perfect gold-mine of information, to Mount Auburn Cemetery in Boston. Now, I do not know that I am particularly keen on seeing graveyards as a rule; but I went to more than one during our recent visit to the States, in order to see the graves of certain notable people who were lying there. Thus we had a look at the grave of Benjamin Franklin in the Park Street Cemetery in the very heart of Boston; and we visited Sleepy Hollow in Concord to see the graves of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and Louisa Alcott. And, as I have already said, we went one afternoon to see Mount Auburn Cemetery in Boston. When people have helped you and been a blessing to you, you like to see where they lie. Well, there are certain people, whose names even you children know, who lie sleeping in Mount Auburn.

Resting Places of the Great

I was interested in the grave of Phillips Brooks, one of the greatest preachers America ever produced, from whose books I have learned much. But perhaps you would have been interested most in the tombs of the poets. There was, e.g., the grave of James Russell Lowell, who was once Ambassador to England, and who wrote that poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," with which, I imagine, most of you children are familiar. And he had such a simple grave: just a plain little slate head-stone with his name and age, and nothing more. Lowell was a true Puritan, and there was a Puritan simplicity even about his grave.

Then close by, on the bank above, was the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote the "Chambered Nautilus" and one of whose hymns, "Lord of all being throned afar," is in our hymn-books and is often sung by us. Then near his grave, again, was that of Longfellow, the author of "Hiawatha" and the "Psalm of Life" and many other poems with which you children are all familiar.

Now I want to tell you of an inscription I saw on one of these graves. It was either on Wendell Holmes' tombstone or on Longfellow's. I am not quite certain which, but I think Longfellow's. The stone was in the

shape of a cross, and on the four arms of the cross there were four Latin words. Here they are: *Dux, Rex, Lux, Lex*. I expect most of you know what they mean, but let me translate them: "Leader, King, Light, Law." And these words told what Jesus had been to the man who slept beneath: Leader, King, Light, Law. And one other thing I must add to make everything clear. The words stood in a certain relation to each other. For instance, if on this lower arm was the word "*Dux*," on the upper reach of the arm was the word "*Lux*"; and if at one end of the other arm was the word "*Rex*," at the other was the word "*Lex*." And I interpreted that to mean this, that if anyone took Christ for *Leader* he would find that He gave him *Light*, and that if anyone took Christ for *King* he ought to obey Christ's *Law*. And as I looked at that stone I thought I would carry home the four words and tell you children. This is what I would like you to do with Jesus. I would like you to do as Longfellow did, let Him be your *Dux* and *Rex*, your Leader and King. If you do that with Him you will find He will also be to you *Lux* and *Lex*, a Light in which to walk and a Law by which to live.

The Best Leader

First of all, make Jesus *Dux*, your Leader. In some schools the head boy is called *Dux*, and I have not the smallest doubt that what the *Dux* of a school does has immense influence on the younger boys. But the best *Dux* to have is Jesus. He offered Himself to men as *Leader*. He said to one and another, "Follow Me," and they rose up and followed Him. And they never regretted it. He always led them by the right way. For this is what happens if you take Jesus for *Dux*: you will find Him to be *Lux*, Light, as well. He said so Himself: "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life." Now the path of life is not an easy and simple way. But if you will take Jesus for Leader you shall always walk in the Light and come at last with singing to Zion.

And the second thing I want you to do with Jesus is to make Him *Rex*, your King. Once again, you remember, He claimed to be a King. Well, now, what does it mean? What does it involve if we make Christ King? It means this, we must obey Him. If he is our *Rex*, He must also be

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

our *Lex*. We are proud of owning King George as our King; but we are not loyal subjects of King George unless we obey his laws. If we disobey, we are not subjects, we are rebels. And so exactly we only really make Christ King when we obey His laws. It is not enough to *call* Him King, if we don't obey. "Not everyone that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the

kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." And what I want you children to do is to make Christ your real King by obeying Him, by doing His will in school and at play. To make Christ King is the way to become kings yourselves some day. So here is a recipe for a noble life. Let Christ be this to you: "*Dux, Rex, Lux, Lex.*"



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

I HAD a couple of experiences lately which, if not exactly of the sort to make history, were, at all events, of a kind to give some food for reflection.

There had been a steady downpour all day—of the sort which makes for twenty tons to the acre—which was still industrious, yet the streets were fairly thronged, for it was the dinner hour. Here and there, in more or less sheltered nooks, a few street-hawkers were trying to dispose of their toys and trinkets, but trade was dull. In the lee of a corner two children stood, hand in hand—a boy about six and a girlie about four—both poorly clad and both without head-gear. They were open-eyed and open-mouthed, however, in admiration of the treasures on a hawker's tray. It was hardly a day to take much note of these things as one hurried along; but my attention was arrested by seeing a girl, of about sixteen wet-and-dry years, buying some of the jewellery on the tray and immediately passing her purchases to the aforesaid small children, then hurrying off without having spoken a word. What the little girl's gift was I could not see, but I saw the little boy's—a gorgeous watch and chain. Naturally, I stopped a moment to watch the children's faces. There was no ecstasy, no shimmering of delight, only amazement—sheer amazement. They never so much as thanked their benefactress or even gave a look after her. They had evidently had so little of such kindnesses shown them that it required some time for the torpid faculties to be roused into expression. Meantime, the gloveless doer of the good deed, under her alpaca, moved on, first with a smile struggling to her lips and a slight tint rising to her cheeks; then, with a little jerk of the head, as if dismissing the matter, assuming a gentle stolidity. If one could read a countenance, she had said to herself: "Don't be a goose; do a kindness without fussing about it."

This was incident number one. Number two happened on the same day, a few hours later. While waiting for my tram, a little fellow of nine or ten, drenched to the skin, timidly asked a working man beside me the way to a certain street. The man looked him up and down before repeating—as is the custom—the name of the street; then slowly taking the pipe from his mouth, he asked:

"Wot you want to go there for, Sonny, in this rain? 'Aven't you 'ad enough for a day?"

For answer the boy brought out a damp hospital card. "Must get the med'cine to-day: the 'ousekeeper said she'd keep it for me, an' Sissy's very bad."

"Oh, that's it," said the man in a gruff, kindly tone; "but yer can't walk there, Sonny, in this weather. It's a mile an' a 'arf off. You must ride, my boy, and ere's the wery car. Come on." And gently taking the boy by the armpit, he put him into the car, gave some instructions to the conductor, paid the penny fare, and was returning to the corner, when I said: "Excuse me, friend, but it's my turn; the boy has to come back again, you know." So I gave the lad his return fare on his promising to use it as such. "You're a gem'man, sir," said the man, holding out his hand, which I shook; "but what's more, you must be a father: you understands them poor little kiddies."

Why do I mention this? To advertise that I gave away a penny? Nobody will think so badly of me as that. I mention these seemingly trifling incidents because of the entire naturalness of the proceedings. Gifts of jewellery or free tram-rides seemed all in the day's ordinary doings. And this was the charm of it: there was no gushing, no effusive consciousness of kindness; the youngsters were just at the age to accept anything that might happen as a part of the great scheme of things

THE QUIVER

which lay altogether beyond their power to comprehend.

But the doers of the deeds had got benefit. They were happier for what they had done, with a happiness which far larger outlays could not purchase, and a happiness, too, that lingered longer.

It is a happiness which the Crutch-and-Kindness League proffers to everyone. It has in its care thousands of poor, weak, *crippled*, suffering children who sorely stand in need of a little human kindness. They can rarely leave their small, close rooms; some will leave them only once, but then they shall be unconscious of it, poor things. Yet they have so little to amuse them or beguile the long hours, for their parents are very poor, and friends they have none but those who are as poor as themselves. So the Crutch-and-Kindness League asks its members to write a letter once a month, each to the cripple assigned for the purpose to his or her care, along with all particulars of the "case"; or, in the event of being unable at any time to write, to send some cheap toy or old picture-magazine. That is all! But how much it is to the little prisoner of God! The little weak ones who can write take a joy in replying to the letters, but many, alas! cannot hold a pen. They can but receive the kindness as the children did of whom I have spoken, but like them, though silent, are keenly appreciative. And who, within reach of a post-office, cannot send such a letter? From the ends of the earth these helpers send their blessings into some of the saddest and darkest homes of the great city, as may be gathered from the subjoined list of new members for the month. Yea, and the doers are verily blest in their deed.

All further details of the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary of the

Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Lillie Airey, Windermere.
Miss Olive Botham, China; Miss Grace Barrowman, Beith, Ayrshire, N.B.; Miss M. Brissenden, Folkestone; Mr. B. Broome, Leytonstone, N.E.; Miss Evelyn Burgess, Sutton, Surrey; Mrs. Butler, Ripon; Miss Ethel Brooksbank, Bramley, Leeds.
Mrs. Carson, Ballymaron, Ireland; Mr. C. Clark, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss G. Clift, Campden, Gloucester; Miss Isabella Colyer, Ryde, Isle of Wight; Miss Lizzie Croxen, Mill Hill, N.W.; Miss Ruby Cutforth, Thames, New Zealand.
Miss N. L. Dickson, Atlantic City, U.S.A.
Miss Graves, Brighton; Master Harry Ginever, Sutton, Surrey; Miss M. Goodrell, Atlantic City, U.S.A.
Master Ronald Hawkins, Brentwood, Essex; Gilbert Hotchkiss, Esq., Paisley; Miss Lucy Houghton, Ballymaron, Ireland.
Miss Constance Jones, Natal, South Africa; Miss G. M. Jones, Atlantic City, U.S.A.; Master John Jones, Crawshawbooth.
Mrs. and Mr. W. F. Kelsey, Thames, New Zealand; Miss Jessie King-Wilson, St. Andrews, Fife.
"Lily," Battersea; Mrs. S. Lucas, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.
Mrs. Nicholas (per), Misses Daphne and Phyllis McCallum, Miss Daphne Myer, Misses Gertie and Evie James, Misses Edith and Nellie Bassett, Master C. Nicholas, Mrs. Walker, Miss Una Bird, Miss Ellen Bowman, Miss Vivie Whitfield, Bolo Head, South Africa.
Miss Marion Ovenden, Sutton, Surrey.
Miss C. S. Pearce (per), Miss Cook, Miss Edwards, Miss Doris Lougher, Miss Gladys Rosser, Miss Bessie Evans, Misses May and Olwen Jones, Miss Gwendoline Lewis, Miss Vera Hayward, Miss Marjorie Pearce, Miss Gwendoline Thomas, Weston-super-Mare; Miss Doris Peglar, Natal, South Africa; Miss Peppercom, Madley, Hereford; Miss Pinn, Worthing.
Miss Rane, Penzance, Cornwall; Miss Vera Rowles, Sutton.
Mrs. Smith, Bournemouth; Miss Snowden, Russell Square, W.C.; Miss E. Starkey-Shine, Liverpool; Miss Annie Stewart, Edinburgh; Miss Myrtle Swinright, Thames, New Zealand.
Miss N. Trumble, Hkley, Yorkshire.
Mrs. D. C. and Mrs. T. U's, Natal, South Africa.
Mrs. Watson, Mill Hill, N.W.; Mrs. White, Monaghan, Ireland; Mrs. E. Wilson-Jones, Birkenhead; the Misses Wiseman, Mount Eden, Auckland, New Zealand.
Miss E. M. Young, Auckland, New Zealand.



IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

THERE are few persons who have not, at some time in their lives, pondered over this question and hesitated in giving an affirmative answer. In some cases the moment of hesitation has been brief. Faith or philosophy, or intuition, or habits of thought have reasserted themselves, and hope and confidence, or, in some cases, indifference, have put the question at rest; not, however, so completely that some crisis of bereavement or apprehension is not liable to reawaken it. Miss H. A. Dallas, writing on this absorbing subject in the March number of "Cassell's Magazine," gives us much recent and verifiable evidence which should help to strengthen our Christian belief in immortality.

The same number contains an exceedingly helpful article on "Literature and Character," by George Smith, M.A., the Head Master of Merchiston Castle School.

Truth About Obesity

NEEDLESS LOSS OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY

THERE are, unfortunately, a great number of men and women who remain stout simply because they have never discovered the true method of getting slim; there are others who have tried so many things without avail—drugs of all kinds, starvation, exhaustion through violent exercising and sweating—and have done themselves so much mischief by such means, that they are positively afraid to try the true method, even though their friends are loud in its praise. What is the true method—the natural, strength-restoring method of curing obesity? some of our readers may enquire. Why, indubitably, the Antipon treatment, now fast attaining a world-wide vogue, and in gratitude for which hundreds of men and women have written unsolicited testimonials of a most convincing kind. These may be seen and examined at the offices of the Antipon Company.

We have said above that some people appear to be afraid to try the true method of getting slender. Here is a case in point: the letter is from a young lady residing at Canterbury; she writes as follows:—"I am more delighted than I can say with the result of the Antipon treatment. Frankly, I was rather afraid at first, thinking that in some way or other it would affect the general health, but, to my surprise, I feel so much better, brighter, and more buoyant."

The truth is, apart from its wonderful obesity-reducing power, Antipon is a tonic of quite exceptional value, as it has a remarkably stimulating and reinvigorating effect on the entire alimentary system, reviving a keen natural appetite and sound digestive and assimilative activity. This means that malnutrition is no longer to be feared, and the entire organism gets stronger and healthier as fast as the unhealthy and superfluous fat is removed by Antipon

from the enfeebled system. It will be observed, then, that the simple and harmless Antipon treatment is reconstructive. Masses of useless—worse than useless—fatty matter are eradicated; but the muscular fibre is increased, because the blood is now enriched and purified by good, wholesome food soundly digested. There is no longer a lot of waste and partly-undigested matter to poison the blood and be deposited in the tissues in the form of unhealthy fatty matter. The system is cleansed of these impurities, and the normal physical conditions essential to health, strength, vitality, beauty of shape, muscular development, nerve force and brain efficiency are re-established.

The permanency of the obesity cures wrought by Antipon is due, mainly, to the fact that the tendency, constitutional or acquired, to make and store up a needless amount of fat is quite overcome. Once the weight is reduced to normal Antipon may be discontinued without any apprehension of further serious symptoms of obesity. There is a reduction of 8 oz. and upwards (according to state of subject) within twenty-four hours of beginning the treatment. The satisfaction at each successive day's reduction will be fully maintained. We should

tell our lady readers that however much the facial contours are improved by Antipon's wonderful reducing action upon the overfleshiness of the cheeks, chin, throat, etc., there are no wrinkles or furrows to be feared. Antipon acts as a tonic on the skin, preventing flaccidity or looseness and freeing the pores from clogging matter.

Antipon is a quite harmless vegetable composition in agreeable liquid form.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in case of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending amount), carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



"John, I'm just reading an interesting article about the famous Antipon treatment for obesity. You must get me some Antipon at once, dear."

"Antipon? Oh, ah, yes! I meant to tell you, Mary; there are three or four fellows at the office who swear by it. I'll order you a couple of bottles to-morrow."



TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature and possess several exclusive advantages, such as—
Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Adjustable Seat; Heat Regulator; the Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet; Exit is easy and immediate—no assistant is required; Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

DR. GORDON STABLES says: "Foot's Bath Cabinet is the best."

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 24.
J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. B 24), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

SCHWEITZER'S

Cocoatina

THE PERFECT PURE
COCOA which does NOT

constipate

"THIS IS GENUINE COCOA."—*Lancet.*
Of Grocers, Chemists, and Stores.

SCHWEITZER'S

Pepton

COCOA

**will digest
anything.**

and is perfectly delicious.

"SUCH A PERFECTLY DIGESTIBLE AND
NUTRITIVE BEVERAGE."—*Guardian.*

In 1s. 6d. tins only.
Of Chemists, Stores, &c.

H. SCHWEITZER & CO., Ltd.,
143, York Road, London, N.



No more Eczema

You know how irritating and disfiguring eczema is. Thousands are disfigured and tortured by it, the irritation in many cases being so intense that the

sufferer cannot sleep at night. Is this your condition? Or are you as yet only suffering from the early stages of eczema, which leads to such misery? If so, you have only to touch the affected part with Antexema for the irritation to stop. Continue to use Antexema, and you will be completely cured.

Many eczema sufferers who write to us say they have already tried innumerable remedies, been to different doctors, and under treatment at various hospitals, and they now despair of cure. Is this your experience? If so, you will be glad to know that the skin victims we have referred to soon write again to say Antexema has conquered their skin illness. Antexema will just as surely make a complete and permanent cure of your skin illness. Antexema cures eczema in all its forms, also ringworm, pimples, blotches, blackheads, chaps, eruptions, rashes, bad legs, and every other skin ailment of children and adults.

Do your duty to your skin. Every chemist and store including Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Berrys, supply Antexema at 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from the Antexema Company. Also in India, Australia, Canada, Africa, and throughout Europe. Take advantage of our Free Trial Offer and

Sign This Form

To the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.
Please send Booklet, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose 3 penny stamps; also Free Trial of complete Antexema treatment, consisting of Antexema, Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, the blood purifier.

Name.....

Address.....

Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

MARCH 5th. ELIJAH GOES UP IN A WHIRLWIND TO HEAVEN

2 Kings ii. 1-18

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) Elisha's devotion to his master. (2) The translation of Elijah. (3) Elisha endued with his master's spirit. (4) The vain search for the translated prophet.

Elijah's Avoidance of Death

LIKE Enoch, Elijah entered heaven without passing through the gateway of death. "To the sons of the prophets, as well as to Elisha, it was revealed that their master Elijah was about to be caught up from them. Elijah sought that privacy which he felt most suitable to the coming solemn scene; but Elisha would not leave him. To Gilgal (the one on the west border of the Ephraimite hills), Bethel, and Jericho, successively, by the Lord's mission, Elijah went, giving, probably, parting counsels to the prophets' schools in those places."

Elijah is a conspicuous figure in the legendary lore of many peoples, and it is interesting to note, as is pointed out by several writers, that "the Jews leave a vacant seat for him at every Passover; the Greeks have made him the patron saint of mountains; the Russians have invested him with the myths belonging originally to Perun, their ancient thunder god. In both the Greek and Roman Catholic churches he is canonised, his day being July 20th, and he is regarded as the founder of the barefooted Carmelites."

MARCH 12th. ELISHA THE PROPHET RESTORES A CHILD TO LIFE

2 Kings iv. 8-37

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The wayside resting-place of Elisha. (2) The death of the lad. (3) The Shunammite woman's faith in Elisha and her earnest pleading with him. (4) The boy restored to life.

THERE must have been something in the manner and the appearance of Elisha that proclaimed him to be a man of God when the Shunammite woman observed it and resolved to provide a bedchamber for him at her house. By doing a kindness to the prophet she got her reward, a son coming to cheer the home that had so long been childless. Later on, the lad died, and in the extremity of her grief the mother turned to the man of God, who brought the dead back to life.

In the performance of this miracle, Elisha was a type of the great Healer who was to come to the nation in later years. He acted on this occasion as Christ acted when confronted more than once with the problem of death and sorrow. A well-known minister tells that on one occasion he was returning from London to his own town when, at Leeds station, finding that he had to wait for an hour, he went into the waiting-room. There he saw a man standing near to the fire with his arms leaning on the mantelpiece. His eyes looked as if he had been weeping, so the minister asked if he were in trouble. His only reply was, "I have met a man to-day who has treated me as Christ would have done." Asked for further particulars, he said, "Two or three years ago, my brother and I decided to start business on our own account. We purchased a factory, and bought one of Crossley's gas engines to supply the power. After we had got the engine fixed, we found that it was not large enough, and instead of making money by our venture, we lost it. Things got worse and worse, until a few weeks ago my brother said: 'It is no use carrying on any longer; we are bankrupt.' He urged that we should sign our petition at once, and get matters settled, but I said: 'Think what a disgrace it will be. We are both of us Church members and Sunday School teachers, and I cannot bear the thought of bringing discredit on the cause of God.' I suggested that instead of coming to any immediate decision, I should consult the Crossley firm about it. When I got to the works Mr. Crossley was not there. I saw one of the managers and he said he could do nothing. I was turning away in despair when Mr. Crossley came up and asked what was the matter, and I told him the whole story. When I had finished, he said: 'I am sorry for you, my lad, and will do what I can to help you. Go back and tell your brother that I will put in a large engine, and take back the old one, and it shall not cost you a penny to effect the exchange.' And he added: 'Ask your brother to find out how much you have lost since you started business, and if he will let me know, I will send you a cheque for the amount.'"

This was a deliverance such as Christ Himself would have wrought.

"Thou hast said in season,
'As is the Master shall the servant be.'"

THE QUIVER

MARCH 19th. DEFEAT THROUGH DRUNKENNESS

1 Kings xx. 12-21

POINTS TO EMPHASISE : (1) The scene in Ben-hadad's palace. (2) God's message to Ahab. (3) The overthrow of the Syrians.

Downfall through Drink

THE story in the lesson is one of the most striking examples given us in the Old Testament of the ruin that follows drinking. With his officers the Syrian king was making merry over the wine cup; they dulled their senses with the poison which they drank, and then were unable to stand up before their enemies.

"I remember a man sitting by my side," writes Mr. S. D. Gordon, "on an open street-car one day in a western city. He had evidently been drinking. We talked some together, and he said, thoughtfully, 'When I drink, it seems as though someone else takes possession of me and talks through my lips.' I thought at the time," Mr. Gordon adds, "that it was a striking way of speaking of liquor's influence. But I have come to believe thoroughly that this remark of my chance travelling companion is actually true."

A Derelict through Drink

Standing at the corner of a street waiting for a car, were a lady and her two bright-eyed little sons. "Boys," said the mother, as her eyes fell upon two figures moving down the street, "I want you to notice those two old gentlemen who are coming towards us." The boys looked up eagerly. The foremost figure was that of a slender, erect old man, whose eyes glanced keenly from under his snowy head. His step was firm and resolute. There were kindly wrinkles about his eyes and mouth—those wrinkles which come from frequent smiles. Time had touched him, indeed, but quite lightly and lovingly. The appearance of the other old man was strikingly different. His body was unwieldy. He moved with difficulty, grasping his cane with a hand that trembled continuously. His nose was swollen, his eyes were bleared. He crept past the little group at the corner with a vacant stare.

"Boys," said the mother, when at last the two men had passed out of hearing,

"your grandfather in his boyhood knew both of those men. The gentleman who passed first was a Christian boy and became a Christian man. His home is one of the happiest I ever knew. He has never become wealthy, but in the truest sense of the word he has won success. The other began life with the determination to enjoy it. He was an attractive boy with a host of friends, I have heard my father say, but he became a selfish and dissipated man. His wife died broken-hearted. He is quite alone now. Even his vices no longer give him any pleasure.

"Remember," the mother added, "that if you live to be old you will resemble one or other of these men. Which it will be you must choose for yourselves."

MARCH 26th. REVIEW

DURING the quarter which closes with the present lesson we have seen the power of God operating in various ways. The prophets of the Most High were God's representatives upon earth, and very often the people formed their conceptions of God through what they saw of Him in His servants. The same test is being applied to-day. The argument that everybody can understand is the argument of a godly life, and it is the duty of every Christian to reflect Jesus Christ in such a way that others seeing it may want to know the Saviour for themselves.

When Whittier was a little boy of seven, he was taken by his mother to see a girl who had wandered far into sin, and who was now dangerously ill. The pious people of the village let her severely alone; but the poet's mother, who was a Quaker woman with a very kind heart, did not allow herself to be influenced by common prejudice. Whittier never forgot how his mother addressed the sufferer as "My dear girl," gave her food, and attended to her comfort. "After a while," he said in after years, "I went out of doors, and looking up to the blue sky, I thought that the God who lived up there must be as good as my mother. If she was so helpful to wicked people, He could not be less kind. Since that time," he added, "I have never doubted the ultimate goodness of God and His loving purpose for the world."



The attraction of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th edition).

SINCE Christmas, advance copies of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th edition) have been in course of delivery to over 8,000 subscribers, whose applications (in response to an announcement first made in November) had been received by The Cambridge University Press up to that time.

If these first 8,000 subscribers were asked to say in virtue of what quality they recognized the new Encyclopaedia Britannica to be a desirable possession—if they were asked what great promise was confirmed by their first glance into the volumes, to be reconfirmed on further examination—the answers, varying in form according to individual idiosyncracies, would, upon analysis, resolve themselves into this, that the work was essentially written to be read. The service which it performs goes far beyond the limits of a work of reference.

A book written to be READ.

To describe a book as consisting of some 40,000 articles upon every conceivable topic is inevitably to suggest that in each case it gives but a modicum of information; that it can claim to possess, therefore, no more than the restricted utility which belongs to a work of reference—and of reference only in respect of the more obvious points in connexion with any subject. In the case of the new Britannica, however, its 40,000 articles, while they answer all the questions as to which an inquirer might expect to find satisfaction in an encyclopaedia, were not intended merely to be consulted in this way. They are the work of leading authorities, *written to be read*, as other books dealing with only one subject are read, *for the instruction and the interest they afford*.

The value of the service which it performs.

Such is the characteristic which gives the Encyclopaedia Britannica its great attraction, which recommends it as beyond question a desirable possession. Were it merely a dictionary of abbreviated infor-

mation, many of those who are now reading in its pages would have argued that, useful as such a book might well be, they could only look forward to consulting it occasionally. One may recognize that there would be utility in a book which tells the inquirer the area of Japan, or the dates of Aristotle, and yet feel by no means confident that it would be often in use, or greatly valued. To such questions, indeed, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, as a matter of course, provides an immediate answer; but it performs an immeasurably more valuable service when it meets the need of the reader who would *know about* Japan, or who would understand what manner of teaching it was that makes Aristotle still the most quoted among philosophers.

This very claim, however, to perform so large a service might perhaps raise a doubt as to whether the attempt were not too large, whether it could succeed in affording more than a smattering of knowledge. As to the standard of scholarship maintained by the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, the subscriber doubtless finds some assurance in the fact that its articles are such as commend themselves as sufficient to the distinguished scholars who contribute them. It is enough that the philosophy of Aristotle should be discussed in an article of many thousands of words by the late Professor Case, and that the country and history of Japan should be described and related by Captain Brinkley in an article of about 180,000 words.

An essential characteristic.

Here, then, is to be sought the secret of the Encyclopaedia Britannica's greatness, and the attraction it exercises. At no period in its history was the purpose which its editors proposed to themselves that merely of reference. They intended always a book that should be *read*, that should carry out the promise of the name "encyclopaedia"—a word which means "a circle of instruction," and connotes *reading*, not *reference*. The first edition (1768) did not even propose to make a complete circle; but, within its limited range, its essential character was that of a collection of treatises to be read for the instruction they afforded. And the Encyclopaedia Britannica, during a century

THE ATTRACTION OF THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA.

and a half characterized by an astounding expansion of knowledge, has been able to carry out its purpose, because it allowed, for the treatment of every subject, space enough to attract the services of the most distinguished scholars.

A photograph which is to the point.

It is to its extent, therefore, that the Encyclopaedia Britannica owes its great attraction as a *book to be read* on any subject. In the past, however, this attraction was discounted by the very circumstance which promoted it. Its volumes were written, indeed, to be read; but they were too big and too heavy to hold with comfort. In too many cases, therefore, their possessor never reaped the full value of his possession; he used the Encyclopaedia Britannica only for reference—even then finding its cumbersome volumes an inconvenience. As 90 per cent. of those whose orders have already been received have elected to take the new edition in the new form, i.e., printed upon India paper, it is evident that the attraction of the book, as one to be read for its instruction and its interest, is greatly enhanced by the fact that the employment of India paper makes light and readable volumes.

The photograph reproduced on the next page, therefore, is very much to the point in a consideration of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica as a book to read. A volume of the 11th edition contains at least 100 pages more than did a volume of the 10th edition; yet, printed upon India paper, its bulk and weight are less by two thirds. Moreover, India paper permits of a flexible leather back, and thus the quarto volume can be doubled right back, cover to cover, and held comfortably in the hand, while the reader sits at ease.

The intention of the contributors.

The new Encyclopaedia Britannica will prove to be a valuable resource for reference¹; yet, it is primarily intended to be read. It sets out to deal with every subject; yet its treatment everywhere maintains a high standard of scholarship. As representing two extremes, there may be instanced an extraordinarily interesting

¹ How full the new edition is as a work of reference may be gathered from the fact that the Index (volume 29, which is now on the eve of completion) contains some 500,000 references.

study contributed by Mr. Sheppard, of the Board of Education, under the heading "Arithmetic," and an illuminating description, by Dr. Mirbt, Professor of Church History at Marburg, of what took place at the "Vatican Council" which made Papal infallibility an article of faith. These two treatises are part of the same book, and between them lies the whole field of knowledge, covered by an alphabetical series of some 40,000 articles. Yet the distinguished authority in either case wrote his article, not for reference, but to be *read*—read through, re-read, studied, as would be a book dealing with one subject instead of with many thousands.

The knowledge that he was contributing to a book of universal information exercised an important influence, however, upon his writing. For he knew that his article was to meet with readers who are unpractised in mathematical speculations and have, perhaps, never heard of the Vatican Council. If his article was to be read, as he hoped it would be read, it must be comprehensible, and thus reveal the interest of its subject even to those who have never thought about it. Indeed, had the new Encyclopaedia Britannica been written, not for the benefit of the public at large, but solely for circulation among its own learned contributors, the virtue of "making things clear" would have been no less necessary. The greatest authority upon Church History may need to be led by the hand in approaching the conception of number, and a writer upon the Vatican Council is not justified in taking any knowledge of Papal history for granted though his reader enjoy a European reputation as a mathematician.

Its fascination for the reader.

The possessor of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, indeed, has at his disposal the equivalent of such a library as he could by no means hope to collect. Here is information provided for his reading by the best authorities. His use of the work does not wait upon the asking of questions (though its articles together claim to answer all that can reasonably be put), for from its pages he may instruct himself upon any subject. The systematic manner of its preparation, moreover, will enable the reader to pursue a topic, from one article to another, through all its aspects and ramifications. And since to

THE ATTRACTION OF THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA.

understand — to make ever so small a beginning of understanding—is also to be interested, a volume of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica will stand even the test which the reader puts it to when he opens it at random, and reads on, page after page, from one article to the next, under no stronger compulsion than a sense of curiosity. Even from desultory reading in such a book he cannot but gain something that is permanent.

When Boswell made his celebrated distinction between two kinds of knowledge — “we either know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it” — a man might well have gained acquaintance, from his ordinary reading and intercourse, with a large portion of what then made up the complete circle of knowledge, and, for the rest, have found it comparatively easy to say where to turn. It has often been remarked, by way of comment upon the usefulness of such a resource as the Encyclopaedia Britannica, that it first appeared (thirteen years after the publication of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, that monument of single-handed labour) at a time when specialization was already beginning to limit the possible extent of the first kind of knowledge, and to render the second difficult. Since that time the multiplication of special studies has so rapidly extended the bounds of knowledge, that a subscriber might well be attracted by the new edition of



*The employment of **India paper** makes a volume of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica light and slender enough to read with pleasure, while its flexible leather back, as this reproduction from an actual photograph shows, permits the reader to bend the volume double, cover to cover, and hold it easily as he sits back at his ease.*

the Encyclopaedia Britannica, in the first instance, because he knows it to be a storehouse of information upon some subject of which he has made a special study.

For special and general purposes.

At the series of dinners at which the editor lately entertained the contributors to the new edition, scholars in every department of research bore testimony to the usefulness of such a possession from their special points of view. Thus, the subscriber may set a particular value upon the new Encyclopaedia Britannica for its history or its science, for the comprehensive

THE ATTRACTION OF THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA.

survey afforded by its *legal or medical* articles, or for its studies in *comparative religion*, or in *Biblical criticism*, or in *military history*. But he foresees an even greater advantage in the possession of such a resource *because it deals with the far larger number of subjects of which he knows little or nothing*.

If the subscriber were asked why, with interests historical or scientific, he desired to possess a book remarkable also for its series of articles upon musical instruments, upon agriculture and industries, upon all sports and games, upon the fine and applied arts, he would answer that the presence of such articles was of value to him precisely because they afforded information upon subjects with which he is not immediately concerned, and of which, therefore, he knows very little. "I may not be conscious, at the moment, of a desire to know about any of these things; but I would not be without the *means of knowing*, if such is offered to me." And since there has developed, in the course of a century and a half, an encyclopaedia in which the first authorities collaborate to offer the means of knowing, the value of such a possession appears to him to be self-evident. It scarcely occurs to him to ask "When shall I use it?" And to attempt a catalogue of such occasions, to say that he will seek its information in connexion with this, that, or the other subject, is, as he feels, to imply that he may not resort to it in other connexions, and thus to set up limits to the usefulness of a book which itself knows none. When, moreover, he comes into possession of the volumes themselves, he realizes to the full the truth of the statement that they offer such matter for his reading as needs no other stimulus than its own intrinsic interest.

Only 21s. a month.

It would be strange indeed if the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica did not recommend itself at once, and to a large public, as a desirable possession. It would be deplorable were its cost such as would limit to a few a resource calculated to appeal equally to all. Indeed, in undertaking the publication of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the press of the University of Cambridge regarded the sale of the new edition at a low price as a matter of the greatest importance, and in considering the wide appeal which the book is evidently

making, the circumstance that it is cheap, is one that can by no means be overlooked. Those whose applications have already been received have purchased the new edition at the cash price of 15s. 10d. a volume of nearly 1,000 pages, where the 9th edition was originally published at the rate of 30s. a volume of 850 pages. They have the option of paying the cash price, at an increase of but a few shillings, over a period of 4, 8, or 12 months, or of making monthly instalments of only 21s.

They have obtained the book at this low price because they made early application for it—ordering it, in fact, while it is still in course of publication. Intending subscribers, who would secure a like advantage, must follow their example, and make early application; for the completion of publication—and only the Index volume remains to be issued—will be followed by an advance in price, which will ultimately be raised to 30s. a volume.

Copies already in course of delivery.

This announcement opened with the statement that from the advance copies which were to be ready in January, deliveries were being made to the 8,000 subscribers whose applications were received up to the last week of 1910. Of this preliminary impression, however, only 12,000 copies have been printed upon India paper. It will be seen, therefore, that the entire impression will be taken up within a short time of the publication of this magazine, and some delay must occur before further supplies are available. Those to whom it is a consideration of some importance that they should obtain copies of a new book as soon as it is out have thus every reason to make application without delay. You may obtain an order form at the present low price, with a prospectus and specimen pages, by writing your name and address below, tearing off this corner, and posting to

The Cambridge University Press,

135, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Name
 1
 Address

Health

by Post

HOW THE MARVELLOUS
USED BY MR. SANDOW TO
HEALTH KNOWLEDGE TO
"UNFIT" IN EVERY

POSTAL ORGANISATION IS
SPEED HIS WONDERFUL
ALL WHO ARE ILL OR
PART OF THE WORLD.



Postal Sorters at the General Post Office sorting the Mails and Health Letters dispatched to all parts of the United Kingdom by Mr. Eugen Sandow, whose portrait appears above.

The following article, which deals with a subject of supreme importance to every man and woman, tells in a most interesting manner how Mr. Eugen Sandow, the Pioneer of the Curative Scientific Exercise Treatment, is able to show ill and ailing people, wherever they live, how to cure themselves and recover perfect health. To every interested reader the offer is also made to send gratis and post free a full description of this medicineless treatment which is working such marvellous cures in all manner of cases where everything else has failed.

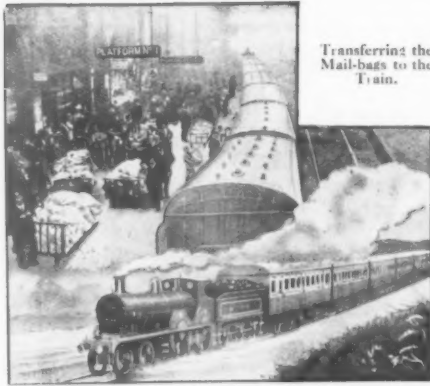
THERE is probably no man living who has made wider use, to the direct benefit of thousands upon thousands of people of both sexes, of Great Britain's wonderful postal organisation throughout the world than Mr. Eugen Sandow. It will, therefore, not only be of the greatest interest, but undoubtedly of the highest importance to a very large number of THE QUIVER readers, to learn something of the remarkably thorough way in which Mr. Sandow utilises the means of our unique postal system has placed in his hands to put people in all parts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, as well as in foreign countries, in possession of the invaluable health knowledge which has made him famous throughout the world as the Pioneer and Exponent of Natural Health by Physical Culture, and the cure of illness without either medicine or irritating dietary restrictions.

There is no man in the world



Loading Mail Vans at the General Post Office for conveyance of Sandow's Health Books and letters of advice to all parts of the United Kingdom.

THE QUIVER



Transferring the Mail-bags to the Train.

who has a grander or more praiseworthy mission in life than Eugen Sandow. There is no man whose heart and soul are more in his work. There is no man who has brought a more practical mind to bear upon the working out of his plans for the benefit of the suffering portion of the human race.

Mr. Sandow is not a man who, having made a grand discovery, is content to limit its benefit to the wealthy few who are only too ready to richly repay the services it is in his power to render. On the contrary, he has elected to rest his reputation and remuneration for his labours upon the verdict of the million. To this end he has based his great Health by Post offer upon the most generous scale, so as to enable every man and woman, no matter where they may reside, to learn how they may cure their illnesses and secure health in their own homes by the famous Sandow Treatment.

How the marvellous postal facilities of the

world have been harnessed to the chariot of Curative Physical Culture to convey Mr. Sandow's Advice to the remotest corners of Great Britain and her Colonies forms a veritable romance. Mr. Sandow long since decided upon a most comprehensive plan by which a first knowledge of the application of his Scientific Exercise Treatment should be brought freely to every man or woman who required it. Therefore he first prepared not merely a general book upon the method which he has proved to be so beneficial, but actually produced a whole series of twenty-four different booklets, each devoted entirely to explaining the advantages and application of his science to the cure of one particular disorder.

By means of the twenty-four books he has



Hundreds of Health Volumes are sent every week by mail steamers to inquirers on the Continent, in the Colonies, and elsewhere.

covered separately the whole range of illnesses and conditions in which his famous Treatment



A FRENCH POSTMAN.



U.S. PONY EXPRESS.



A GERMAN POSTMAN.

The Plans of Mr. Eugen Sandow, the Pioneer of Scientific Exercise Treatment for the Cure of Illness entirely by Natural Means without a Single Dose of Medicine, for affording sufferers the means of Curing Themselves of their Illnesses, are so thoroughly organised that whether they reside in London or the Provinces, anywhere in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies or Abroad, inquirers can not only learn Free of Cost how they may Cure their Complaint and improve their Health, but can Take the Treatment in their Own Homes wherever they live.

THE QUIVER

maintain perfect health, it is freely sent to you, and even its postage is defrayed by Mr. Sandow. He does not call upon the inquirer to pay so much as a penny stamp towards securing this priceless information—priceless it is, because no knowledge is worth the tenth part of the value to an unfit man or woman, or to the parents of a delicate child, as the knowledge of how to turn a condition of ill-health or weakness into one of glorious health and vigour.

Mr. Sandow is not a man of mere promises. His word is his bond. And whatever he undertakes to do he does thoroughly. If your complaint is, for example, Indigestion, and you write for the book in his Health Library devoted to the explanation of this all-too-prevalent trouble, and the natural method of its cure, he does not merely send you that book; you receive, in addition to the book, an opinion upon how the method can best be applied in your case. This applies to the case of every inquirer, no matter whichever illness he or she may be afflicted

with; and in every instance whatever you say is treated in the strictest confidence.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this opinion, founded as it is upon the knowledge gained during years of experience in dealing with complaints similar to your own. Yet you are not asked, not expected, to make the smallest payment. It is given free.

If your condition is one which can be improved by the Sandow Treatment, it remains with you to decide whether or not you will recover that good health which is your natural birthright, or



Postman on Skates.



Postman on Skis.



Delivering the Mail in a Canadian Farming District.



New York Postmen.



Russian Postman.

is so successful, so that each inquirer, without any unnecessary expense of time, might receive a careful explanation of his or her own health trouble, and be told just how the Sandow Treatment would be applied to improve that particular condition. The titles of these booklets in the Sandow Health Library—twenty-four in all—are given on the next page, and the invitation is extended to our readers to apply for whichever of the little volumes is of interest to them.

No sooner had Mr. Sandow prepared and had printed large editions of each of these twenty-four booklets in his Health Library than he set to work to make the G.P.O. his Health Messenger, to carry the good news he had to send into the tiniest hamlet, the smallest village, equally with the important towns and cities in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

But his service is not rimmed by the horizon of our Island Kingdom. There is no spot where illness prevails and where his knowledge and information are required that is too far distant or too remotely situated for him to speed thereto the book which deals with the complaint endured, whether it be a large and populous city, or a small and lonely homestead on the outposts of civilisation. Such of his books as may be required are sent there free of charge and post free, no matter what the postal fee may come to.

If you live in Piccadilly, London, or Piccadilly, Manchester; Perth, Scotland, or Perth, Australia; Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Dorsetshire—in a word, wherever you live—and you want any of Mr. Sandow's books explaining how, by means of his system through the post, you can regain and

Some of the means by which Mr. Sandow sends his Health Books all over the world.

THE QUIVER



SLEIGH POST IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

In winter time this is the method of conveying Mr. Sandow's Health Knowledge to far Canadian readers, who are invited, just as are those who live nearer at hand, to take advantage of the offer made in this article.

continue to wend your way through life hampered by the burden of unnecessary illness.

It is the great advantage of the Treatment which Mr. Sandow tells you about in his books that you can cure yourself in your own home, no matter where you may live. There are no drugs to swallow, no irksome dietary to be carefully watched and strictly adhered to; it takes only a few minutes of your time daily, and in no way interferes with the usual round of business or professional duties or social calls; and, moreover, the cost, thanks to the assistance received from the postal system, is so small as to be within everyone's means.

Isn't it well worth while writing for the book, which costs you nothing, and explains to you how to make a new man or woman of yourself? Isn't it the height of folly to remain

enslaved by hampering and depressing illness when the knowledge of how you may escape is offered to you with open hand? It makes no difference how old or how young you may be, because the Treatment is applicable to almost all conditions and all ages. You can make yourself as healthy in body and mind as thousands of others who suffered similarly have done during the past twelve months.

The means by which this great beneficial change can be made—how you can bring it about yourself—it is unnecessary to explain here. The book upon your illness will tell you all about it, and that book is yours for the asking. You merely fill in the application form below, and write a letter explaining your condition and symptoms, then place them in an envelope and address to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

Choose whichever of these Books you Require.

VOL.

1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
2. Constipation and its Cure.
3. Liver Troubles.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
6. Obesity in Men.
7. Obesity in Women.
8. Heart Affections.

VOL.

9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
10. Rheumatism and Gout.
11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
13. Lack of Vigour.
14. Physical Deformities in Men.
15. Physical Deformities in Women.
16. Functional Defects in Speech.

VOL.

17. Circulatory Disorders.
18. Skin Disorders.
19. Physical Development for Men.
20. Everyday Health.
21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
22. Figure Culture for Women.
23. Insomnia.
24. Neurasthenia.

Wherever you live you can secure, without Cost or Obligation, Mr. Sandow's Valuable Health Advice, by filling in and forwarding the form below.

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

"THE QUIVER" APPLICATION FORM

For Securing FREE Health Advice, and Literature concerning the Sandow Treatment.

Please send me gratis and post free Vol., in Sandow's Health Library, together with an opinion upon my case.

NAME.....
Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title.

ADDRESS.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Nature of Illness or Condition from which relief is desired.....

March, 1911.

(Give further detailed particulars in a letter.)

Delay is Dangerous.

You cannot afford to delay
equipping your house with

KYL-FYRE

THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER

which is daily saving both life and property.

Price only 5/- each.

TWO RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

C. M. WILSONS, LTD.,
Drapers & House Furnishers,
East Grinstead.
10th December, 1910.

Messrs. "Kyl-Fyre" Limited,
Eastbourne.

Dear Sirs,—Re the fire on our premises and the use of "Kyl-Fyre" to extinguish it, I beg to state that the fire was in the chimney of our Hair-Dressing Saloon, and in a few seconds after the roaring drew attention to the fact that the chimney was ablaze, the front of the grate was red-hot and the heat terrific.

I am pleased to say that two "Kyl-Fyres" thrown on put it out almost immediately. We should be glad if you would let us have refills for the two tubes.

Yours truly,
per pro C. M. WILSONS, LTD.,
(Signed) J. VIALI.

A. PENGELLY,
Fancy Goods Dealer,
102, Fore Street,
Devonport.
January 3rd, 1911.

Messrs. "Kyl-Fyre" Limited,
Eastbourne.

Dear Sirs,—I believe you refill your Extinguishers Free of Charge after being used to put out a fire, so I am sending mine herewith to be refilled.

I have just had a fire, and found it useful in preventing what might have been a serious conflagration. Some children's clothing had been put in front of the grate to dry, got ignited, and when discovered were burning fiercely, together with the drapings, and the wood mantelpiece was also well alight. Instant application of your "Kyl-Fyre" was quite effectual in quenching the fire.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) A. PENGELLY.

Full particulars from KYL-FYRE LTD., Eastbourne;
7, Mark Lane, London, E.C.; and 92, Market Street, Manchester.

THE TEETH

THE question of taking care of the teeth is becoming recognised as a matter of national importance. Medical men have taken up the question rather strongly, and gradually the Educational Authorities are becoming more impressed with the desirability of having the children under their control instructed in the hygiene of mouth cleanliness. The increased attention paid to the subject has brought in its train the introduction of many new dentifrices. Some are undoubtedly good; others are, to say the least, not good. A word or two on the attributes of a good dentifrice will, therefore, not be out of place. A perfect dentifrice should be slightly alkaline to counteract the acidity formed by decomposing food particles. Acid dentifrices of any kind should be particularly avoided. The dentifrice must be antiseptic to destroy any obnoxious organisms, yet the antiseptic used must not be so caustic as to leave the so-called "clean taste" in the mouth, which is really the result of the delicate nerves of the mouth tissues being deadened. Sooner or later this leads to the taste being impaired. Further, whilst the dentifrice should be sufficiently abrasive to remove all tartar deposits, it should not contain grit or anything that would scratch and so injure the delicate enamel of the teeth. A dentifrice that fulfils all these requirements perfectly is *Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste*. It is the result of almost a century's study and experience, and conforms to all the most exacting demands of modern science. It is obtainable of all good class chemists in 1- tubes and 1/6 and 2/6 pots. There are other "Oriental Tooth Pastes," so that care should be taken to see that the name "*Jewsbury and Brown*" is on the package.

A HINT TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

If you suffer from asthma, you know only too well how those suffocating paroxysms of coughing rack your frame, and the distress they cause you. Sweet and certain relief can be obtained free. Send a postcard to *Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.* (mentioning "*THE QUIVER*"), and they will send you a free sample of their famous *Asthma Cure*. One of our most popular actors declares that he could not continue acting but for *Potter's Asthma Cure*. "It means my living," he says.

A NUTRITIOUS FOOD

THERE are many dainty foods for the table, and one is sometimes at a loss which to select from the variety. Some are only good to eat with discretion, others are very easily digestible and will not harm anyone, however delicate they may be. It is a wise plan to select the latter kind when catering, as it would be a singular occurrence if every individual in the assembly possessed a perfectly sound digestion, and it would not be a thoughtful hostess who would provide only for the hale and hearty amongst her guests. Especially should good, wholesome food be provided if children are to be considered, as they usually do not judge for themselves, and partake of anything which appeals to their fancy. A very good and nutritious food, which all children like, and most adults, and one which is excellent in every way, is *Laitova Lemon Cheese*. It is very delicious to the taste, and is made from pure butter, eggs, lemons, etc. It is far preferable to preserves and sweets, which contain a great amount of sugar. All grocers and stores keep *Laitova Lemon Cheese* in 6½d. jars; or send 1s. P.O. or stamps to *Sutcliffe and Bingham, Kkovah Works, Manchester*, for two large jars of *Laitova Lemon Cheese* and one large packet of the delicious *Kkovah Jelly*.

WE are informed that *Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd.*, the well-known cycle makers of Coventry, have received the Royal Warrant of appointment as bicycle manufacturers to *H. M. King George*.

FEW card games have attained such a vogue as "*Poker Patience*," which was introduced about three years ago. Taking advantage of the general interest, *Messrs. Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., Bunhill Row, E.C.*, have made up a handsome line of leather-covered cases, with outfits of either two or four packs of large round-cornered "*patience*" cards, a leather-covered book of rules by "*Dalton*," and the requisite scoring tablets.

These dainty cases are covered in morocco, pigskin or crocodile, and may be had of all stationers and stores, at from 12s. They make acceptable and appropriate gifts.

The game itself is easy to learn, and gives all excitement and interest, to one or more players, to be had from the original "*poker*" game. The rules are so simple that "*Poker Patience*" proves an ideal progressive game for an evening's entertainment. It will be found a pleasing change from "*Progressive Whist*" or "*Progressive Euchre*."

Advance Styles for Spring

FROM ENGLAND'S PREMIER DRESS WAREHOUSE

To the 200,000 ladies who have favoured us with their instructions during the past two years, and equally to the thousands who have not taken advantage of our exceptional facilities, we would say

WRITE FOR OUR NEW PATTERNS

WRITE NOW! We have confidence that the new ranges represent just that "step in advance" of previous efforts which it is our constant aim to attain, and the delightful assortment of serviceable and durable materials includes everything choice and smart for Spring wear.

WRITE WHENEVER IN NEED OF ARTISTIC AND EFFECTIVE STYLES! The various departments are at all times comprehensively stocked with current fashions at remarkably keen prices, and our prompt and willing service is always at your disposal.

WONDERFUL COPIES OF HARRIS AND DONEGAL TWEEDS from 16 per yard; The "Challenge" Herringbone Tweed, 1.11 per yard, 40 in. wide; The "Errol" Misture Striped Tweed, 1.4 per yard, 45 in. wide; Coats, Coatings, &c. &c. All prices to 5/- per yard.

PLAIN DYED CLOTHS. Latest Colourings, Delightful Shades, Sedans, Fine Venetians, Faced Cloths, Chiffon Amazons, &c. From 2/- per yard up.

FANCY DRESSES. Delightful range of smart Stripes, Checks, Suitings, &c. Novelties in Black, Grey, and White. Extra value from 1.6 to 2.0.

COLOURED DRESSES. Exclusive designs. Over 200 different colourings dyed to our own shades. All Wool Crepes, 1.8; Striped Mignonnets, 1.4; Lingerie Brillantes, 1.8; Superfine Cashmires 1.30 to 2.3; Rich Eullanes, Cords, Ottomans and Plisses.

BLACK DRESS GOODS. Dainty Silk and Wool Novelties, Grenadines, Anoures, Fine Fancies, Eullanes, Mohairs, Voiles, Mignonnets Fancies, &c. All tastes and purses gratified.

CREAM FABRICS. Newest makes in Cheviots, Voiles, Fancy Serges, Mohairs, &c. &c.

EDMONDSON'S RELIABLE SERGES. All makes guaranteed fast dye and best quality material.

SILKS. Latest British and Continental Novelties in great profusion.

OTHER DRESSES. Delaines and Delicacies, 8d. to 1.8; Voiles, 9d. to 1.0; Dyed Goods, from 8d.; Muslins and Crimps, 5d. to 1.34; Zephyrs, Cambrics, Linens, Satines, Swiss Muslins, &c. &c.

It will pay to keep in touch with Edmondson's Warehouse all the while. Dress Fabrics are a speciality with us—not a side line.

WE GUARANTEE—

1. The largest stock in the Kingdom.

2. The lowest warehouse prices.

The cumulative experience of years has been directed to perfecting every detail of organisation, and orders are executed with the utmost promptitude and efficiency. Carriage paid on all orders over £1 in value. Address inquiries to

**PATTERNS
POST FREE**
on request, together with illustrated Catalogue.

EDMONDSON'S WAREHOUSE, Ltd.,
(Letter Order Dept.), LEEDS. (Established 74 years)



A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6

Patronised by H.M. the Empress of Russia.

This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin materials. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7.5. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

(PATENTED.)

SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),

22 & 33, Brooke Street, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

For Influenza, Colds, Catarrh, &c.
Destroy infectious mucus
and hasten recovery
by using

PAPER HANDKFS.
The softest make, awarded Gold Medal, bear this seal.

50 for 1/-

250, 4.3 at Chemists, or

"SILKY-FIBRE" Depot,

3, UNITY STREET, BRISTOL.



The
very
BEST

YOU OFTEN WANT A DELICACY
FOR
**LUNCHEON.
BREAKFAST.
TEA or SUPPER.**
PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

Are the very thing

Delicious — Appetising

Of all Grocers and Confectioners, at 6d. or 1s., in Earthenware Jars, bearing Registered Label and Signature.

SAMPLE JAR, 7d. or 1s. 3d., Post Free, from

PLUMTREE, Southport.

YOUNG MOTHERS



Should Know That CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Afford a pure, sweet and most economical — because speedy — treatment for infantile eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings. Peace falls upon distracted households when Cuticura Soap and Ointment enter.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston. 32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, tells mothers about Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

THE QUIVER

Free Shampoos WET OR DRY.

On receipt of a postcard we will send free to any reader either a 2d. ICILMA SHAMPOO SACHET, the wet shampoo that makes rinsing unnecessary, or a 2d. ICILMA HAIR POWDER, the marvellous Dry Shampoo that cleanses without wetting—OR we send *both* shampoos and samples of *four* other Icilm Preparations on receipt of 3d. stamps to pay postage and packing. Write to-day to

ICILMA CO., LTD. (Dept. 72),
14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
"Uses PROCTOR'S Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Voice and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

**PROCTOR'S
PINELYPTUS
PASTILLES**
(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For
**CHEST,
THROAT,
VOICE,**



For
**ASTHMA,
COUGH,
CATARRH.**

A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, &c.
Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in Boxes, 1/- and 2/6.
Insist on having "Pinelyptus."



Jacksons'

famous

10/6 BOOTS, 3/9 HATS, & 21/- MACS.

These have the "Jackson" quality—the best.

Jacksons' Hats are noted for their smart appearance, their perfect fit, and their durability.
One Price only, 3/9.

Jacksons' Boots are the most comfortable. They are stocked in half-sizes, and every foot can be properly fitted. They wear well and always keep their shape.
One Price only, 10/6.

Jacksons' Raincoats and Macs will keep out the rain. Cut in the latest style, and equal to made-to-measure coats that cost double the price.
21/- and 30/-.

Jacksons' Ltd. have over sixty branches. One of these is almost sure to be within easy reach of you. If not, write for Price Lists, etc., to JACKSONS' LTD., Victoria Works, Stockport, and your requirements will be supplied by post.

COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed)

Address

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

The Best Remedy known for

**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

Cuts short all attacks of
SPASMS, HYSTERIA, and
PALPITATION.

The only Palliative in
NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY.

Refuse Imitations and insist on having

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne.

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.

Convincing Medical Testimony with each Bottle. Of all Chemists, 1/1, 2/0 and 4/6.



The Most Valuable Medicine ever discovered.

FITS CURED

OZERINE. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Fainting Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case, fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being

SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

59, Sparth Road, Clayton Le Moors,
Accrington, Lancashire.
Sept. 5, 1910.

Dear Sir,—It is now about three years since I began to take your wonderful medicine, Ozerine. I had been a subject to fits for fourteen years, but since taking Ozerine I have never felt any signs of them. I strongly advise other sufferers to try Ozerine, as I am sure it will do them as much good as it has done me. Why should one live in misery when such a glorious cure is at hand?

You may publish this testimonial whenever you like.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD PILINGTON.

There is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE.** It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 15 months to 50 years. I invite you to

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

I. W. NICHOLL,

Pharmaceutical
Chemist,

27, HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

PLASMON OATS

Scotland's Best—"Enormously increased in food value by the addition of Plasmon."—*Lancet.*

4 minutes' boiling only. 6d. pkt.

PLASMON is used by the Royal Family.

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST as GOOD." Of all Chemists, 1s. 11d. per Box.

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

ENO'S

THE OLD TIME EVER POPULAR
HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation. Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking. Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison. Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally. It proves beneficial in the early Stages of Diarrhoea.



CAUTION.

Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

'FRUIT SALT.'

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

A Favourite Everywhere

McVITIE & PRICE'S

DIGESTIVE
BISCUITS

P & P
Campbell Ltd.
The **PERTH**
DYE WORKS

Solicit orders for **SPRING CLEANING** Chintz and Cretonne, Curtains and other Furnishings; also Ladies' and Gent's Garments. Costume from 5/-; Gent's Suit, 4/-.

CLARK & CO

Send your Dress or Suit to **CLARK & CO** THE CLEANERS to be dry cleaned & made like new. **FIXED CHARGE 4/-**. Postage paid one way.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

34 WALLCROFT ROAD RETFORD

BEST WASHING CHARGES

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.